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TRAVELS

THROUGH

ITALY AND SWITZERLAND,

In the Years 1701, 1702, 1703,

BY JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.*

ON the twelfth of December, 1699, I set out from Marseilles to Genoa in a tartane, and arrived late at a small French port called Cassis, where the next morning we were not a little surprised to see the mountains about the town covered with green olive-trees, or laid out in beautiful gardens, which gave us a great variety of pleasing prospects, even in the depth of winter. The most uncultivated of them produce abundance of sweet plants, as wild-thyme, lavender, rosemary, balm, and myrtle. We were here shown at a distance the deserts, which have been rendered so famous by the penance of Mary Magdalene, who, after her arrival with Lazarus and Joseph of Arimathea at Marseilles, is said to have wept away the rest of her life among these solitary rocks and mountains. It is so romantic a scene, that it has always probably

* This work is printed from the original text, without abridgment.

given occasion to such chimerical relations; for it is perhaps of this place that Claudian speaks, in the following description:

Et locus extremum pandit qua Gallia litus
 Oceani prætentus aquis, qua fertur Ulysses
 Sanguine libato populum movisse silentum:
 Illic umbrarum tenui stridore volantum
 Flebilis auditur questus; simulachra coloni
 Pallida defunctasque vident migrare figuras, &c.

Claud. in Rufi lib. 1.

A place there lies on Gallia's utmost bounds,
 Where rising seas insult the frontier grounds:
 Ulysses here the blood of victims shed,
 And rais'd the pale assembly of the dead.
 Oft in the winds is heard a plaintive sound
 Of melancholy ghosts that hover round:
 The lab'ring plowman oft with horror spies
 Thin airy shapes that o'er the furrows rise,
 (A dreadful scene!) and skim before his eyes.

I know there is nothing more undetermined among the learned than the voyage of Ulysses; some confining it to the Mediterranean, others extending it to the great Ocean, and others ascribing it to a world of the poet's own making; though his conversations with the dead are generally supposed to have been in the Narbon Gaul.

Incultos adiit læstrigonas antiphatenque, etc.
 Atque hæc seu nostras intersunt cognita terras,
 Fabula sive novum dedit his erroribus orbem.

Tibul. Lib. iv. Eleg. i. ver. 59.

Uncertain whether, by the winds convey'd,
 On real seas to real shores he stray'd;
 Or, by the fable driven from coast to coast,
 In new imaginary worlds was lost.

The next day we again set sail, and made the best of our way until we were forced, by contrary winds, into St. Remo, a very pretty town in the Genoese dominions. The front to the sea is not large; but there are a great many houses behind it, built up the side of the mountain to avoid the winds and vapours

that come from sea. We here saw several persons that in the midst of December had nothing over their shoulders but their shirts, without complaining of the cold. It is certainly very lucky for the poorer sort to be born in a place that is free from the greatest inconvenience, to which those of our northern nations are subject; and indeed, without this natural benefit of their climates, the extreme misery and poverty that are in most of the Italian governments would be insupportable. There are at St. Remo many plantations of palm-trees, though they do not grow in other parts of Italy. We sailed from hence directly for Genoa; and had a fair wind that carried us into the middle of the gulph, which is very remarkable for tempests and scarcity of fish. It is probable one may be the cause of the other, whether it be that the fishermen cannot employ their art with so much success in so troubled a sea, or that the fish do not care for inhabiting such stormy waters:

Atrum
Defendens pisces hiemat mare.

Hor. Sat. ii. lib. ii. v. 16.

While black with storms the ruffled ocean rolls,
And from the fisher's art defends her finny shoals.

We were forced to lie in it two days, and our captain thought his ship in so great danger, that he fell upon his knees, and confessed himself to a Capucin who was on board with us. But at last, taking the advantage of a side-wind, we were driven back in a few hours time as far as Monaco. Lucan has given us a description of the harbour that we found so very welcome to us, after the great danger we had escaped.

Quaque sub Herculeo Sacratu nomine portus
Urget rupe cava pelagus: non corus in illum
Ius habet aut Zephyrus: solus sua littora turbat
Circius, et tuta prohibet statione Monæci.

Lib. i. v. 405.

The winding rocks a spacious harbour frame,
 That from the great Alcides takes its name.
 Fenc'd to the west and to the north it lies;
 But when the winds in southern quarters rise,
 Ships, from their anchors torn, become their sport,
 And sudden tempests rage within the port.

On the promontory, where the town of Monaco now stands, was formerly the temple of Hercules Monæus, which still gives the name to this small principality:

Aggeribus socer Alpinis atque arce Monæci
 Descendens ————— Virg. *Æn.* vi. v. 830.

From Alpine heights, and from Monæus' fane,
 The father first descends into the plain.

There are but three towns in the dominions of the Prince of Monaco. The chief of them is situate on a rock which runs out into the sea, and is well fortified by nature. It was formerly under the protection of the Spaniard, but not many years since drove out the Spanish garrison, and received a French one, which consists at present of five hundred men, paid and officered by the French king. The officer, who shewed me the palace, told me, with a great deal of gravity, that his master and the King of France, amidst all the confusions of Europe, had ever been good friends and allies. The palace has handsome apartments, and many of them are hung with pictures of the reigning beauties in the court of France. But the best of the furniture was at Rome, where the Prince of Monaco resided at that time ambassador. We here took a little boat to creep along the sea-shore as far as Genoa; but at Savona, finding the sea too rough, we were forced to make the best of our way by land, over very rugged mountains and precipices: for this road is much more difficult than that over Mount Cennis.

The Genoese are esteemed extremely cunning, industrious, and inured to hardship above the rest of

the Italians; which was likewise the character of the old Ligurians. And indeed it is no wonder, while the barrenness of their country continues, that the manners of the inhabitants do not change: since there is nothing makes men sharper, and sets their hands and wits more at work, than want. The Italian proverb says of the Genoese, that they have a sea without fish, land without trees, and men without faith. The character the Latin poets have given of them is not much different.

Assuetumque malo Ligurem.—Virg. Georg. ii. v. 168.
The hard Ligurians, a laborious kind.

—*Pernix Ligur.*—Sil. Ital. El. 8.
The swift Ligurian.

Fallaces Ligures.—Auson. Eid. 12.
The deceitful Ligurians.

*Apenninicolæ bellator filius auni
Haud Ligurum extremus, dum fallere fata sinebant.*
Virg. Æn. xi. v. 700.

Yet, like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
(At least whilst fortune favoured his deceit.—Dryden.

*Vane Ligur, frustra que animis elate superbis,
Nequequam patrias tentasti lubricus artes.*
Id. ib. v. 715.

Vain fool and coward, cries the lofty maid,
Caught in the train which thou thyself hast laid,
On others practise thy Ligurian arts;
Thin stratagems, and tricks of little hearts
Are lost on me; nor shalt thou safe retire,
With vaunting lies, to thy fallacious sire.—Dryden.

There are a great many beautiful palaces standing along the sea-shore on both sides of Genoa, which make the town appear much longer than it is, to those that sail by it. The city itself makes the noblest show of any in the world. The houses are most of them painted on the outside; so that they look extremely gay and lively; besides that they are esteemed the highest in Europe, and stand very thick together. The New-street is a double range of pa.

laces from one end to the other, built with an excellent fancy, and fit for the greatest princes to inhabit. I cannot however be reconciled to their manner of painting several of the Genoese houses. Figures, perspectives, or pieces of history, are certainly very ornamental, as they are drawn on many of the walls, that would otherwise look too naked and uniform without them: but, instead of these, one often sees the front of a palace covered with painted pillars of different orders. If these were so many true columns of marble set in their proper architecture, they would certainly very much adorn the places where they stand; but as they are now, they only shew us that there is something wanting, and that the palace, which without these counterfeit pillars would be beautiful in its kind, might have been more perfect by the addition of such as are real. The front of the Villa Imperiale, at a mile distance from Genoa, without any thing of this paint upon it, consists of a Doric and Corinthian row of pillars, and is much the handsomest of any I saw there. The Duke of Doria's palace has the best outside of any in Genoa, as that of Durazzo is the best furnished within. There is one room in the first, that is hung with tapestry, in which are wrought the figures of the great persons that the family has produced; as perhaps there is no house in Europe that can shew a longer line of heroes, that have still acted for the good of their country. Andrew Doria has a statue erected to him at the entrance of the Doge's palace, with the glorious title of deliverer of the commonwealth; and one of his family another, that calls him its preserver. In the Doge's palace are the rooms, where the great and little council, with the two colleges, hold their assemblies; but as the state of Genoa is very poor, though several of its members are extremely rich, so one may observe infinitely more splendour and magnificence in particular person's houses, than in those that belong to the public. But we find in most of the states of

Europe, that the people show the greatest marks of poverty, where the governors live in the greatest magnificence. The churches are very fine, particularly that of the Annunciation, which looks wonderfully beautiful in the inside, all but one corner of it being covered with statues, gilding, and paint. A man would expect, in so very ancient a town of Italy, to find some considerable antiquities; but all they have to show of this nature is an old rostrum of a Roman ship, that stands over the door of their arsenal. It is not above a foot long, and perhaps would never have been thought the beak of a ship, had it not been found in so probable a place as the haven. It is all of iron, fashioned at the end like a boar's head; as I have seen it represented on medals, and on the Columna Rostrata in Rome. I saw at Genoa Signior Micconi's famous collection of shells, which, as father Buonani the Jesuit has since told me, is one of the best in Italy. I know nothing more remarkable in the government of Genoa, than the bank of St. George, made up of such branches of the revenues, as have been set apart and appropriated to the discharging of several sums that have been borrowed from private persons, during the exigencies of the commonwealth. Whatever inconveniences the state has laboured under, they have never entertained a thought of violating the public credit, or of alienating any part of these revenues to other uses than to what they have been thus assigned. The administration of this bank is for life, and partly in the hands of the chief citizens, which gives them a great authority in the state, and a powerful influence over the common people. This bank is generally thought the greatest load on the Genoese, and the managers of it have been represented as a second kind of senate, that break the uniformity of government, and destroy in some measure the fundamental constitution of the state. It is, however, very certain, that the people reap no small advantages from it, as it distributes the power among more

particular members of the republic, and gives the commons a figure: so that it is no small check upon the aristocracy, and may be one reason why the Genoese senate carries it with greater moderation towards their subjects than the Venetian.

It would have been well for the republic of Genoa, if she had followed the example of her sister of Venice, in not permitting her nobles to make any purchase of lands or houses in the dominions of a foreign prince. For at present, the greatest among the Genoese, are in part subjects to the monarchy of Spain, by reason of their estates that lie in the kingdom of Naples. The Spaniards tax them very high upon occasion, and are so sensible of the advantage this gives them over the republic, that they will not suffer a Neapolitan to buy the lands of a Genoese, who must find a purchaser among his own countrymen, if he has a mind to sell. For this reason, as well as on account of the great sums of money which the Spaniard owes the Genoese, they are under a necessity, at present, of being in the interest of the French, and would probably continue so, though all the other states of Italy entered into a league against them. Genoa is not yet secure from a bombardment, though it is not so exposed as formerly; for, since the insult of the French, they have built a mole, with some little ports, and have provided themselves with long guns and mortars. It is easy for those that are strong at sea to bring them to what terms they please; for having but very little arable land, they are forced to fetch all their corn from Naples, Sicily, and other foreign countries; except what comes to them from Lombardy, which probably goes another way, whilst it furnishes two great armies with provisions. Their fleet, that formerly gained so many victories over the Saracens, Pisans, Venetians, Turks, and Spaniards, that made them masters of Crete, Sardinia, Majorca, Minorca, Negrepont, Lesbos, Malta, that settled them in Scio, Smyrna, Achaia, Theodosia, and several

towns on the eastern confines of Europe, is now reduced to six galleys. When they had made an addition of but four new ones, the king of France sent his orders to suppress them, telling the republic at the same time, that he knew very well how many they had occasion for. This little fleet serves only to fetch them wine and corn, and to give their ladies an airing in the summer season. The republic of Genoa has a crown and sceptre for its doge, by reason of their conquest of Corsica, where there was formerly a Saracen king. This indeed gives their ambassadors a more honourable reception at some courts, but, at the same time, may teach their people to have a mean notion of their own form of government, and is a tacit acknowledgment that monarchy is the more honourable. The old Romans, on the contrary, made use of a very barbarous kind of politics, to inspire their people with a contempt of kings, whom they treated with infamy, and dragged at the wheels of their triumphal chariots.

From Genoa we took chaise for Milan, and by the way stopped at Pavia, that was once the metropolis of a kingdom, but is at present a poor town. We here saw the convent of Austin monks, who about three years ago, pretended to have found out the body of the saint that gives the name to their order. King Luitprand, whose ashes are in the same church, brought hither the corps, and was very industrious to conceal it, lest it might be abused by the barbarous nations, which at that time ravaged Italy. One would therefore rather wonder that it has not been found out much earlier; than that it is discovered at last. The fathers however do not yet find their account in the discovery they have made: for there are canons regular, who have half the same church in their hands, that will by no means allow it to be the body of the saint, nor is it yet recognised by the pope. The monks say for themselves, that the very name was written on the urn where the ashes lay, and that, in

an old record of the convent, they are said to have been interred between the very wall and the altar where they were taken up. They have already too, as the monks told us, began to justify themselves by miracles. At the corner of one of the cloisters of this convent are buried the duke of Suffolk, and the duke of Lorraine, who were both killed in the famous battle of Pavia. Their monument was erected to them by one Charles Parker, an ecclesiastic, as I learned from the inscription, which I cannot omit transcribing, since I have not seen it printed.

“Capto a Milite Cæsareo Francisco I. Gallorum rege in agro Papiensi anno 1525, 23 Feb. inter alios proceres, qui ex suis in prælio occisi sunt, occubuerunt duo illustrissimi principes, Franciscus dux Lotharingiæ et Richardus de la Poole Anglus dux Suffolciæ a rege tyranno Hen. VIII. pulsus regno. Quorum corpora hoc in cœnobio et ambitu per annos 57. sine honore tumulata sunt. Tandem Carolus Parker a Morley, Richardi proximus consanguineus, regno Angliæ a reginâ Elizabethâ ob catholicam fidem ejectus, beneficentiâ tamen Philippi Regis Cath. Hispaniarum monarchæ invictissimi in statu mediolanensi sustentatus, hoc qualecunque monumentum, pro rerum suarum tenuitate, charissimo propinquo et illustrissimis principibus posuit, 5 Sept. 1582. et post suum exilium 23. majora et honorificentiora commendans Lotharingicis. Viator precare quietem.”

“Francis the first, king of France, being taken prisoner by the Imperialists, at the battle of Pavia, February the 23d 1525, among other noblemen who died in the field, were two most illustrious princes, Francis duke of Lorraine, and Richard de la Poole, an Englishman, duke of Suffolk, who had been banished by the tyrant king Henry the eighth. Their bodies lay buried without honour fifty-seven years in this convent. At length, Charles Parker of Morley, a near kinsman of the duke of Suffolk, who had been banished from England by queen Elizabeth for the catholic faith, and was

supported in the Milanese by the bounty of the catholic king Philip, the invincible monarch of Spain, erected this monument, the best his slender abilities could afford, to his most dear kinsman, and these most illustrious princes, recommending a better and more honorable one to the Lorrainers. Passengers pray for their soul's repose."

This pretended duke of Suffolk was Sir Richard de la Poole, brother to the earl of Suffolk, who was put to death by Henry the eighth. In his banishment he took upon him the title of duke of Suffolk, which had been sunk in the family ever since the attainder of the great duke of Suffolk, under the reign of Henry the sixth. He fought very bravely in the battle of Pavia, and was magnificently interred by the duke of Bourbon, who, though an enemy, assisted at his funeral in mourning.

Parker himself is buried in the same place, with the following inscription.

D. O. M.

“Carolo Parchero a Morley Anglo ex illustrissima clarissima stirpe. Qui episcopus des. ob fidem catholicam actus in exilium. an XXXI. peregrinatus ab invictiss. Phil. rege Hispan. honestissimis pietatis et constantiæ præmiis ornatus moritur anno a partu Virginis, M. D. C. XI. men. Septembris.”

“To the memory of Charles Parker of Morley, an Englishman, of a most noble and illustrious family; who, a bishop elect, being banished for the catholic faith, and, in the thirty-first year of his exile, honourably rewarded for his piety and constancy by the most invincible Philip king of Spain, died in September 1611.”

In Pavia is an university of seven colleges, one of them called the college of Borromee, very large, and neatly built. There is likewise a statue in brass, of Marcus Antoninus on horseback, which the people of the place call Charles the fifth, and some learned men Constantine the Great.

Pavia is the Ticinum of the ancients, which took its name from the river Ticinus, which runs by it, and is now called the Tesin. This river falls into the Po, and is excessively rapid. The bishop of Salisbury says, that he ran down with the stream thirty miles in an hour, by the help of but one rower. I do not know therefore why Silius Italicus has represented it as so very gentle and still a river, in the beautiful description he has given us of it.

*Cæruleas Ticinus aquas et stagna vadosa
Perspicuus servat, turbari nescia, fundo,
Ac nitidum viridi lente trahit amne liquorem;
Vix credas labi, ripis tam mitis opacis
Argutos inter (volucrum certamina) cantus
Somniferam ducit lucenti gurgite lympham.*

Lib. iv.

Smooth and untroubled the Ticinus flows,
And through the crystal stream the shining bottom shows :
Scarce can the sight discover if it moves ;
So wondrous slow, amidst the shady groves,
And tuneful birds that warble on its sides,
Within its gloomy banks the limpid liquor glides.

A poet of another nation would not have dwelt so long upon the clearness and transparency of the stream ; but in Italy one seldom sees a river that is extremely bright and limpid, most of them falling down from the mountains, that make their waters very troubled and muddy ; whereas the Tesin is only an outlet of that vast lake, which the Italians now call the Lago Maggiore.

I saw between Pavia and Milan the convent of Carthusians, which is very spacious and beautiful. Their church is extremely fine, and curiously adorned, but of a Gothic structure.

I could not stay long in Milan without going to see the great church that I had heard so much of, but was never more deceived in my expectation than at my first entering : for the front, which was all I had seen of the outside, is not half finished, and the in-

side is so smutted with dust and the smoke of lamps, that neither the marble, nor the silver, nor brass-work, show themselves to an advantage. This vast Gothic pile of building is all of marble, except the roof, which would have been of the same matter with the rest, had not its weight rendered it improper for that part of the building. But for the reason I have just now mentioned, the outside of the church looks much whiter and fresher than the inside; for where the marble is so often washed with rains, it preserves itself more beautiful and unsullied, than in those parts that are not at all exposed to the weather. That side of the church indeed, which faces the Tramontane wind, is much more unsightly than the rest, by reason of the dust and smoke that are driven against it. This profusion of marble, though astonishing to strangers, is not very wonderful in a country that has so many veins of it within its bowels. But though the stones are cheap, the working of them is very expensive. It is generally said there are eleven thousand statues about the church; but they reckon into the account every particular figure in the history pieces, and several little images which make up the equipage of those that are larger. There are indeed a great multitude of such as are bigger than the life: I reckoned above two hundred and fifty on the outside of the church, though I only told three sides of it; and these are not half so thick set as they intend them. The statues are all of marble, and generally well cut; but the most valuable one they have is a St. Bartholomew, new-fleed, with his skin hanging over his shoulders: It is esteemed worth its weight in gold: They have inscribed this verse on the pedestal, to show the value they have for the workman:

Non me Praxiteles, sed Marcus finxit Agrat

Lest at the sculptor doubtfully you guess,
'Tis Marc Agrati, not Praxiteles.

There is, just before the entrance of the choir, a little subterraneous chapel dedicated to St. Charles Borromeo, where I saw his body, in episcopal robes, lying upon the altar in a shrine of rock-crystal. His chapel is adorned with abundance of silver-work; he was but two-and-twenty years old when he was chosen archbishop of Milan, and forty-six at his death; but made so good use of so short a time, by his works of charity and munificence, that his countrymen bless his memory, which is still fresh among them. He was canonized about a hundred years ago: and indeed if this honour were due to any man, I think such public-spirited virtues may lay a juster claim to it, than a sour retreat from mankind, a fiery zeal against Heterodoxies, a set of chimerical visions, or of whimsical penances, which are generally the qualifications of Roman saints. Miracles indeed are required of all who aspire to this dignity, because, they say, an hypocrite may imitate a saint in all other particulars, and these they attribute in a great number to him I am speaking of. His merit and the importunity of his countrymen procured his canonization before the ordinary time; for it is the policy of the Roman church not to allow this honour, ordinarily, until fifty years after the death of the person who is candidate for it; in which time it may be supposed that all his contemporaries will be worn out, who could contradict a pretended miracle, or remember any infirmity of the saint. One would wonder that Roman catholics, who are for this kind of worship, do not generally address themselves to the holy apostles, who have a more unquestionable right to the title of saints than those of a modern date; but these are at present quite out of fashion in Italy, where there is scarce a great town, which does not pay its devotions, in a more particular manner, to some one of their own making. This renders it very suspicious, that the interests of particular families, religious orders, convents, or churches, have too great a sway in their canonizations. When I was

at Milan, I saw a book newly published, that was dedicated to the present head of the Borromean family, and intitled *A Discourse on the Humility of Jesus Christ, and of St. Charles Borromeo.*

The great church of Milan has two noble pulpits of brass, each of them running round a large pillar, like a gallery, and supported by huge figures of the same metal. The history of our Saviour, or rather of the blessed Virgin (for it begins with her birth, and ends with her coronation in heaven, that of our saviour coming in by way of episode) is finely cut in marble, by Andrew Biffy. This church is very rich in relics, which run up as high as Daniel, Jonas, and Abraham. Among the rest they show a fragment of our countryman Becket, as indeed there are very few treasures of relics in Italy that have not a tooth or a bone of this saint. It would be endless to count up the riches of silver, gold, and precious stones, that are amassed together in this and several other churches of Milan. I was told, that in Milan there are sixty convents of women, eighty of men, and two hundred churches. At the Celestines is a picture in Fresco of the marriage of Cana, very much esteemed; but the painter, whether designedly or not, has put six fingers to the hand of one of the figures; they show the gates of a church that St. Ambrose shut against the emperor Theodosius, as thinking him unfit to assist at divine service, until he had done some extraordinary penance for his barbarous massacring the inhabitants of Thessalonica. That emperor was however so far from being displeased with the behaviour of the saint, that at his death he committed to him the education of his children. Several have picked splinters of wood out of the gates for relics. There is a little chapel lately re-edified, where the same saint baptised St. Austin. An inscription upon the wall of it says, that it was in this chapel, and on this occasion, that he first sung his *Te Deum*, and that his great convert answered him verse by verse. In one of the churches I saw a pul-

pit and confessional, very finely inlaid with lapis-lazuli, and several kinds of marble, by a father of the convent. It is very lucky for a religious, who has so much time on his hands to be able to amuse himself with works of this nature : and one often finds particular members of convents, who have excellent mechanical genius's, and divert themselves, at leisure hours, with painting, sculpture, architecture, gardening, and several kinds of handicrafts. Since I have mentioned confessionals, I shall set down here some inscriptions that I have seen over them in Roman Catholic countries, which are all texts of scripture, and regard either the penitent or the Father. *Abi, ostende te ad Sacerdotem. Ne taceat pupilla oculi tui. Ibo ad Patrem meum et dicam, Pater peccavi. Soluta erunt in Cœlis. Redi anima mea in requiem tuam. Vade, et ne deinceps pecca. Qui vos audit, me audit. Venite ad me omnes qui fatigati estis et onerati. Corripiet me justus in misericordia. Vide si via iniquitatis in me est, et deduc me in via æterna. Ut audiret gemitus compeditorum : i. e. Go thy way, shew thyself to the priest. Matth. viii. 4. Let not the apple of thine eye cease. Lam. ii. 18. I will go to my father, and will say unto him, father, I have sinned. Luke xv. 18. Shall be loosed in heaven. Matth. xvi. 19. Return unto thy rest, O my soul. Psal. cxvi. 7. Go, and sin no more. John viii. 11. He that heareth you, heareth me. Luke x. 16. Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden. Matth. xi. 28. See if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting. Psal. cxxxix. 24. To hear the groaning of the prisoners. Psal. cii. 20. I saw the Ambrosian library, where, to shew the Italian genius, they have spent more money on pictures than on books. Among the heads of several learned men, I met with no Englishman, except bishop Fisher, whom Henry the eighth put to death for not owning his su-*

premacy. Books are indeed the least part of the furniture that one ordinarily goes to see in an Italian library, which they generally set off with pictures, statues, and other ornaments, where they can afford them, after the example of the old Greeks and Romans.

————— Plena omnia gypso

Chryssippi invenias : nam perfectissimus horum est,
Si quis, Aristotelem similem vel pittacon emit,
Et jubet archetypos pluteum servare Cleanthas.

Juv. Sat. ii. v. 4.

Chryssippus' statue decks thy library,
Who makes his study finest, is most read;
The dolt that with an Aristotle's head,
Carv'd to the life, has once adorn'd his shelf,
Straight sets up for a Stagirite himself.

Tate.

In an apartment behind the library are several rarities, often described by travellers, as Brugeal's Elements, a head of Titian by his own hand, a manuscript in latin of Josephus, which the bishop of Salisbury says was written about the age of Theodosius, and another of Leonardus Vinci, which king James the first could not procure, though he proffered for it three thousand Spanish pistoles. It consists of designings in mechanism and engineering. I was shewn in it a sketch of bombs and mortars, as they are now used. Canon Settala's cabinet is always shewn to a stranger among the curiosities of Milan, which I shall not be particular upon, the printed account of it being common enough. Among its natural curiosities, I took particular notice of a piece of crystal, that inclosed a couple of drops, which looked like water when they were shaken, though perhaps they are nothing but bubbles of air. It is such a rarity as this, that I saw at Vendome in France, which they there pretend is a tear that our saviour shed over Lazarus, and was gathered up by an angel, who put it in a little crystal vial, and made a present of it to Mary Magdalene. The famous Pere Mabillon is now en-

gaged in the vindication of this tear, which a learned ecclesiastic, in the neighbourhood of Vendome, would have suppressed, as a false and ridiculous relic, in a book that he has dedicated to his diocesan the bishop of Blois. It is in the possession of a Benedictin convent which raises a considerable revenue out of the devotion that is paid to it, and has now retained the most learned father of their order to write in its defence.

It was such a curiosity as this I have mentioned, that Claudian has celebrated in about half a score epigrams:

Solibus indomitum glacies Alpina rigorem
 Sumebat, nimio jam preciosa gelu.
 Nec potuit toto mentiri corpore gemmam,
 Sed medio mansit proditor orbe latex:
 Auctus honor; liquidi crescunt miracula saxi,
 Et conservatæ plus meruistis aquæ.

Deep in the snowy Alps, a lump of ice
 By frosts was harden'd to a mighty price;
 Proof to the sun, it now securely lies,
 And the warm dog-star's hottest rage defies:
 Yet still unripen'd in the dewy mines,
 Within the ball a trembling water shines,
 That through the crystal darts its spurious rays,
 And the proud stone's original betrays:
 But common drops, when thus with crystal mix'd,
 Are valu'd more than if in rubies fix.

As I walked through one of the streets of Milan, I was surprised to read the following inscription, concerning a barber, that had conspired with the commissary of health and others to poison his fellow-citizens. There is a void space where his house stood, and in the midst of it a pillar, superscribed *Colonna Infame*. The story is told in handsome latin, which I shall set down, as having never seen it transcribed.

Hic, ubi hæc area patens est,
 Surgebat olim Tonstrina
 Jo' Jacobi Moræ:
 Qui facta cum Gulielmo Platea publ. Sanit. Commissario
 Et cum aliis conspiratione,
 Dum pestis atrox sæviret,
 Lethiferis unguentis huc et illuc aspersis
 Plures ad diram mortem compulit.
 Hos igitur ambos, hostes patriæ judicatos,
 Excelso in plaustro
 Candenti prius vellicatos forcipe
 Et dextera mulcatis manu
 Rota infringi
 Rotæque intextos post horas sex jugulari,
 Comburi deinde,
 Ac, ne quid tam Scelestorum hominum reliqui sit,
 Publicatis bonis
 Cineres in flumen projici
 Senatus jussit:
 Cujus rei memoria æterna ut sit,
 Hanc domum, Sceleris officinam,
 Solo æquari,
 Ac nunquam in posterum refici,
 Et erigi columnam,
 Quæ vocatur infamis,
 Idem ordo mandavit.
 Procul hinc procul ergo
 Boni Cives,
 Ne Vos Infelix, infame solum
 Commaculet!
 M. D. C. xxx. Cal. Augusti.
 Præsides pub. Sanitatis M. Antonio Montio Senatore
 R. justitiæ cap. Jo. Baptista vicecomit.

In this void space stood formerly the barber's shop of John James Mora, who, having conspired with William Platea, the commissary of health, and others, during the time of a raging plague, destroyed the lives of a great number of citizens by dispersing poisonous drugs. The senate therefore ordered them both, as enemies of their country, to be broke upon the wheel, their flesh being first torn with red-hot pin-

cers, and their right hands cut off; and, after lying six hours on the wheel, their throats to be cut, and their bodies burnt; and, that there might be no remains of such wicked men, their goods to be plundered, and their ashes thrown into the river: and to perpetuate the memory of this transaction, the house, in which the villany was contrived, was ordered to be pulled down to the ground, and never to be rebuilt; and a column to be raised on the spot, called *The Infamous*. Fly from hence, good citizens, lest the wretched and infamous soil infect you. Aug. 1, 1630. M. Anthony Monthius, the senator, commissary of health, &c.

The citadel of Milan is thought a strong fort in Italy, and has held out formerly after the conquest of the rest of the duchy. The governor of it is independant on the governor of Milan; as the Persians used to make the rulers of provinces and fortresses of different conditions and interests, to prevent conspiracies.

At two miles distance from Milan, there stands a building, that would have been a master-piece in its kind, had the architect designed it for an artificial echo. We discharged a pistol, and had the sound returned upon us above fifty-six times, though the air was very foggy. The first repetitions follow one another very thick, but are heard more distinctly in proportion as they decay: there are two parallel walls, which beat the sound back on each other, till the undulation is quite worn out, like the several reverberations of the same image from two opposite looking-glasses. Father Kircher has taken notice of this particular echo, as father Bartolin has done since in his ingenious discourse on sounds. The state of Milan is like a vast garden, surrounded by a noble mound-work of rocks and mountains. Indeed, if a man considers the face of Italy in general, one would think that nature had laid it out into such a variety of states and governments as one finds in it. For as the

Alps, at one end, and the long range of Apennines, that passes through the body of it, branch out on all sides into several different divisions : they serve as so many natural boundaries and fortifications to the little territories that lie among them. Accordingly we find the whole country cut into a multitude of particular kingdoms and commonwealths in the oldest accounts we have of it, until the power of the Romans, like a torrent that overflows its banks, bore down all before it, and spread itself into the remotest corners of the nation. But as this exorbitant power became unable to support itself, we find the government of Italy again broken into such a variety of subdivisions, as naturally suits with its situation.

In the court of Milan, as in several others of Italy, there are many who fall in with the dress and carriage of the French. One may however observe a kind of awkwardness in the Italians, which easily discovers the airs they give themselves not to be natural. It is indeed very strange there should be such a diversity of manners, where there is so small a difference in the air and climate. The French are always open, familiar, and talkative : the Italians, on the contrary, are stiff, ceremonious, and reserved. In France every one aims at a gaiety and sprightliness of behaviour, and thinks it an accomplishment to be brisk and lively : the Italians, notwithstanding their natural fierceness of temper, affect always to appear sober and sedate : insomuch that one sometimes meets young men walking the streets with spectacles on their noses, that they may be thought to have impaired their sight by much study, and seem more grave and judicious than their neighbours. This difference of manners proceeds chiefly from difference of education. In France it is usual to bring their children into company, and to cherish in them, from their infancy, a kind of forwardness and assurance : besides, that the French apply themselves more universally to their exercises than any other nation in the world, so that one seldom

sees a young gentleman in France that does not fence; dance, and ride in some tolerable perfection. These agitations of the body do not only give them a free and easy carriage, but have a kind of mechanical operation on the mind, by keeping the animal spirits always awake and in motion. But what contributes most to this light airy humour of the French, is the free conversation that is allowed them with their women, which does not only communicate to them a certain vivacity of temper, but makes them endeavour after such a behaviour as is most taking with the sex.

The Italians, on the contrary, who are excluded from making their court this way, are for recommending themselves to those they converse with by their gravity and wisdom. In Spain therefore, where there are fewer liberties of this nature allowed, there is something still more serious and composed in the manner of the inhabitants. But as mirth is more apt to make proselytes than melancholy, it is observed that the Italians have many of them for these late years given very far into the modes and freedoms of the French; which prevail more or less in the courts of Italy, as they lie at a smaller or greater distance from France. It may be here worth while to consider how it comes to pass, that the common people of Italy have in general so very great an aversion to the French, which every traveller cannot but be sensible of, that has passed through the country. The most obvious reason is certainly the great difference that there is in the humours and manners of the two nations, which always works more in the meaner sort, who are not able to vanquish the prejudices of education, than with the nobility. Besides, that the French humour, in regard of the liberties they take in female conversations, and their great ambition to excel in all companies, is in a more particular manner very shocking to the Italians, who are naturally jealous, and value themselves upon their great wisdom. At the same

time, the common people of Italy, who run more into news and politics than those of other countries, have all of them something to exasperate them against the king of France. The Savoyards, notwithstanding the present inclinations of their court, cannot forbear resenting the infinite mischiefs he did them in the last war. The Milanese and Neapolitans remember the many insults he has offered to the house of Austria, and particularly to their deceased king, for whom they still retain a natural kind of honour and affection. The Genoese cannot forget his treatment of their doge, and his bombarding their city. The Venetians will tell you of his leagues with the Turks; and the Romans of his threats to pope Innocent the eleventh, whose memory they adore. It is true, that interest of state, and change of circumstances, may have sweetened these reflections to the politer sort; but impressions are not so easily worn out of the minds of the vulgar. That however, which I take to be the principal motive among most of the Italians, for their favouring the Germans above the French, is this, that they are entirely persuaded it is for the interest of Italy to have Milan and Naples rather in the hands of the first, than of the other. One may generally observe, that the body of a people has juster views for the public good, and pursues them with greater uprightness than the nobility and gentry, who have so many private expectations and particular interests, which hang like a false bias upon their judgements, and may possibly dispose them to sacrifice the good of their country to the advancement of their own fortunes: whereas the gross of the people can have no other prospect in changes and revolutions than of public blessings, that are to diffuse themselves through the whole state in general.

To return to Milan, I shall here set down the description Ausonius has given of it, among the rest of his great cities.

Et Mediolani mira omnia, copia rerum :
 Innumeræ cultæque domus, facunda virorum
 Ingenia, et mores læti : tum duplici muro
 Amplificata loci species, populique voluptas
 Circus, et inclusi moles cuneata theatri :
 Tempia, Palatinæque arces, opulensque Moneta,
 Et regio Herculei celebris ab honore lavacri,
 Cunctaque marmoreis ornata peristyla Signis,
 Omnia quæ magnis operum velut æmula formis
 Excellunt; nec juncia premit vicinia Romæ.

Milan with plenty and with wealth o'erflows,
 And num'rous streets and cleanly dwellings shows.
 The people, bless'd with Nature's happy force,
 Are eloquent and cheerful in discourse ;
 A circus and a theatre invites
 Th' unruly mob to races and to fights ;
 Moneta consecrated buildings grace,
 And the whole town redoubled walls embrace .
 Here spacious baths and palaces are seen,
 And intermingled tempels rise between ;
 Here circling collonades the ground inclose,
 And here the marble statues breathe in rows :
 Profusely grac'd the happy town appears,
 Nor Rome itself, her beauteous neighbour, fears.

From Milan we travelled through a very pleasant country to Brescia, and by the way crossed the river Adda, that falls into the Lago di Como, which Virgil calls the Lake Larius, and running out at the other end loses itself at last in the Po, which is the great receptacle of all the rivers of this country. The town and province of Brescia have freer access to the senate of Venice, and a quicker redress of injuries, than any other part of their dominions. They have always a mild and prudent governor, and live much more happily than their fellow-subjects: for as they were once a part of the Milanese, and are now on their frontiers, the Venetians dare not exasperate them, by the loads they lay on other provinces, for fear of a revolt; and are forced to treat them with much more indulgence than the Spaniards do their

neighbours, that they may have no temptation to it. Brescia is famous for its iron-works. A small day's journey more brought us to Verona. We saw the Lake Benacus in our way, which the Italians now call Lago di Garda: it was so rough with tempests when we passed by it, that it brought into my mind Virgil's noble description of it.

Adde lacus tantos, te Lari maxime, teque
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino.
Georg. ii. v. 159.

Here vex'd by winter storms Banacus raves,
Confus'd with working sands and rolling waves;
Rough and tumultuous like a sea it lies,
So loud the tempest roars, so high the billows rise.

This lake perfectly resembles a sea, when it is worked up by storms. It is thirty-five miles in length, and twelve in breadth. At the lower end of it we crossed the Minc'io.

—Tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Mincius, et tenera prætexit arundine ripas.
Virg. Georg. iii. v. 14.

Where the slow Mincius thro' the valley strays:
Where cooling streams invite the flocks to drink,
And reeds defend the winding waters brink.

Dryden.

The river Adige runs through Verona; so much is the situation of the town changed from what it was in Silius Italicus's time.

—Verona Athesi circumflua. Lib. viii.
Verona by the circling Adige bound.

This is the only great river in Lombardy that does not fall into the Po; which it must have done, had it run but a little further before its entering the Adriatic. The rivers are all of them mentioned by Claudian.

— Venetosque erectior amnes
Magna voce ciet. Frondentibus humida ripis

Colla levant, pulcher Ticinus, et Addua visu
 Cæruleus, velox Athesis, tardusque meatu
 Mincius, inque novem consurgens ora Timavus.

Sexto Cons. Hon.

Venetia's rivers, summon'd all around,
 Hear the loud call, and answer to the sound ;
 Her dropping locks the silver Tesin rears ;
 The blue transparent Adda next appears ;
 The rapid Adige then erects her head ;
 And Mincio rising slowly from his bed :
 And last Timavus, that with eager force
 From nine wide mouths comes gushing to his course.

His Larius is doubtless an imitation of Virgil's *Benacus*.

—— Umbrosa vestit qua littus Oliva
 Larius, et dulci mentitur Nerea fluctu.

De Bel. Get.

The Larius here with groves of olives crown'd,
 An ocean of fresh water spreads around.

I saw at Verona the famous amphitheatre, that with a few modern reparations has all the seats entire. There is something very noble in it, though the high wall and corridors that went round it are almost entirely ruined, and the area is quite filled up to the lower seat, which was formerly deep enough to let the spectators see in safety the combats of the wild beasts and gladiators. Since I have Claudian before me, I cannot forbear setting down the beautiful description he has made of a wild beast newly brought from the woods, and making its first appearance in a full amphitheatre.

Ut fera quæ nuper montes amisit avitos,
 Altorumque exul nemorum, damnatur arenæ
 Muneribus, commota ruit : vir murmure contra
 Hortatur, nixusque genu venabula tendit ;
 Illa pavet strepitus, cuneosque erecta theatri
 Despicit, et tanti miratur sibila vulgi.

In Ruf. lib. ii.

So rushes on his foe the grisly bear,
That, banish'd from the hills and bushy brakes,
His old hereditary haunts forsakes.
Condemn'd the cruel rabble to delight,
His angry keeper goads him to the fight.
Bent on his knee, the savage glares around,
Scar'd with the mighty crowd's promiscuous sound,
Then rearing on his hinder paws retires,
And the vast hissing multitude admires.

There are some other antiquities in Verona, of which the principal is the ruin of a triumphal arch erected to Flaminius, where one sees old Doric pillars without any pedestal or basis, as Vitruvius has described them. I have not yet seen any gardens in Italy worth taking notice of. The Italians fall as far short of the French in this particular, as they excel them in their palaces. It must however be said, to the honour of the Italians, that the French took from them the first plans of their gardens, as well as of their water-works; so that their surpassing of them at present is to be attributed rather to the greatness of their riches, than the excellence of their taste. I saw the terrace-garden of Verona, that travellers generally mention. Among the churches of Verona, that of St. George is the handsomest: its chief ornament is the martyrdom of the saint, done by Paul Veronese; as there are many other pictures about the town by the same hand. A stranger is always shown the tomb of Pope Lucius, who lies buried in the dome. I saw in the same church a monument erected by the public to one of their bishops: the inscription says, that there was between him and his Maker, "Summa necessitudo, summa similitudo." The Italian epitaphs are often more extravagant than those of other countries, as the nation is more given to compliment and hyperbole. From Verona to Padua we travelled through a very pleasant country: it is planted thick with rows of white mulberry-trees, that furnished food for great quantities of silk-worms

with their leaves, as the swine and poultry consume the fruit. The trees themselves serve at the same time as so many stays for their vines, which hang all along like garlands from tree to tree. Between the several ranges lie fields of corn, which in these warm countries ripens much better among the mulberry shades than if it were exposed to the open sun. This was one reason why the inhabitants of this country, when I passed through it, were extremely apprehensive of seeing Lombardy the seat of war, which must have made miserable havoc among their plantations; for it is not here as in the corn-fields of Flanders, where the whole product of the place rises from year to year. We arrived so late at Vicenza, that we had not time to take a full sight of the place. The next day brought us to Padua. St. Anthony, who lived about five hundred years ago, is the great saint to whom they here pay their devotions. He lies buried in the church that is dedicated to him at present, though it was formerly consecrated to the Blessed Virgin. It is extremely magnificent, and very richly adorned. There are narrow cliffs in the monument that stands over him, where good Catholics rub their beads, and smell his bones, which they say have in them a natural perfume, though very like apoplectic balsam; and what would make one suspect that they rub the marble with it, it is observed that the scent is stronger in the morning than at night. There are abundance of inscriptions and pictures hung up by his votaries in several parts of the church: for it is the way of those that are in any signal danger to implore his aid, and if they come off safe they call their deliverance a miracle, and perhaps hang up the picture or description of it in the church. This custom spoils the beauty of several Roman Catholic churches, and often covers the walls with wretched daubings, impertinent inscriptions, hands, legs, and arms of wax, with a thousand idle offerings of the same nature.

They sell at Padua the Life of St. Anthony, which

is read with great devotion; the most remarkable part of it is his discourse to an assembly of fish. As the audience and sermon are both very extraordinary, I will set down the whole passage at length.

“ Non curando gli heritici il suo parlare, egli si come era alla riva del mare, dove sbocca il fiume Marecchia, chiamò de parte di Dio li pesci, che venissero à sentir la sua santa parola. Et ecco che di subito sopra l'acque nuotando gran moltitudine di varii, & diversi pesci, e del mare, e del fiume, si unirono tutti, secondo le specie loro, e con bell ordine, quasi che di ragion capaci stati fossero, attenti, e cheti con gratioso spettacolo s'accommodaro per sentir la parola di Dio. Ciò veduto il santo entro al cuor suo di dolcezza stillandosi, & per altrettanta meraviglia inarcando le ciglia, della obedientia di queste irragionevoli creature così cominciò loro à parlare. Se bene in tutto le cose create (cari, & amati pesci) si scuopere la potenza, & providenza infinita di Dio, còmo nel Cielo, nel Sole, nella Luna, nelle Stelle, in questo mondo inferiore, nel huomo, e nelle altre creature perfette, nondimeno in Voi particolarmente lampeggia e risplende la bontà della maestà divina; perche se bene siete chiamati Rettili, mezzi frà pietre, e bruti, confinati nelli profondi abissi delle ondeggiante acque: agitati sempre da flutti: mossi sempre da procelle: sordi al' udire, mutoli al parlare, & horridi al vedere; con tutto cio in Voi maravigliosamente si scorge la Divina grandezza; e da voi si cavano la maggiori misterii della bontà di Dio, ne mai si parla di voi nella Scrittura Sacra, che non vi sia ascosto qualche profondo Sacramento; Credete voi, che sia senza grandissimo misterio, che il primo dono fatto dall' onnipotente Iddio all' huomo fosse di voi Pesci? Credete voi che non sia misterio in questo, che di tutte le creature, e di tutti gl' animali si sien fatti sacrificii, eccetto, che di voi Pesci? Credete, che non vi sia qualche secreto in questo, che Christo nostro salvatore dall' agnelo pasquale in poi, si compiacque

tanto del cibo di voi pesci? Credete, che sia à caso questo, che dovendo il Redentor del mondo, pagar, come huomo, il censo à Cesare la volesse trovare nella bocca di un pesce? Tutti, tutti sono misteri e Sacramenti: perci siete particolarmente obligati a lodare il vostro Creatore: amati pesci di Dio avete ricevuto l'essere, la vita, il moto, e'l senso; per stanza vi hà dato il liquido elemento dell' Acqua, secondo che alla vostra naturale inclinatione conviene: ivi hà fatti amplissimi alberghi, stanze, caverne, grotte, e secreti luogi à voi più che sale Regie, e regal Palazzi, cari, e grati; & per propria sede avete l'acqua, elemento diafano, trasparente, e sempre lucido quasi cristallo, e verro, & dalle più basse e profonde vostre stanze scorgete ciò che sopra acqua ò si fa, ò nuota; avete gli occhi quasi di Lince, ò di Argo, & da causa non errante guidati, seguite ciò che vi giova, & aggrada; & fuggite ciò che vi nuoce, avete natural desio di conservarvi secondo le spetie vostre, fase, oprate & caminate ove natura vi detta senza contrasto alcuno; nè algor d'inverno, nè calor di state vi offende, ò nuoce: siasi per sereno, ò turbato il cielo, che alli vostri humidi alberghi nè frutto, nè danno apporta; siasi pure abbondevole de suoi tesori, ò scarsa de suo frutti la terra, che a voi nulla giova; piova, tuoni, saette, lampaggi, è subisse il mondo, che avoi ciò poco importa; ver deggi primavera, scaldi la state fruttifichi l'Autunno, & assideri li inverno, questo non vi rileva punto: ne trapassar del' hore, nè correr de giorni, nè volar de mesi, nè fuggir d'anni, nè mutar de tempi, nè cangiar de stagioni vi dan pensiero alcuno, ma sempre sicura, & tranquilla vita liatamente vivere: O quanto, o quanto grande la Maestà di Dio in voi si scuopre, O quanto mirabile la potenza sua; O quanto stupenda, & maravigliosa sa sua providenza; poi che frà tutte le creature dell' universo voi solo non sentisti il diluvio universale dell' acque; nè provasti i danni, che egli face al mondo; e tutto questo ch'io ho detto

dovrebbe muovervi à lodar Dio, à ringratiare sua divina maestà di tante e così singolari beneficii, che vi ha fatti; di tante gratie, che vi ha conferite; di tanti favori, di che vi ha fatti degna; per tanto, se non potete snodar la lingua à ringratiar il vostro Benefattore, & non sapete con parole esprimer le sue lodi, fatele segno di riverenza almeno; chinatevi al suo nome; mostrate nell modo che potete sembante di gratitudine; rendetevi benevoli alla bontà sua, in quel miglior modo che potete; O sapete, non siate sconoscenti de suoi beneficii, & non siate ingrati de suoi favori. A questo dire, O meraviglia grande, come si quelli pesci havessero havuto humano intelletto, e discorso, con gesti di profonda Humiltà, con riverenti sembianti di religione, chinaron la testa, blandiro co'l corpo, quasi approvando ciò che detto havea il benedetto padre St. Antonio."

"When the heretics would not regard his preaching, he betook himself to the sea-shore, where the river Marecchia disembogues itself into the Adriatic. He here called the fish together in the name of God, that they might hear his holy word. The fish came swimming towards him in such vast shoals, both from the sea and from the river, that the surface of the water was quite covered with their multitudes. They quickly ranged themselves, according to their several species, into a very beautiful congregation, and, like so many rational creatures, presented themselves before him to hear the word of God. St. Antonio was so struck with the miraculous obedience and submission of these poor animals, that he found a secret sweetness distilling upon his soul, and at last addressed himself to them in the following words.

"Although the infinite power and providence of God (my dearly beloved fish) discovers itself in all the works of his creation, as in the heavens, in the sun, in the moon, and in the stars, in this lower world, in man, and in other perfect creatures; nevertheless the goodness of the Divine Majesty shines out in you

more eminently, and appears after a more particular manner, than in any other created beings. For notwithstanding you are comprehended under the name of reptiles, partaking of a middle nature between stones and beasts, and imprisoned in the deep abyss of waters; notwithstanding you are tossed among billows, thrown up and down by tempests, deaf to hearing, dumb to speech, and terrible to behold: notwithstanding, I say, these natural disadvantages, the divine greatness shows itself in you after a very wonderful manner. In you are seen the mighty mysteries of an Infinite Goodness. The holy scripture has always made use of you as the types and shadows of some profound sacrament.

“Do you think that, without a mystery, the first present that God Almighty made to man, was of you, O ye fishes? Do you think that, without a mystery, among all creatures and animals which were appointed for sacrifices, you only were excepted, O ye fishes? Do you think there was nothing meant by our Saviour Christ, that next to the paschal lamb he took so much pleasure in the food of you, O ye fishes? Do you think that it was by mere chance, that, when the Redeemer of the World was to pay a tribute to Cæsar, he thought fit to find it in the mouth of a fish? These are all of them so many mysteries and sacraments, that oblige you in a more particular manner to the praises of your Creator.

“It is from God, my beloved fish, that you have received being, life, motion, and sense. It is he that has given you, in compliance with your natural inclinations, the whole world of waters for your habitation. It is he that has furnished it with lodgings, chambers, caverns, grottoes, and such magnificent retirements as are not to be met with in the seats of kings, or in the palaces of princes. You have the water for your dwelling, a clear transparent element, brighter than crystal; you can see from its deepest

bottom every thing that passes on its surface; you have the eyes of a lynx, or of an Argus; you are guided by a secret and unerring principle, delighting in every thing that may be beneficial to you, and avoiding every thing that may be hurtful; you are carried on by a hidden instinct to preserve yourselves, and to propagate your species; you obey, in all your actions, works, and motions, the dictates and suggestions of nature, without the least repugnancy or contradiction.

“ The colds of winter and the heats of summer are equally incapable of molesting you. A serene or a clouded sky are indifferent to you. Let the earth abound in fruits, or be cursed with scarcity, it has no influence on your welfare. You live secure in rains and thunders, lightnings, and earthquakes; you have no concern in the blossoms of spring, or in the glowings of summer, in the fruits of autumn, or in the frosts of winter. You are not solicitous about hours or days, months or years; the variableness of the weather, or the change of seasons.

“ In what dreadful majesty, in what wonderful power, in what amazing providence, did God Almighty distinguish you among all the species of creatures that perished in the universal deluge! You only were insensible of the mischief that had laid waste the whole world.

“ All this, as I have already told you, ought to inspire you with gratitude and praise towards the Divine Majesty, that has done so great things for you, granted you such particular graces and privileges, and heaped upon you so many distinguishing favours. And since for all this you cannot employ your tongues in the praises of your Benefactor, and are not provided with words to express your gratitude; make at least some sign of reverence; bow yourselves at his name; give some show of gratitude, according to the best of your capacities; express your thanks in the most becoming manner that you

are able, and be not unmindful of all the benefits he has bestowed upon you.

“ He had no sooner done speaking, but, behold a miracle! the fish, as though they had been endued with reason, bowed down their heads with all the marks of a profound humility and devotion, moving their bodies up and down with a kind of fondness, as approving what had been spoken by the blessed father, St. Antonio. The legend adds, that after many heretics, who were present at the miracle, had been converted by it, the saint gave his benediction to the fish, and dismissed them.”

Several other the like stories of St. Anthony are represented about his monument in a very fine basso relievo.

I could not forbear setting down the titles given to St. Anthony in one of the tables that hangs up to him, as a token of gratitude from a poor peasant, who fancied the saint had saved him from breaking his neck.

Sacratissimi pusionis Bethlehemitici
 Lilio candidiori delicio,
 Seraphidum soli fulgidissimo,
 Celsissimo sacræ sapientiæ tholo,
 Prodigiõrum patratori potentissimo,
 Mortis, erroris, calamitatis, lepræ, dæmonis,
 Dispensatori, correctori, liberatori, curatori, fugatori,
 Sancto, sapienti, pio, potenti, tremendo,
 Ægrotorum & naufragantium salvatori
 Præsentissimo, tutissimo,
 Membrorum restitutori, vinculorum confractori,
 Rerum perditarum inventori stupendo,
 Periculorum omnium profligatori
 Magno, mirabili,
 Ter Sancto
 Antonio Paduano,
 Pientissimo post Deum ejusque Virgineam matrem
 Protectori & sospitatori suo, &c.

“ To the thrice holy Anthony of Padua, delight (whiter than the lily) of the most holy child of Bethlehem, brightest son of the seraphs, highest roof of

sacred wisdom, most powerful worker of miracles, holy dispenser of death, wise corrector of errors, pious deliverer from calamity, powerful curer of leprosy, tremendous driver-away of devils, most ready and most trusty preserver of the sick and shipwrecked, restorer of limbs, breaker of bonds, stupendous discoverer of lost things, great and wonderful defender from all dangers, his most pious (next to God and his virgin mother) protector and safe-guard, &c."

The custom of hanging up limbs in wax, as well as pictures, is certainly derived from the old heathens, who used, upon their recovery, to make an offering in wood, metal, or clay, of the part that had been afflicted with a distemper, to the deity that delivered them. I have seen, I believe, every limb of a human body figured in iron or clay, which were formerly made on this occasion, among the several collections of antiquities that have been shewn me in Italy. The church of St. Justina, designed by Palladio, is the most handsome, luminous, disencumbered building in the inside that I have ever seen, and is esteemed by many artists one of the finest works in Italy. The long nef consists of a row of five cupolas; the cross one has on each side a single cupola deeper and broader than the others. The martyrdom of St. Justina hangs over the altar, and is a piece of Paul Veronese. In the great town-hall of Padua stands a stone superscribed lapis vituperii. Any debtor that will swear himself not worth five pounds, and is set by the bailiffs thrice with his bare buttocks on this stone in a full hall, clears himself of any farther prosecution from his creditors; but this is a punishment that nobody has submitted to these four-and-twenty years. The university of Padua is of late much more regular than it was formerly, though it is not yet safe walking the streets after sun-set. There is at Padua a manufacture of cloth, which has brought very great revenues into the republic. At present the English have not only gained upon the Venetians

in the Levant, which used chiefly to be supplied from this manufacture, but have great quantities of their cloth in Venice itself; few of the nobility wearing any other sort, notwithstanding the magistrate of the poms is obliged by his office to see that nobody wears the cloth of a foreign country. Our merchants indeed are forced to make use of some artifice to get these prohibited goods into port. What they here show for the ashes of Livy and Antenor is disregarded by the best of their own antiquaries.

The pretended tomb of Antenor put me in mind of the latter part of Virgil's description, which gives us the original of Padua.

Antenor potuit mediis elapsus Achivis
 Illyricos penetrare sinus, atque intima tutus
 Regna Libernorum, & fontem superare Timavi:
 Unde per ora novem vasto cum murmure montis
 It mare præruptum, & pelago premit arva sonanti;
 Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi, sedesque locavit
 Teucrorum, et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
 Troia: nunc placida compositus pace quiescit.

Æn. i. v. 246.

Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
 Could pass secure, and pierce the Illyrian coasts;
 Where rolling down the steep Timavus raves,
 And through nine channels disembogues his waves.
 At length he founded Padua's happy seat,
 And gave his Trojans a secure retreat;
 There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their names:
 And there in quiet lies.—— Dryden.

From Padua I went down the river Brent in the ordinary ferry, which brought me in a day's time to Venice.

Having often heard Venice represented as one of the most defensible cities in the world, I took care to inform myself of the particulars in which its strength consists. And these I find are chiefly owing to its advantageous situation; for it has neither rocks nor fortifications near it, and yet is, perhaps, the most

impregnable town in Europe. It stands at least four miles from any part of the terra firma; nor are the shallows that lie about it ever frozen hard enough to bring over an army from the land side; the constant flux and reflux of the sea, or the natural mildness of the climate, hindering the ice from gathering to any thickness; which is an advantage the Hollanders want, when they have laid all their country under water. On the side that is exposed to the Adriatic the entrance is so difficult to hit, that they have marked it out with several stakes driven into the ground, which they would not fail to cut upon the first approach of an enemy's fleet. For this reason they have not fortified the little islands, that lie at the entrance, to the best advantage, which might otherwise very easily command all the passes that lead to the city from the Adriatic. Nor could an ordinary fleet with bomb-vessels hope to succeed against a place that has always in its arsenal a considerable number of gallies and men of war ready to put to sea on a very short warning. If we could therefore suppose them blocked up on all sides, by a power too strong for them, both by sea and land, they would be able to defend themselves against every thing but famine; and this would not be a little mitigated by the great quantities of fish that their seas abound with, and that may be taken up in the midst of their very streets; which is such a natural magazine as few other places can boast of.

Our voyage-writers will needs have this city in great danger of being left, within an age or two, on the terra firma; and represent it in such a manner, as if the sea was insensibly shrinking from it, and retiring into its channel. I asked several, and among the rest Father Coronelli, the state's geographer, of the truth of this particular, and they all assured me that the sea rises as high as ever, though the great heaps of dirt it brings along with it are apt to choke up the shallows; but that they are in no danger of

losing the benefit of their situation, so long as they are at the charge of removing these banks of mud and sand. One may see abundance of them above the surface of the water, scattered up and down like so many little islands, when the tide is low; and they are these that make the entrance for ships difficult to such as are not used to them; for the deep canals run between them, which the Venetians are at a great expence to keep free and open.

This city stands very convenient for commerce: It has several navigable rivers that run up into the body of Italy, by which they might supply a great many countries with fish and other commodities; not to mention their opportunities for the Levant, and each side of the Adriatic. But notwithstanding these conveniencies, their trade is far from being in a flourishing condition for many reasons. The duties are great that are laid on merchandises. Their nobles think it below their quality to engage in traffic. Their merchants who are grown rich, and able to manage great dealings, buy their nobility, and generally give over trade. Their manufactures of cloth, glass, and silk, formerly the best in Europe, are now excelled by those of other countries. They are tenacious of old laws and customs to their great prejudice, whereas a trading nation must be still for new changes and expedients, as different junctures and emergencies arise. The state is at present very sensible of this decay in their trade, and, as a noble Venetian, who is still a merchant, told me, they will speedily find out some method to redress it; possibly by making a free port, for they look with an evil eye upon Leghorn, which draws to it most of the vessels bound for Italy. They have hitherto been so negligent in this particular, that many think the great duke's gold has had no small influence in their councils.

Venice has several particulars, which are not to be found in other cities, and is therefore very entertaining to a traveller. It looks at a distance like a

great town half floated by a deluge. There are canals every where crossing it, so that one may go to most houses either by land or water. This is a very great convenience to the inhabitants; for a gondola with two oars, at Venice, is as magnificent as a coach and six horses with a large equipage in another country; besides that it makes all other carriages extremely cheap. The streets are generally paved with brick or freestone, and always kept very neat; for there is no carriage, not so much as a chair, that passes through them. There is an innumerable multitude of very handsome bridges, all of a single arch, and without any fence on either side, which would be a great inconvenience to a city less sober than Venice. One would indeed wonder that drinking is so little in vogue among the Venetians, who are in a moist air and a moderate climate, and have no such diversions as bowling, hunting, walking, riding, and the like exercises, to employ them without doors. But as the nobles are not to converse too much with strangers, they are in no danger of learning it; and they are generally too distrustful of one another for the freedoms that are used in such kind of conversations. There are many noble palaces in Venice. Their furniture is not commonly very rich, if we except the pictures, which are here in greater plenty than in any other place in Europe, from the hands of the best masters of the Lombard school; as Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoret. The last of these is in greater esteem at Venice than in other parts of Italy. The rooms are generally hung with gilt leather, which they cover on extraordinary occasions with tapestry, and hangings of greater value. The flooring is a kind of red plaister made of brick ground to powder, and afterwards worked into mortar. It is rubbed with oil, and makes a smooth, shining, and beautiful surface. These particularities are chiefly owing to the moisture of the air, which would have an ill effect on other kinds of furniture, as it shews

itself too visibly in many of their finest pictures: Though the Venetians are extremely jealous of any great fame or merit in a living member of their commonwealth, they never fail of giving a man his due praises, when they are in no danger of suffering from his ambition. For this reason, though there are a great many monuments erected to such as have been benefactors to the republic, they are generally put up after their deaths. Among the many eulogiums that are given to the doge, Pisauro, who had been ambassador in England, his epitaph says, “*In Anglia Jacobi Regis obitum mira calliditate celatum mira sagacitate rimatus priscam benevolentiam firmavit.*”— “*In England, having with wonderful sagacity discovered the death of King James, which was kept secret with wonderful art, he confirmed the ancient friendship.*” The particular palaces, churches, and pictures of Venice, are enumerated in several little books that may be bought on the place, and have been faithfully transcribed by many voyage-writers. When I was at Venice they were putting out very curious stamps of the several edifices which are most famous for their beauty or magnificence. The Arsenal of Venice is an island of about three miles round. It contains all the stores and provisions for war that are not actually employed. There are docks for their gallees and men of war, most of them full, as well as work-houses for all land and naval preparations. That part of it, where the arms are laid, makes a great show, and was indeed very extraordinary about a hundred years ago; but at present a great part of its furniture is grown useless. There seem to be almost as many suits of armour as there are guns. The swords are old fashioned and unwieldy in a very great number, and the fire-arms fitted with locks of little convenience in comparison of those that are now in use. The Venetians pretend they could set out, in case of great necessity, thirty men of war, a hundred gallees, and ten gales

asses, though I cannot conceive how they could man a fleet of half the number. It was certainly a mighty error in this state to effect so many conquests on the terra firma, which has only served to raise the jealousy of the christian princes, and about three hundred years ago had like to have ended in the utter extirpation of the commonwealth; whereas, had they applied themselves, with the same politics and industry, to the increase of their strength by sea, they might perhaps have had all the islands of the Archipelago in their hands, and, by consequence, the greatest fleet, and the most seamen of any other state in Europe. Besides, that this would have given no jealousy to the princes their neighbours, who would have enjoyed their own dominions in peace, and have been very well contented to have seen so strong a bulwark against all the forces and invasions of the Ottoman empire.

This republic has been much more powerful than it is at present, and it is still likelier to sink than increase in its dominions. It is not impossible but the Spaniard may, some time or other, demand of them Cremona, Brescia, and Bergamo, which have been torn from the Milanese; and in case a war should arise upon it, and the Venetians lose a single battle, they might be beaten off the continent in a single summer, for their fortifications are very inconsiderable. On the other side the Venetians are in continual apprehensions from the Turk, who will certainly endeavour at the recovery of the Morea, as soon as the Ottoman empire has recruited a little of its ancient strength. They are very sensible that they had better have pushed their conquests on the other side of the Adriatic into Albania; for then their territories would have lain together, and have been nearer the fountain-head to have received succours on occasion; but the Venetians are under articles with the emperor to resign into his hands whatever they conquer of the Turkish dominions that has been formerly dis-

membered from the empire. And having already very much dissatisfied him in the Frioul and Dalmatia, they dare not think of exasperating him further. The pope disputes with them their pretensions to the Polesin, as the Duke of Savoy lays an equal claim to the kingdom of Cyprus. It is surprising to consider with what heats these two powers have contested their title to a kingdom that is in the hands of the Turk.

Among all these difficulties the republic will still maintain itself, if policy can prevail upon force; for it is certain the Venetian senate is one of the wisest councils in the world, though at the same time, if we believe the reports of several that have been well versed in their constitution, a great part of their politics is founded on maxims which others do not think consistent with their honour to put in practice. The preservation of the republic is that to which all other considerations submit. To encourage idleness and luxury in the nobility, to cherish ignorance and licentiousness in the clergy, to keep alive a continual faction in the common people, to connive at the viciousness and debauchery of convents, to breed dissensions among the nobles of the terra firma, to treat a brave man with scorn and infamy; in short, to stick at nothing for the public interest, are represented as the refined parts of the Venetian wisdom.

Among all the instances of their politics, there is none more admirable than the great secrecy that reigns in their public councils. The senate is generally as numerous as our house of commons, if we only reckon the sitting members, and yet carries its resolution so privately, that they are seldom known till they discover themselves in the execution. It is not many years since they had before them a great debate concerning the punishment of one of their admirals, which lasted a month together, and concluded in his condemnation; yet was there none of his friends, nor of those who had engaged warmly in his defence,

that gave him the least intimation of what was passing against him, until he was actually seized, and in the hands of justice.

The noble Venetians think themselves equal at least to the electors of the empire, and but one degree below kings; for which reason they seldom travel into foreign countries, where they must undergo the mortification of being treated like private gentlemen: yet it is observed of them, that they discharge themselves with a great deal of dexterity in such embassies and treaties as are laid on them by the republic; for their whole lives are employed in intrigues of state, and they naturally give themselves airs of kings and princes, of which the ministers of other nations are only the representatives. Monsieur Amelot reckons, in his time, two thousand five hundred nobles that had voices in the great council; but at present, I am told, there are not at most fifteen hundred, notwithstanding the addition of many new families since that time. It is very strange, that with this advantage they are not able to keep up their number, considering that the nobility spreads equally through all the brothers, and that so very few of them are destroyed by the wars of the republic. Whether this may be imputed to the luxury of the Venetians, or to the ordinary celibacy of the younger brothers, or to the last plague which swept away many of them, I know not. They generally thrust the females of their families into convents, the better to preserve their estates. This makes the Venetian nuns famous for the liberties they allow themselves. They have operas within their own walls, and often go out of their bounds to meet their admirers, or they are very much misrepresented. They have many of them their lovers, that converse with them daily at the grate; and are very free to admit a visit from a stranger. There is indeed one of the Cornara's, that not long ago refused to see any under a prince.

The carnival of Venice is every where talked of.

The great diversion of the place at that time, as well as on all other high occasions, is masking. The Venetians, who are naturally grave, love to give into the follies and entertainments of such seasons, when disguised in a false personage. They are indeed under a necessity of finding out diversions that may agree with the nature of the place, and make some amends for the loss of several pleasures which may be met with on the Continent. These disguises give occasion to abundance of love-adventures; for there is something more intriguing in the amours of Venice than in those of other countries; and I question not but the secret history of a carnival would make a collection of very diverting novels. Operas are another great entertainment of this season. The poetry of them is generally as exquisitely ill as the music is good. The arguments are often taken from some celebrated action of the ancient Greeks or Romans, which sometimes looks ridiculous enough; for who can endure to hear one of the rough old Romans squeaking through the mouth of an eunuch, especially when they may choose a subject out of courts where eunuchs are really actors, or represent by them any of the soft Asiatic monarchs? The opera that was most in vogue during my stay at Venice, was built on the following subject. Cæsar and Scipio are rivals for Cato's daughter. Cæsar's first words bid his soldiers fly, for the enemies are upon them: "Si leva Cæsare, e dice a soldati, a'la fugga, a' lo scampo." The daughter gives the preference to Cæsar, which is made the occasion of Cato's death. Before he kills himself, you see him withdrawn into his library, where, among his books, I observed the titles of Plutarch and Tasso. After a short soliloquy, he strikes himself with the dagger that he holds in his hand; but, being interrupted by one of his friends, he stabs him for his pains, and by the violence of the blow unluckily breaks the dagger on one of his ribs, so that he is forced to dispatch him-

self by tearing up his first wound. This last circumstance puts me in mind of a contrivance in the opera of *St. Angelo*, that was acted at the same time. The king of the play endeavours at a rape; but the poet being resolved to save his heroine's honour, has so ordered it, that the king always acts with a great case-knife stuck in his girdle, which the lady snatches from him in the struggle, and so defends herself.

The Italian poets, besides the celebrated smoothness of their tongue, have a particular advantage, above the writers of other nations, in the difference of their poetical and prose language. There are indeed sets of phrases that in all countries are peculiar to the poets; but among the Italians there are not only sentences, but a multitude of particular words that never enter into common discourse. They have such a different turn and polishing for poetical use, that they drop several of their letters, and appear in another form, when they come to be ranged in verse. For this reason the Italian opera seldom sinks into a poorness of language, but, amidst all the meanness and familiarity of the thoughts, has something beautiful and sonorous in the expression. Without this natural advantage of the tongue, their present poetry would appear wretchedly low and vulgar, notwithstanding the many strained allegories that are so much in use among the writers of this nation. The English and French, who always use the same words in verse as in ordinary conversation, are forced to raise their language with metaphors and figures, or, by the pompousness of the whole phrase, to wear off any littleness that appears in the particular parts that compose it. This makes our blank verse, where there is no rhyme to support the expression, extremely difficult to such as are not masters in the tongue, especially when they write on low subjects; and it is probably for this reason that Milton has made use of such frequent transpositions, Latin

isms, antiquated words and phrases, that he might the better deviate from vulgar and ordinary expressions.

The comedies that I saw at Venice, or indeed in any other part of Italy, are very indifferent, and more lewd than those of other countries. Their poets have no notion of genteel comedy, and fall into the most filthy double meanings imaginable, when they have a mind to make their audience merry. There is no part generally so wretched as that of the fine gentleman, especially when he converses with his mistress; for then the whole dialogue is an insipid mixture of pedantry and romance. But it is no wonder that the poets of so jealous and reserved a nation fail in such conversations on the stage as they have no patterns of in nature. There are four standing characters which enter into every piece that comes on the stage, the Doctor, Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Coviello. The Doctor's character comprehends the whole extent of a pedant, that, with a deep voice, and a magisterial air, breaks in upon conversation, and drives down all before him: every thing he says is backed with quotations out of Galen, Hippocrates, Plato, Virgil, or any other author that rises uppermost, and all answers from his companions are looked upon as impertinencies or interruptions. Harlequin's part is made up of blunders and absurdities: he is to mistake one name for another, to forget his errands, to stumble over queens, and to run his head against every post that stands in his way. This is all attended with something so comical in the voice and gestures, that a man, who is sensible of the folly of the part, can hardly forbear being pleased with it. Pantaloon is generally an old cully, and Coviello a sharper.

I have seen a translation of the Cid acted at Bologna, which would never have taken, had they not found a place in it for these buffoons. All four of them appear in masks that are made like the old Ro-

man personæ, as I shall have occasion to observe in another place. The French and Italians have probably derived this custom, of shewing some of their characters in masks, from the Greek and Roman theatre. The old Vatican Terence has, at the head of every scene, the figures of all the persons that are concerned in it, with the particular disguises in which they acted; and I remember to have seen in the Villa Mattheio an antique statue masked, which was perhaps designed for Gnatho in the Eunuch; for it agrees exactly with the figure he makes in the Vatican manuscript. One would wonder indeed how so polite a people as the ancient Romans and Athenians should not look on these borrowed faces as unnatural. They might do very well for a Cyclops, or a Satyr that can have no resemblance in human features; but for a flatterer, a miser, or the like characters, which abound in our own species, nothing is more ridiculous than to represent their looks by a painted vizard. In persons of this nature the turns and motions of the face are often as agreeable as any part of the action. Could we suppose that a mask represented never so naturally the general humour of a character, it can never suit with the variety of passions that are incident to every single person in the whole course of a play. The grimace may be proper on some occasions, but is too steady to agree with all. The rabble indeed are generally pleased at the first entry of a disguise; but the jest grows cold even with them too when it comes on the stage in a second scene.

Since I am on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a custom at Venice, which they tell me is particular to the common people of this country, of singing stanzas out of Tasso. They are set to a pretty solemn tune, and when one begins in any part of the poet, it is odds but he will be answered by somebody else that overhears him: so that sometimes you have ten or a dozen in the neighbourhood of one

another, taking verse after verse, and running on with the poem as far as their memories will carry them.

On Holy Thursday, among the several shows that are yearly exhibited, I saw one that is odd enough, and particular to the Venetians. There is a set of artisans, who, by the help of several poles, which they lay across each others shoulders, build themselves up into a kind of pyramid; so that you see a pile of men in the air of four or five rows rising one above another. The weight is so equally distributed, that every man is very well able to bear his part of it, the stories, if I may so call them, growing less and less as they advance higher and higher. A little boy represents the point of the pyramid, who, after a short space, leaps off, with a great deal of dexterity, into the arms of one that catches him at the bottom. In the same manner the whole building falls to pieces. I have been the more particular on this, because it explains the following verses of Claudian, which show that the Venetians are not the inventors of this trick.

Vel qui more avium sese jaculantur in auras,
 Corporaque ædicant, celeri crescentia nexu,
 Quorum compositam puer augmentatus in arcem
 Emicat, et vinctus plantæ, vel cruribus hærens.
 Pendula librato figit vestigia saltu.

Claud. de Pr. et Olyb. Cons.

Men, pil'd on men, with active leaps arise,
 And build the breathing fabric to the skies;
 A sprightly youth above the the topmost row
 Points the tall pyramid, and crowns the show.

Though we meet with the Veneti in the old poets, the city of Venice is too modern to find a place among them. Sannazarius's epigram is too well known to be inserted. The same poet has celebrated this city in two other places of his poems.

———Quis Venetæ miracula proferat urbis,
 Una instar magni quæ simul orbis habet?

Salve Italum Regina, altæ pulcherrima Romæ
 Æmula, quæ terris, quæ dominaris aquis !
 Tu tibi vel reges cives facis, O Decus, O Lux
 Ausoniæ, per quam libera turba sumus,
 Per quam barbaries nobis non imperat, et sol
 Exoriens nostro clarius orbe nitet !

Lib. iii. Eleg. 1.

Venetia stands with endless beauties crown'd,
 And as a world within herself is found.
 Hail queen of Italy ! for years to come
 The mighty rival of immortal Rome !
 Nations and seas are in thy states enroll'd,
 And kings among thy citizens are told.
 Ausonia's brightest ornament ! by thee
 She sits a sov'reign, unenslav'd and free ;
 By thee, the rude barbarian chas'd away,
 The rising sun cheers with a purer ray
 Our western world, and doubly gilds the day.

Nec tu semper eris, quæ septem amplecteris arces,
 Nec tu, quæ mediis æmula surgis aquis.

Lib. ii. Eleg. 1.

Thou too shalt fall by time or barb'rous foes,
 Whose circling walls the sev'n fam'd hills inclose ;
 And thou, whose rival tow'rs invade the skies,
 And, from amidst the waves, with equal glory rise.

At Venice I took a bark for Ferrara, and in my
 way thither saw several mouths of the Po, by which
 it empties itself into the Adriatic.

——— Quo non alius per pinguia culta
 In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.

Virg. Georg. iv. v. 372.

which is true, if understood only of the rivers of
 Italy.

Lucan's description of the Po would have been
 very beautiful, had he known when to have given
 over.

Quoque magis nullum tellus se solvit in amnem
 Eridanus, fractasque evolvit in æquora sylvas,
 Hesperiamque exhaurit aquis : hunc fabula primum
 Populea fluvium ripas umbrasse corona :

Cumque diem pronum transverso limite ducens
 Succendit Phaeton flagrantibus æthera lois;
 Gurgitibus raptis, penitus tellure perusta,
 Hunc habuisse pares Phœbeis ignibus undas.

Lib. ii. v. 408.

The Po, that, rushing with uncommon force,
 O'ersets whole woods in its tumultuous course.
 And, rising from Hesperia's wat'ry veins,
 Th' exhausted land of all its moisture drains.
 The Po, as sings the fable, first convey'd
 Its wand'ring current though a poplar shade:
 For when young Phaeton mistook his way,
 Lost and confounded in the blaze of day,
 This river, with surviving streams supply'd,
 When all the rest of the whole earth were dry'd,
 And nature's self lay ready to expire,
 Quench'd the dire flame that set the world on fire.

The poet's reflections follow.

Non minor hic Nilo, si non per plana jacentis
 Ægypti Libycas Nilus stagnaret arenas.
 Non minor hic istro, nisi quod dum permeat orbem
 Ister, casuros in quælibet æquora fontes
 Accipit, et Scythicas exit non solus in undas.

Ib. v. 416.

Nor would the Nile more wat'ry stores contain,
 But that he stagnates on his Libyan plain:
 Nor would the Danube run with greater force,
 But that he gathers in his tedious course
 Ten thousand streams, and, swelling as he flows,
 In Scythian seas the glut of rivers throws.

That is, says Scaliger, the Eridanus would be bigger than the Nile and Danube, if the Nile and Danube were not bigger than the Eridanus. What makes the poets remark the more improper, the very reason why the Danube is greater than the Po, as he assigns it, is that which really makes the Po as great as it is; for before its fall into the gulph, it receives into its channel the most considerable rivers of Piedmont, Milan, and the rest of Lombardy.

From Venice to Ancona the tide comes in very sensibly at its stated periods, but rises more or less

in proportion as it advances nearer the head of the gulph. Lucan has run out of his way to describe the phænomenon, which is indeed very extraordinary to those who lie out of the neighbourhood of the great ocean, and, according to his usual custom, lets his poem stand still that he may give way to his own reflections.

Quaque jacet litus dubium, quod terra fretumque
 Vendicat alternis vicibus, cum funditur ingens
 Oceanus, vel cum refugis se fluctibus aufert.
 Ventus ab extremo pelagus sic axe voluet
 Destituatque ferens: an sidere mota secundo
 Tethyos unda vagæ lunaribus æstuet horis:
 Flammiger an Titan, ut alentes hauriat undas,
 Erigat oceanum, fluctusque ad sidera tollat;
 Quærite quos agitat mundi labor: at mihi semper
 Tu quæcunque moves tam crebros casu meatus,
 Ut superi voluere, lates. —————

Lib. i. v. 409.

Wash'd with successive seas, the doubtful strand
 By turns is ocean, and by turns is land:
 Whether the winds in distant regions blow,
 Moving the world of waters to and fro:
 Or waning moons their settled periods keep
 To swell the billows, and ferment the deep;
 Or the tir'd sun, his vigour to supply,
 Raises the floating mountains to the sky,
 And slakes his thirst within the mighty tide,
 Do you who study nature's works decide:
 Whilst I the dark mysterious cause admire,
 Nor into what the gods conceal, presumptuously
 inquire.

At Ferrara I met nothing extraordinary. The town is very large, but extremely thin of people. It has a citadel, and something like a fortification running round it, but so large that it requires more soldiers to defend it, than the Pope has in his whole dominions. The streets are as beautiful as any I have seen, in their length, breadth, and regularity: The Benedictines have the finest convent of the

place. They showed us in the church Ariosto's monument: his epitaph says, he was "Nobilitate Generis atque anime clarus, in rebus publicis administrandis, in regendis populis, in gravissimis et summis Pontificis legationibus prudentia, consilio, eloquentia præstantissimus." i. e. "Noble both in birth and mind, and most conspicuous for prudence, counsel, and eloquence, in administering the affairs of the public, and discharging the most important embassies from the Pope."

I came down a branch of the Po, as far as Alberto, within ten miles of Ravenna. All this space lies miserably uncultivated until you come near Ravenna, where the soil is made extremely fruitful, and shows what much of the rest might be, were there hands enough to manage it to the best advantage. It is now on both sides the road very marshy, and generally overgrown with rushes, which made me fancy it was once floated by the sea, that lies within four miles of it. Nor could I in the least doubt it when I saw Ravenna, that is now almost at the same distance from the Adriatic, though it was formerly the most famous of all the Roman ports.

One may guess at its ancient situation from Martial's

Meliusque Ranæ garriant Ravennates.

Lib. iii. Epigr.

Ravenna's Frogs in better music croak.

And the description that Silius Italicus has given us of it.

Quaque gravi remo limosis segniter undis
Lenta paludosæ perscindunt stagna Ravennæ.

Lib. viii.

Incumber'd in the mud, their oars divide
With heavy strokes the thick unwieldy tide.

Accordingly the old geographers represent it as situated among marshes and shallows. The place which is shown for the haven, is on a level with the town, and has probably been stopped up by the

great heaps of dirt that the sea has thrown into it; for all the soil on that side of Ravenna has been left there insensibly by the sea's discharging itself upon it for so many ages. The ground must have been formerly much lower, for otherwise the town would have lain under water. The remains of the Pharos, that stand about three miles from the sea, and two from the town, have their foundations covered with earth for some yards, as they told me, which notwithstanding are upon a level with the fields that lie about them, though it is probable they took the advantage of a rising ground to set it upon. It was a square tower, of about twelve yards in breadth, as appears by that part of it which yet remains entire; so that its height must have been very considerable to have preserved a proportion. It is made in the form of the Venetian Campanello, and is probably the high tower mentioned by Pliny, Lib. 36. cap. 12.

On the side of the town, where the sea is supposed to have laid formerly, there is now a little church called the Rotonda. At the entrance of it are two stones, the one with an inscription in Gothic characters, that has nothing in it remarkable; the other is a square piece of marble, that by the Inscription appears ancient, and by the ornaments about it shows itself to have been a little pagan monument of two persons who were shipwrecked, perhaps in the place where now their monument stands. The first line and a half, that tells their names and families in prose, is not legible; the rest run thus:

——Ranix domus hos produxit alumnos,
 Libertatis opus contulit una dies.
 Naufraga mors pariter rapuit quos junxerat ante,
 Et duplices luctus mors periniqua dedit.

Both with the same indulgent master bless'd,
 On the same day their liberty possess'd:
 A shipwreck slew whom it had join'd before,
 And left their common friends their fun'ral to deplore.

There is a turn in the third verse, that we lose by not knowing the circumstances of their story. It was the *Naufraga mors* which destroyed them, as it had formerly united them; what this union was, is expressed in the preceding verse, by their both having been made freemen on the same day. If, therefore, we suppose they had been formerly shipwrecked with their master, and that he made them free at the same time, the epigram is unriddled. Nor is this interpretation perhaps so forced as it may seem at first sight, since it was the custom of the masters, a little before their death, to give their slaves their freedom, if they had deserved it at their hands; and it is natural enough to suppose one, involved in a common shipwreck, would give such of his slaves their liberty, as should have the good luck to save themselves. The chancel of this church is vaulted with a single stone, of four feet in thickness, and a hundred and fourteen in circumference. There stood on the outside of this little cupola, a great tomb of porphyry, and the statues of the twelve Apostles; but in the war that Louis the twelfth made on Italy, the tomb was broken in pieces by a cannon ball. It was, perhaps, the same blow that made the flaw in the cupola, though the inhabitants say it was cracked by thunder, that destroyed a son of one of their Gothic princes, who had taken shelter under it, as having been foretold what kind of death he was to die. I asked an Abbot that was in the church, what was the name of this Gothic prince, who, after a little recollection, answered me, that he could not tell precisely, but that he thought it was one Julius Cæsar. There is a convent of Theatins, where they show a little window in the church, through which the Holy Ghost is said to have entered in the shape of a dove, and to have settled on one of the candidates for the bishoprick. The dove is represented in the window, and in several places of the church, and is in great reputation all over Italy.

I should not indeed think it impossible for a pigeon to fly in accidentally through the roof, where they still keep the hole open, and by its fluttering over such a particular place, to give so superstitious an assembly an occasion of favouring a competitor, especially if he had many friends among the electors that would make a politic use of such an accident: but they pretend the miracle has happened more than once. Among the pictures of several famous men of their order, there is one with this inscription. "P. D. Thomas Gouldvellus Ep. Aëis. Tridno. consilio contra Hæreticos, et in Anglia contra Elisabet. Fidei confessor conspicuus." The statue of Alexander the seventh stands in the large square of the town; it is cast in brass, and has the posture that is always given the figure of a Pope; an arm extended and blessing the people. In another square on a high pillar is set the statue of the blessed Virgin, arrayed like a queen, with a sceptre in her hand, and a crown upon her head, for having delivered the town from a raging pestilence. The custom of crowning the Holy Virgin is so much in vogue among the Italians, that one oftens sees in their churches a little tinsel crown, or perhaps a circle of stars, glued to the canvas over the head of the figure, which sometimes spoils a good picture. In the convent of Benedictines, I saw three huge chests of marble, with no inscription on them that I could find, though they are said to contain the ashes of Valentinian, Honorius, and his sister Placidia. From Ravenna I came to Rimini, having passed the Rubicon by the way. This river is not so very contemptible as it is generally represented, and was much increased by the melting of the snows when Cæsar passed it, according to Lucan.

Fonte cadit modico parvisque impellitur undis
 Puniceus Rubicon, cum fervida canduit æstas;
 Perque imas serpit valles, et Gallica certus
 Limes: f Auseniis disternat arva colonis:
 Tunc vires præbebat hyems, atque auxerat undas

*Tertia jam gravido pluvialis Cynthia cornu,
Et madidis Euri resolutæ flatibus Alpes.*—*Lib. i. v. 213.*

While summer lasts, the streams of Rubicon
From their spent source in a small current run ;
Hid in the winding vales they gently glide,
And Italy from neighbouring Gaul divide ;
But now, with winter storms increas'd, they rose,
By wat'ry moons produc'd, and Alpine snows,
That melting on the heary mountains lay,
And in warm eastern winds dissolv'd away.

This river is now called *Pisatello*.

Rimini has nothing modern to boast of. Its antiquities are as follow : a marble bridge of five arches, built by Augustus and Tiberius, for the inscription is still legible, though not rightly transcribed by Gruter. A triumphal arch raised by Augustus, which makes a noble gate to the town, though part of it is ruined. The ruins of an amphitheatre. The *Suggestum*, on which it is said that Julius Cæsar harangued his army after having passed the Rubicon. I must confess I can by no means look on this last as authentic : it is built of hewn stone, like the pedestal of a pillar, but something higher than ordinary, and is but just broad enough for one man to stand upon it. On the contrary, the ancient *Suggestums*, as I have often observed on medals, as well as on Constantine's arch, were made of wood like a little kind of stage ; for the heads of the nails are sometimes represented, that are supposed to have fastened the boards together. We often see on them the emperor, and two or three general officers, sometimes sitting, and sometimes standing, as they made speeches, or distributed a congiary to the soldiers or people. They were probably always in readiness, and carried among the baggage of the army, whereas this at Rimini must have been built on the place, and required some time before it could be finished.

If the observation I have here made is just, it may

serve as a confirmation to the learned Fabretti's conjecture on Trajan's pillar, who supposes, I think, with a great deal of reason, that the camps, intrenchments, and other works of the same nature, which are cut out as if they had been made of brick or hewn stone, were in reality only of earth, turf, or the like materials; for there are on the pillar some of these suggestums, which are figured like those on medals, with only this difference, that they seem built with brick or free-stone. At twelve miles distance from Rimini stands the little republic of St. Marino, which I could not forbear visiting, though it lies out of the common tour of travellers, and has excessively bad ways to it. I shall here give a particular account of it, because I know of nobody else that has done it. One may, at least, have the pleasure of seeing in it something more singular than can be found in great governments, and form from it an idea of Venice in its first beginnings, when it had only a few heaps of earth for its dominions, or of Rome itself, when it had as yet covered but one of its seven hills.

The town and republic of St. Marino stands on the top of a very high and craggy mountain. It is generally hid among the clouds, and lay under snow when I saw it, though it was clear and warm weather in all the country about it. There is not a spring or fountain, that I could hear of in the whole dominions, but they are always well provided with huge cisterns and reservoirs of rain and snow-water. The wine that grows on the sides of their mountain is extraordinary good, and I think much better than any I met with on the cold side of the Appennines. This puts me in mind of their cellars, which have most of them a natural advantage that renders them extremely cool in the hottest seasons; for they have generally in the sides of them deep holes that run into the hollows of the hill, from whence there constantly issues a breathing kind of vapour, so very chilling in the

summer time, that a man can scarce suffer his hand in the wind of it.

This mountain, and a few neighbouring hillocks that lie scattered about the bottom of it, is the whole circuit of these dominions. They have, what they call three castles, three convents, and five churches, and reckon about five thousand souls in their community. The inhabitants as well as the historians, who mention this little republic, give the following account of its original. St. Marino was its founder, a Dalmatian by birth, and by trade a mason. He was employed above thirteen hundred years ago in the reparation of Rimini, and, after he had finished his work, retired to this solitary mountain, as finding it very proper for the life of an hermit, which he led in the greatest rigours and austerities of religion. He had not been long here before he wrought a reputed miracle, which, joined with his extraordinary sanctity, gained him so great an esteem, that the princess of the country made him a present of the mountain, to dispose of it at his own discretion. His reputation quickly peopled it, and gave rise to the republic which calls itself after his name. So that the commonwealth of Marino may boast at least of a nobler original than that of Rome, the one having been at first an asylum for robbers and murderers, and the other a resort of persons eminent for their piety and devotion. The best of their churches is dedicated to the Saint, and holds his ashes. His statue stands over the high altar, with the figure of a mountain in its hands, crowned with three castles, which is likewise the arms of the commonwealth. They attribute to his protection the long duration of their state, and look on him as the greatest saint next the blessed Virgin. I saw in their statute-book a law against such as speak disrespectfully of him, who are to be punished in the same manner as those who are convicted of blasphemy.

This petty republic has now lasted thirteen hundred years, while all the other states of Italy have several times changed their masters and forms of government. Their whole history is comprised in two purchases, which they made of a neighbouring prince, and in a war in which they assisted the Pope against a lord of Rimini. In the year 1100 they bought a castle in the neighbourhood, as they did another in the year 1170. The papers of the conditions are preserved in their archives, where it is very remarkable that the name of the agent for the commonwealth, of the seller, of the notary and the witnesses, are the same in both the instruments, though drawn up at seventy years distance from each other. Nor can it be any mistake in the date, because the Pope's and Emperor's names, with the year of their respective reigns, are punctually set down. About two hundred and ninety years after this, they assisted Pope Pius the second against one of the Malatesta's, who was then lord of Rimini; and when they had helped to conquer him, received from the Pope, as a reward for their assistance, four little castles. This they represent as the flourishing time of the commonwealth, when their dominions reached half way up a neighbouring hill; but at present they are reduced to their old extent. They would probably sell their liberty as dear as they could to any that attacked them; for there is but one road by which to climb up to them, and they have a very severe law against any of their own body that enters the town by another path, lest any new one should be worn on the sides of their mountain. All that are capable of bearing arms are exercised, and ready at a moment's call.

The sovereign power of the republic was lodged originally in what they call the Arengo, a great council, in which every house had its representative. But because they found too much confusion in such a multitude of statesmen, they devolved their whole autho-

city into the hands of the council of sixty. The Arengo however is still called together in cases of extraordinary importance; and if, after due summons, any member absents himself, he is to be fined to the value of about a penny English, which the statute says he shall pay, sine aliqua diminutione aut gratia, i. e. without any abatement or favour. In the ordinary course of government, the council of sixty (which, notwithstanding the name, consists but of forty persons) has in its hands the administration of affairs, and is made up half out of the noble families, and half out of the plebeian. They decide all by balloting, are not admitted until five and twenty years old, and choose the officers of the commonwealth.

Thus far they agree with the great council of Venice; but their power is much more extended: for no sentence can stand that is not confirmed by two-thirds of this council. Besides, that no son can be admitted into it during the life of his father, nor two be in it of the same family, nor any enter but by election. The chief officers of the commonwealth are the two capitaneos, who have such a power as the old Roman consuls had, but are chosen every six months. I talked with some that had been capitaneos six or seven times, though the office is never to be continued to the same persons twice successively. The third officer is the commissary, who judges in all civil and criminal matters. But because the many alliances, friendships, and intermarriages, as well as the personal feuds and animosities that happen among so small a people, might obstruct the course of justice, if one of their own number had the distribution of it, they have always a foreigner for this employ, whom they choose for three years, and maintain out of the public stock. He must be a doctor of law, and a man of known integrity. He is joined in commission with the capitaneos, and acts something like the recorder of London under the Lord Mayor. The com-

monwealth of Genoa was forced to make use of a foreign judge for many years, whilst their republic was torn into the divisions of Guelphs and Gibelins. The fourth man in the state is the physician, who must likewise be a stranger, and is maintained by a public salary: he is obliged to keep a horse to visit the sick, and to inspect all drugs that are imported. He must be at least thirty-five years old, a doctor of the faculty, and eminent for his religion and honesty; that his rashness or ignorance may not unpeople the commonwealth. And that they may not suffer long under any bad choice, he is elected only for three years. The present physician is a very understanding man, and well read in our countrymen, Harvey, Willis, Sydenham, &c. He has been continued for some time among them, and they say the commonwealth thrives under his hands. Another person, who makes no ordinary figure in the republic, is the school-master. I scarce met with any in the place that had not some tincture of learning. I had the perusal of a Latin book in folio, intitled *Statuta Illustrissimæ Republicæ Sancti Marini*, printed at Rimini by order of the commonwealth. The chapter on the public ministers says, that when an ambassador is dispatched from the republic to any foreign state, he shall be allowed out of the treasury to the value of a shilling a day. The people are esteemed very honest and rigorous in the execution of justice, and seem to live more happy and contented among their rocks and snows, than others of the Italians do in the pleasantest valleys of the world. Nothing indeed can be a greater instance of the natural love that mankind has for liberty, and of their aversion to arbitrary government, than such a savage mountain covered with people, and the Campania of Rome, which lies in the same country, almost destitute of inhabitants.

From Rimini to Loretto the towns of note are Pesaro, Fano, Senigallia, and Ancona. Fano received its name from the fane or temple of fortune that stood in it. One may still see the triumphal arch erected there to Augustus: It is indeed very much defaced by time; but the plan of it, as it stood intire with all its inscriptions, is neatly cut upon the wall of a neighbouring building. In each of these towns is a beautiful marble fountain, where the water runs continually through several little spouts, which looks very refreshing in these hot countries, and gives a great coolness to the air about them. That of Pesaro is handsomely designed. Ancona is much the most considerable of these towns. It stands on a promontory, and looks more beautiful at a distance than when you are in it. The port was made by Trajan, for which he has a triumphal arch erected to him by the sea-side. The marble of this arch looks very white and fresh, as being exposed to the winds and salt sea-vapours, that by continually fretting it preserves itself from that mouldy colour, which others of the same materials have contracted. Though the Italians and voyage-writers call these of Rimini, Fano, and Ancona, triumphal arches, there was probably some distinction made among the Romans between such honorary arches erected to emperors, and those that were raised to them on account of a victory, which are properly triumphal arches. This at Ancona was an instance of gratitude to Trajan for the port he had made there, as the two others I have mentioned were probably for some reason of the same nature. One may however observe the wisdom of the ancient Romans, who, to encourage their emperors in their inclination of doing good to their country, gave the same honours to the great actions of peace, which turned to the advantage of the public, as to those of war. This is very remarkable in the medals that were stamped on the same occasions. I remember to have seen one of Galba's, with a triumphal arch on the reverse, that

was made by the senate's order for his having remitted a tax. R. XXXX. REMISSA. S. C. The Medal, which was made for Trajan, in remembrance of his beneficence to Ancona, is very common. The reverse has on it a port with a chain running across it, and betwixt them both a boat, with this inscription, S. P. Q. R. OPTIMO PRINCIPI. S. C.

I know Fabretti would fain ascribe this medal to another occasion: but Bellorio, in his additions to Angeloni, has sufficiently refuted all he says on that subject.

At Loretto I inquired for the English jesuits' lodgings, and on the stair-case that leads to them I saw several pictures of such as had been executed in England, as the two Garnets, Old-Corn, and others, to the number of thirty. Whatever were their crimes the inscription says they suffered for their religion, and some of them are represented lying under such tortures, as are not in use among us. The martyrs of 1679 are set by themselves, with a knife stuck in the bosom of each figure, to signify that they were quartered.

The riches in the holy house and treasury are surprisingly great, and as much surpassed my expectation as other sights have generally fallen short of it. Silver can scarce find an admission, and gold itself looks but poorly among such an incredible number of precious stones. There will be, in a few ages more, the jewels of the greatest value in Europe, if the devotion of its princes continues in its present fervour. The last offering was made by the Queen Dowager of Poland, and cost her 18,000 crowns. Some have wondered that the Turk never attacks this treasury, since it lies so near the sea-shore, and is so weakly guarded. But besides that he has attempted it formerly with no success, it is certain the Venetians keep too watchful an eye over his motions at present, and would never suffer him to enter the Adriatic. It would indeed be an easy thing for a Christian prince to surprise it,

who has ships still passing to and fro without suspicion, especially if he had a party in the town, disguised like pilgrims to secure a gate for him ; for there have been sometimes to the number of 100,000 in a day's time, as it is generally reported. But it is probable the veneration for the holy house, and the horror of an action that would be resented by all the catholic princes of Europe, will be as great a security to the place as the strongest fortification. It is indeed an amazing thing to see such a prodigious quantity of riches lie dead, and untouched in the midst of so much poverty and misery as reign on all sides of them. There is no question, however, but the Pope would make use of these treasures in case of any great calamity that should endanger the holy see; as an unfortunate war with the Turk, or a powerful league among the protestants. For I cannot but look on these vast heaps of wealth, that are amassed together in so many religious places of Italy, as the hidden reserves and magazines of the church, that she would open on any pressing occasion for her last defence and preservation. If these riches were all turned into current coin, and employed in commerce, they would make Italy the most flourishing country in Europe. The case of the holy house is nobly designed, and executed by the great masters of Italy, that flourished about an hundred years ago. The statutes of the Sibyls are very finely wrought, each of them in a different air and posture, as are likewise those of the prophets underneath them. The roof of the treasury is painted with the same kind of device. There stands at the upper end of it a large crucifix very much esteemed, the figure of our saviour represents him in his last agonies of death, and amidst all the ghastliness of the visage has something in it very amiable. The gates of the church are said to be of Corinthian brass, with many scripture stories rising on them in basso relievo. The Pope's statue, and the fountain by it, would make a noble show in a place less beau-

tified with so many other productions of art. The spicery, the cellar, and its furniture, the great revenues of the convent, with the story of the holy house, are too well known to be here insisted upon.

Whoever were the first inventors of this imposture, they seem to have taken the hint of it from the veneration that the old Romans paid to the cottage of Romulus, which stood on Mount Capitol, and was repaired from time to time as it fell to decay. Virgil has given a pretty image of this little thatched palace, that represents it standing in Manlius's time, 327 years after the death of Romulus.

In summo custos Tarpeia Manlius arcis
Stabat pro templo, et capitolia celsa tenebat:
Romuleoque recens horrebat Regia culmo.

Æn. Lib. viii. v. 652.

High on a rock heroic Manlius stood,
To guard the temple, and the temple's god:
Then Rome was poor, and there you might behold
The palace thatch'd with straw. Dryden.

From Loretto, in my way to Rome, I passed through Recanati, Macerata, Tolentino, and Poligni. In the last there is a convent of nuns called la Contessa, that has in the church an incomparable Madonna of Raphael. At Spoleto, the next town on the road, are some antiquities. The most remarkable is an aqueduct of a Gothic structure, that conveys the water from Mount St. Francis to Spoleto, which is not to be equalled for its height by any other in Europe. They reckon from the foundation of the lowest arch to the top of it 230 yards. In my way hence to Terni I saw the river Clitumnus, celebrated by so many of the poets for a particular quality in its waters of making cattle white that drink of it. The inhabitants of that country have still the same opinion of it, as I found upon inquiry, and have a great many oxen of a whitish colour to confirm them in it. It is probable this breed was first settled in the country, and continuing still the same species, has made the inhabitants impute

it to a wrong cause; though they may as well fancy their hogs turn black for some reason of the same nature, because there are none in Italy of any other breed. The river Clitumnus and Mevania that stood on the banks of it, are famous for the herds of victims with which they furnished all Italy.

Qua formosa suo Clitumnus flumina luco
Integit, et niveos abluit unda boves

Pröp. Lib. ii. Eleg. 19. v. 25.

Shaded with trees, Clitumnus' waters glide,
And milk-white oxen drink its beauteous tide.

Hinc Albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxima taurus
Victima, sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro,
Romanos ad templa Deum duxere triumphos.

Virg. Georg. ii. v. 146.

There flows Clitumnus thro' the flow'ry plain;
Whose waves, for triumphs after prosp'rous war,
The victim ox, and snowy sheep prepare.

——Patulis Clitumnus in arvis
Candentes gelido perfundit flumine tauros.

Sil. Ital. Lib. ii.

Its cooling stream Clitumnus pours along,
To wash the snowy kine, that on its borders throng.

——Tauriferis ubi se Mevania campis
Explicat——

Luc. Lib. i. v. 468.

Where cattle graze in fair Mevania's fields.

——Atque ube latis
Projecta in campis nebulas exhalat inætes,
Et sedet ingentem pascens Mevania taurum
Dona Jovi.——

Id.

Here fair Mevania's pleasant fields extend,
Whence rising vapours sluggishly ascend;
Where, 'midst the herd that in its meadows rove,
Feeds the large bull, a sacrifice to Jove.

——Nec si vacuet Mevania valles,
Aut præsent niveos Clitumna novalia tauros,
Sufficiam——

Stat. Syl. iv. Lib.

Tho' fair Mevania should exhaust her field,
Or his white kine the swift Clitumnus yield,
Still I were poor———

*Pinguis Hispulla traheretur taurus et ipsa
Mole piger, non finitima nutritus in herba,
Læta sed ostendens Clitumni pascua sanguis
Iret, et a grandi cervix ferienda ministro.*

Juv. Sat. xii. ver. 11.

A bull high-fed should fall the sacrifice,
One of Hispulla's huge prodigious size :
Not one of those our neighb'ring pastures feed,
But of Clitumnus' whitest sacred breed :
The lively tincture of whose gushing blood
Should clearly prove the richness of his food :
A neck so strong, so large, as would command
The speeding blow of some uncommon hand.

Congreve.

I shall afterwards have occasion to quote Clau-
dian.

Terni is the next town in course, formerly called
Interramna, for the same reason that a part of Asia
was named Mesopotamia. We enter at the Gate of
the three Monuments, so called, because there stood
near it a monument erected to Tacitus the historian,
with two others to the emperors Tacitus and Florianus
all of them natives of the place. These were a few
years ago demolished by thunder, and the fragments of
them are in the hands of some gentlemen of the town.
Near the Dome I was shown a square marble, inserted
in the wall, with the following inscription.

Soluti perpetuæ Augustæ

Libertatique Publicæ Populi Romani

Genio municipi Anno post

Interramnam Conditam

D. CC. IV.

Ad Cneium Domitium

Ahenobarbum.

Coss. providentiæ Ti. Cæsaris

Augusti nati ad æternitatem Romani nominis sublata

hoste perniciosissimo P. R. Faustus Titius Liberalis VI. vir iterum P. S. F. C. that is, pecunia sua fieri curavit.

This stone was probably set up on occasion of the fall of Sejanus. After the name of Ahenobarbus there is a little furrow in the marble, but so smooth and well polished, that I should not have taken notice of it had not I seen Coss. at the end of it, by which it is plain there was once the name of another consul, which has been industriously razed out. Lucius Aruncius Camillus Scribonianus was consul, under the reign of * Tiberius, and was afterwards put to death for a conspiracy that he had formed against the emperor Claudius ; at which time it was ordered that his name and consulate should be effaced out of all public registers and inscriptions. It is not therefore improbable, that it was this long name which filled up the gap I am now mentioning. There are near this monument the ruins of an ancient theatre, with some of the caves intire. I saw among the ruins an old heathen altar, with this particularity in it, that it is hollowed, like a dish, at one end : but it was not this end on which the sacrifice was laid, as one may guess from the make of the festoon, that runs round the altar, and is inverted when the hollow stands uppermost. In the same yard, among the rubbish of the theatre, lie two pillars, the one of granite, and the other of a very beautiful marble. I went out of my way to see the famous cascade about three miles from Terni. It is formed by the fall of the river Velino, which Virgil mentions in the seventh Æneid.....Rosea rura Velini.

The channel of this river lies very high, and is shaded on all sides by a green forest, made up of several kinds of trees, that preserve their verdure all the year. The neighbouring mountains are covered with them, and by reason of their height are more exposed

* Vid, Fast. Consul. Sicul.

to the dews and drizzling rains than any of the adjacent parts, which gives occasion to Virgil's *Rosea rura* (dewy countries). The river runs extremely rapid before its fall, and rushes down a precipice of a hundred yards high. It throws itself into the hollow of a rock, which has probably been worn by such a constant fall of water. It is impossible to see the bottom on which it breaks, for the thickness of the mist that rises from it, which looks at a distance like clouds of smoke ascending from some vast furnace, and distils in perpetual rains on all the places that lie near it. I think there is something more astonishing in this cascade, than in all the water-works of Versailles, and could not but wonder when I first saw it, that I had never met with it in any of the old poets, especially in Claudian, who makes his emperor Honorius go out of his way to see the river Nar, which runs just below it, and yet does not mention what would have been so great an embellishment to his poem. But at present I do not in the least question, notwithstanding the opinion of some learned men to the contrary, that this is the gulf through which Virgil's Alecto shoots herself into hell : for the very place, the great reputation of it, the fall of waters, the woods that encompass it, with the smoke and noise that arise from it, are all pointed at in the description. Perhaps he would not mention the name of the river, because he has done it in the verses that precede. We may add to this, that the cascade is not far off that part of Italy which has been called *Italiæ Meditullium*.

*Est locus Italiæ medio, sub montibus altis,
Nobilis, et fama multis memoratus in oris,
Amsancti valles ; densis hunc frondibus atrum
Urget utrinque latus nemoris. medioque fragosus
Dat sonitum saxi et torto vortice torrens ;
Hic specus horrendum, et sævi spiracula ditis
Mons rantur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte vorago
Pestiferas aperit fauces, queis condita erinnys,
Invisum numen, terras cœlumque levabat.*

In midst of Italy, well known to fame,
 There lies a vale, Amsanctus is the name,
 Below the lofty mount : On either side
 Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide :
 Full in the centre of the sacred wood
 An arm ariseth of the Stygian flood ;
 Which falling from on high, with bellowing sound,
 Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.
 Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
 And opens wide the grinning jaws of Hell.
 To this infernal gate the fury flies,
 Here hides her hated head, and frees the lab'ring skies.
Dryden.

It was indeed the most proper place in the world for a fury to make her exit, after she had filled a nation with distractions and alarms ; and I believe every reader's imagination is pleased, when he sees the angry goddess thus sinking, as it were, in a tempest, and plunging herself into hell, amidst such a scene of horror and confusion.

The river Velino, after having found its way out from among the rocks where it falls, runs into the Nera. The channel of this last river is white with rocks, and the surface of it, for a long space, covered with froth and bubbles ; for it runs all along upon the fret, and is still breaking against the stones that oppose its passage : so that for these reasons, as well as for the mixture of sulphur in its waters, it is very well described by Virgil, in that verse which mentions these two rivers in their old Roman names.

Tartaream intendit vocem, qua protinus omne
 Contremuit nemus, et sylvæ intonere profundæ,
 Audiit et longe Triviæ lacus, audiit amnis
 Sulfurea Nar albus aqua, fontesque Velini.

Æn. vii. v. 514.

The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
 The Veline Fountains, and sulphureous Nar,
 Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war.

Dryden.

He makes the sound of the fury's trumpet run up the Nera to the very sources of Velino, which agrees extremely well with the situation of these rivers. When Virgil has marked any particular quality in a river, the other poets seldom fail of copying after him.

————— Sulphureus Nar. Auson.

————— The sulphureous Nar.

————— Narque albescentibus undis

In Tibrim properans ——— Sil: Ital. Lib. viii.

————— Et Nar vitiatus odoro

Sulfure ——— Claud. de Pr. et Olyb. Cons.

————— The hoary Nar

Corrupted with the stench of sulphur flows,

And into Tiber's streams th' infected current throws.

From this river our next town on the road receives the name of Narni. I saw hereabouts nothing remarkable except Augustus's bridge, that stands half a mile from the town, and is one of the stateliest ruins in Italy. It has no cement, and looks as firm as one in tire stone. There is an arch of it unbroken, the broadest that I have ever seen, though by reason of its great height it does not appear so. The middle one was still much broader. They join together two mountains, and belonged, without doubt, to the bridge that Martial mentions, though Mr. Ray takes them to be the remains of an aqueduct.

Sed jam parce mihi, nec abutere Narnia Quinto;

Perpetuo liceat sic tibi ponte frui!

, Lib. vii. Epigr. 93.

Preserve my better part, and spare my friend;

So, Narni, may thy bridge for ever stand.

From Narni I went to Otricoli, a very mean little village, that stands where the castle of Ocricalum did formerly. I turned about half a mile out of the road, to see the ruins of the old Ocricalum, that lie near the banks of the Tiber. There are still scattered pillars and pedestals, huge pieces of marble, half buried in

the earth, fragments of towers, subterraneous vaults, bathing-places, and the like marks of its ancient magnificence.

In my way to Rome, seeing a high hill standing by itself in the Campania, I did not question but it had a classic name, and upon enquiry found it to be Mount Soracte. The Italians at present call it, because its name begins with an S, St. Oreste.

The fatigue of our crossing the Apennines, and of our whole journey from Loretto to Rome, was very agreeably relieved by the variety of scenes we passed through. For not to mention the rude prospect of rocks rising one above another, of the deep gutters worn in the sides of them by torrents of rain and snow water, or the long channels of sand winding about their bottoms, that are sometimes filled with so many rivers; we saw, in six days travelling, the several seasons of the year in their beauty and perfection. We were sometimes shivering on the top of a bleak mountain, and a little while after basking in a warm valley, covered with violets, and almond-trees in blossom, the bees already swarming over them, though but in the month of February. Sometimes our road led us through groves of olives, or by gardens of oranges, or into several hollow apartments among the rocks and mountains, that look like so many natural green-houses: as being always shaded with a great variety of trees and shrubs that never lose their verdure.

I shall say nothing of the Via Flaminia, which has been spoken of by most of the voyage-writers that have passed it, but shall set down Claudian's account of the journey that Honorius made from Ravenna to Rome, which lies most of it in the same road that I have been describing.

——— Antiquæ muros egressa Ravennæ
 Signa movet, jamque ora Padi portusque relinquit
 Flumineos, certis ubi legibus advena ncreus
 Æstuat, et pronas puppes nunc amne secundo,
 Nunc red unte vehit, nudataque littora fluctu

Deserit, Oceani Lunaribus æmula damnis ;
 Lætior hinc fano recipit Fortuna vetusto,
 Despiciturque vagus prærupta valle Metaurus,
 * Qua mons arte patens vivo se perforat Arcu,
 Admisitque viam sectæ per viscera rupis.
 Exuperans delubra Jovis, saxoque minantes
 Apenninigenis cultas pastoribus aras :
 Quin et Clitumni sacras victoribus undas,
 Candida quæ Latiis præbent armenta triumphis,
 Visere cura fuit. Nec te miracula fontis †
 Prætereunt : tacito passu quem si quis adiret,
 Lentus erat ; si voce gradum majore citasset,
 Commistis fervebat aquis : cumque omnibus una
 Sit natura vadis, similes ut corporis umbras
 Ostendant, hæc sola novam jactantia sortem
 Humanos properant imitari flumina mores.
 Celsa dehinc patulum prospectans Narnia campum
 Regali calcatur equo, rarique coloris
 Non procul amnis adest urbi, qui nominis auctor
 Ilice sub densa sylvis arctatus opacis
 Inter utrumque jugum tortis infractibus albet.
 Inde salutato libatis Tibride nymphis,
 Excipiunt arcus, operosaque semita, vastis
 Molibus, et quicquid tantæ præmittitur urbi

De sexto Cons. Hon.

They leave Ravenna, and the mouths of Po,
 That all the borders of the town o'erflow ;
 And spreading round in one continu'd lake,
 A spacious hospitable harbour make.
 Hither the seas at stated times resort,
 And shove the loaden vessels into port ;
 Then with a gentle ebb retire again,
 And render back their cargo to the main.
 So the pale moon the restless ocean guides,
 Driv'n to and fro by such submissive tides.
 Fair Fortune next with looks serene and kind,
 Receives 'em, in her ancient fane enshrin'd ;

* An Highway made by Vespasian, like the Grotto Obscura near Naples.

† The Fountain not known.

Then the high hill they cross, and from below
 In distant murmurs hear Metaurus flow,
 'Till to Clitumno's sacred streams they come,
 That send white victims to almighty Rome ;
 When her triumphant sons in war succeed,
 And slaughter'd hecatombs around 'em bleed.
 At Narni's lofty seats arrived, from far
 They view the windings of the hoary Nar ;
 Through rocks and woods impetuously he glides,
 While froth and foam the fretting surface hides.
 And now the royal guest, all dangers pass'd,
 Old Tiber and his nymphs salutes at last ;
 The long laborious pavement here he treads,
 That to proud Rome the admiring nations leads ;
 While stately vaults and tow'ring piles appear,
 And show the world's metropolis is near.

Silius Italicus, who has taken more pains on the geography of Italy than any other of the Latin poets, has given a catalogue of most of the rivers that I saw in Umbria, or in the borders of it. He has avoided a fault (if it be really such) which Macrobius has objected to Virgil, of passing from one place to another, without regarding their regular and natural situation, in which Homer's catalogues are observed to be much more methodical and exact than Virgil's.

———Cavis venientes montibus Umbri,
 Hos Æsis Sapisque lavant, rapidasque sonanti
 Vortice contorquens undas per saxa Metaurus :
 Et lavat ingentem perfundens flumine sacro
 Clitumnus taurum, Narque albescens undis
 In Tibrim properans, Tinaeque inglorius humor,
 Et Clanis, et Rubico, et Senonum de nomine Senon.
 Sed pater ingenti medios illabitur amne
 Albula, et immota perstringit mœnia ripa,
 His urbes, Arva, et latis Mevania pratis,
 Hispellum, et duro monti per saxa recumbens
 Narnia, &c.———

Sil. Ital. Lib. viii.

The Umbri, that from hollow mountains came :
 These Æsis and the stream of Sapis laves ;
 And swift Metaurus, that with rapid waves
 O'er beds of stone its noisy current pours :
 Clitumnus, that presents its sacred stores,

To wash the bull : the Nar's infected tide,
 Whose sulph'rous waters into Tiber glide :
 Tinia's small stream, that runs inglorious on ;
 The Clanis, Senon, and the Rubicon :
 With larger waters, and superior sway,
 Amidst the rest, the hoary Albula
 Thro' fields and towns pursues his wat'ry way.

Since I am got among the poets, I shall end this chapter with two or three passages out of them, that I have omitted inserting in their proper places.

Sit Cisterna mihi quam Vineæ malo Ravennæ,
 Cum possim multo vendere pluris aquam.

Mart. Lib. iij. epigr. 50.

Lodg'd at Ravenna, (water sells so dear)
 A cistern to a vineyard I prefer.

Callidus imposuit nuper mihi Caupo Ravennæ ;
 Cum peterem mixtum, vendidit ille merum.

Id. ib. Epigr. 57.

By a Ravenna vintner once betray'd,
 So much for wine and water mix'd I paid ;
 But when I thought the purchas'd liquor mine,
 The rascal fobb'd me off with only wine.

Stat fucare colus, nec sidone villior Ancon,
 Murice nec Tyrio——

Sil. Ital. Lib. viij.

The wool, when shaded with Ancona's dye,
 May with the proudest Tyrian purple vie.

Fountain water is still very scarce at Ravenna, and was probably much more so when the sea was within its neighbourhood.

Upon my arrival at Rome, I took a view of St. Peter's, and the Rotunda ; leaving the rest until my return from Naples, when I should have time and leisure enough to consider what I saw. St. Peter's seldom answers expectation at first entering it, but enlarges itself on all sides insensibly, and mends upon the eye every moment. The proportions are so very well observed, that nothing appears to an advantage, or distinguishes itself above the rest. It seems neither extremely high nor long, nor broad, because it is all

of them on a just equality. As on the contrary, in our Gothic cathedrals, the narrowness of the arch makes it rise in height, or run out in length, the lowness often opens it in breadth, or the defectiveness of some other particular makes any single part appear in great perfection. Though every thing in this church is admirable, the most astonishing part of it is the cupola. Upon my going to the top of it, I was surprised to find that the dome which we see in the church, is not the same that one looks upon without doors, the last of them being a kind of case to the other; and the stairs lying betwixt them both, by which one ascends into the ball. Had there been only the outward dome, it would not have shewn itself to an advantage to those that are in the church; or had there only been the inward one, it would scarce have been seen by those that are without; had they both been one solid dome of so great a thickness, the pillars would have been too weak to have supported it. After having surveyed this dome, I went to see the Rotunda, which is generally said to have been the model of it. This church is at present so much changed from the ancient Pantheon, as Pliny has described it, that some have been inclined to think it is not the same temple; but the cavalier Fontana has abundantly satisfied the world in this particular, and shewn how the ancient figure, and ornaments of the Pantheon, have been changed into what they are at present. This Author, who is now esteemed the best of the Roman architects, has lately written a treatise on Vespasian's amphitheatre, which is not yet printed.

After having seen these two master-pieces of modern and antient architecture, I have often considered with myself, whether the ordinary figure of the heathen, or that of the christian temples be the most beautiful, and the most capable of magnificence, and cannot forbear thinking the cross figure more proper for such spacious buildings than the Rotund. I must confess the eye is much better filled at first entering the

Rotund, and takes in the whole beauty and magnificence of the temple at one view. But such as are built in the form of a cross give us a greater variety of noble prospects. Nor is it easy to conceive a more glorious show in architecture, than what a man meets with in St. Peter's, when he stands under the dome. If he looks upward, he is astonished at the spacious hollow of the cupola, and has a vault on every side of him, that makes one of the most beautiful Vistas that the eye can possibly pass through. I know that such as are professed admirers of the antients will find abundance of chimerical beauties the architects themselves never thought of: as one of the most famous of the moderns in that art tells us, the hole in the roof of the Rotunda is so admirably contrived, that it makes those who are in the temple look like angels, by diffusing the light equally on all sides of them.

In all the old highways that lead from Rome, one sees several little ruins on each side of them, that were formerly so many sepulchres; for the antient Romans generally buried their dead near the great roads.

Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina,

Juv, Sat. i. v. ult.

———— Whose ashes lay
Under the Latin and Flaminian way.

None but some few of a very extraordinary quality, having been interred within the walls of the city.

Our christian epitaphs, that are to be seen only in churches, or church-yards, begin often with a *Siste Viator*; *Viator precare salutem*, &c. probably in imitation of the old Roman inscriptions, that generally addressed themselves to the travellers; as it was impossible for them to enter the city, or to go out of it, without passing through one of these melancholy roads, which for a great length was nothing else but a street of funeral monuments.

In my way from Rome to Naples I found nothing

so remarkable as the beauty of the country, and the extreme poverty of its inhabitants. It is indeed an amazing thing to see the present desolation of Italy, when one considers what incredible multitudes of people it abounded with during the reigns of the Roman emperors: and, notwithstanding the removal of the imperial seat, the irruptions of the barbarous nations, the civil wars of this country, with the hardships of its several governments, one can scarce imagine how so plentiful a soil should become so miserably unpeopled in comparison of what it once was. We may reckon, by a very moderate computation, more inhabitants in the Campania of old Rome, than are now in all Italy. And if we could number up those prodigious swarms that had settled themselves in every part of this delightful country, I question not but that they would amount to more than can be found, at present, in any six parts of Europe of the same extent. This desolation appears no where greater than in the pope's territories: and yet there are several reasons would make a man expect to see these dominions the best regulated, and most flourishing of any other in Europe. Their prince is generally a man of learning and virtue, mature in years and experience, who has seldom any vanity or pleasure to gratify at his people's expence, and is neither incumbered with wife, children, or mistresses: not to mention the supposed sanctity of his character, which obliges him in a more particular manner to consult the good and happiness of mankind. The direction of church and state are lodged intirely in his own hands, so that his government is naturally free from those principles of faction and division which are mixed in the very composition of most others. His subjects are always ready to fall in with his designs, and are more at his disposal than any others of the most absolute government, as they have a greater veneration for his person, and not only court his favour, but his blessing. His country is extremely fruitful, and has good havens

both for the Adriatic and Mediterranean, which is an advantage peculiar to himself, and the Neapolitans, above the rest of the Italians. There is still a benefit the pope enjoys above all other sovereigns, in drawing great sums out of Spain, Germany, and other countries that belong to foreign princes, which one would fancy might be no small ease to his own subjects. We may here add, that there is no place in Europe so much frequented by strangers, whether they are such as come out of curiosity or such who are obliged to attend the court of Rome on several occasions, as are many of the cardinals and prelates, that bring considerable sums into the pope's dominions. But notwithstanding all these promising circumstances, and the long peace that has reigned so many years in Italy, there is not a more miserable people in Europe than the pope's subjects. His state is thin of inhabitants, and a great part of his soil uncultivated. His subjects are wretchedly poor and idle, and have neither sufficient manufactures, nor traffic to employ them. These ill effects may arise in a great measure, out of the arbitrariness of the government; but I think they are chiefly to be ascribed to the very genius of the Roman Catholic religion, which here shews itself in its perfection. It is not strange to find a country half unpeopled, where so great a proportion of the inhabitants of both sexes is tied under such vows of chastity, and where at the same time an inquisition forbids all recruits out of any other religion. Nor is it less easy to account for the great poverty and want that are to be met with in a country which invites into it such swarms of vagabonds, under the title of pilgrims, and shuts up in cloisters such an incredible multitude of young and lusty beggars, who, instead of increasing the common stock by their labour and industry, lie as a dead weight on their fellow-subjects, and consume the charity that ought to support the sickly, old, and decrepid. The many hospitals that are every where erected, serve rather

to encourage idleness in the people, than to set them at work : not to mention the great riches which lie useless in churches and religious houses, with the multitude of festivals that must never be violated by trade or business. To speak truly, they are here so wholly taken up with men's souls, that they neglect the good of their bodies ; and when, to these natural evils in the government and religion, there arises among them an avaricious pope, who is for making a family, it is no wonder if the people sink under such a complication of distempers. Yet it is to this humour of despotism that Rome owes its present splendor and magnificence ; for it would have been impossible to have furnished out so many glorious palaces, with such a profusion of pictures, statues, and the like ornaments, had not the riches of the people at several times fallen into the hands of many different families, and of particular persons ; as we may observe, though the bulk of the Roman people was more rich and happy in the times of the commonwealth, the city of Rome received all its beauties and embellishments under the emperors. It is probable the Campania of Rome, as well as other parts of the pope's territories, would be cultivated much better than it is, were there not such an exorbitant tax on corn, which makes them plough up only such spots of ground as turn to the most advantage : whereas were the money to be raised on lands, with an exception to some of the more barren parts, that might be tax-free for a certain term of years, every one would turn his ground to the best account, and in a little time, perhaps, bring more money into the pope's treasury.

The greatest pleasure I took in my journey from Rome to Naples was in seeing the fields, towns, and rivers, that have been described by so many classic authors, and have been the scenes of so many great actions ; for this whole road is extremely barren of curiosities. It is worth while to have an eye on Horace's

voyage to Brundisi, when one passes this way; for by comparing his several stages, and the road he took, with those that are observed at present, we may have some idea of the changes that have been made in the face of this country since his time. If we may guess at the common travelling of persons of quality, among the ancient Romans, from this poet's description of his voyage, we may conclude they seldom went above fourteen miles a day over the Appian way, which was more used by the noble Romans than any other in Italy, as it led to Naples, Baiæ, and the most delightful parts of the nation. It is indeed very disagreeable to be carried in haste over this pavement.

Minus est gravis appia tardis.

Hor. Sat. 5. l. i. v. 6.

For to quick trav'lers, 'tis a tedious road;

But if you walk but slow, 'tis pretty good. Creech.

Lucan has described the very road from Anxur to Rome, that Horace took from Rome to Anxur. It is not indeed the ordinary way at present, nor is it marked out by the same places in both poets.

Jamque et præcipites superaverat Anxuris arces
 Et qua * Pontinas via dividit uda paludes;
 Qua sublime nemus, Scythicæ qua regna Dianæ;
 Quaque iter est Latiis ad summam fascibus Albam:
 Excelsa de rupe procul jam conspicit urbem.

Lib. iii. v. 84.

He now had conquer'd Anxur's steep ascent,
 And to Pontina's wat'ry marshes went;
 A long canal the muddy fen divides,
 And with a clear unsullied current glides;
 Diana's woody realms he next invades,
 And crossing through the consecrated shades,
 Ascends high Alba, whence with new delight
 He sees the city rising to his sight.

* A canal, the marks of it still seen,

In my way to Naples, I crossed the two most considerable rivers of the Campania Felice, that were formerly called the Liris and Volturnus, and are at present the Garigliano and Volturno. The first of these rivers has been deservedly celebrated by the Latin poets for the gentleness of its course, as the other for its rapidity and noise.

— Rufa quæ Liris quieta
Mordet aqua taciturnas Amnis.

Hor. Lib. i. Od. 31. v. 37

Liris—qui fonte quieto
Dissimulat cursum, et nullo mutabilis imbre
Perstringit tacitas gemmanti gurgite ripas.

Sil. Ital. Lib. iv.

— Miscentem flumina Lirim
Sulfureum, tacitisque vadis ad littora lapsum
Accolit Arpinas—

Id. Lib. viii.

Where the smooth streams of Liris stray,
And steal insensibly away.

The warlike Arpine borders on the sides
Of the slow Liris, that in silence glides,
And in its tainted stream the working sulphur hides.

Volturnusque rapax— Cl. de Pr. et Olyb. Cons.

Volturnusque celer—

Luc. Lib. ii. 28.

— Fluctuque sonorum

Volturnum—

Sil. Ital. Lib. viii.

The rough Volturnus, furious in its course ;
With rapid streams divides the fruitful grounds,
And from afar in hollow murmurs sounds.

The ruins of Anxur and old Capua mark out the pleasant situation in which those towns formerly stood. The first of them was planted on the mountain, where we now see Terracina, and by reason of the breezes that came off the sea, and the height of its situation, was one of the summer retirements of the ancient Romans.

O nemus, O fontes ! solidumque madentis arenæ
Littus, et æquoreis splendidus Anxur aquis !

Mart. lib. x. Epigr. 51.

Ye warbling fountains, and ye shady trees,
Where Anxur feels the cool refreshing breeze
Blown off the sea, and all the dewy strand
Lies covered with a smooth unsinkingsand

Anxuris æquorei placidos, Frontine, recessus,

Et propius Baias littoreamque domum.

Et quod inhumanæ cancro fervente cicadæ

Non novere, nemus flumineosque lacus,

Dum colui, &c. —

Id. ib. Epigr. 58

On the cool shore, near Baia's gentle Seats,
I lay retir'd in Anxur's soft retreats :
Where silver lakes, with verdant shadows crown'd,
Disperse a grateful chillness all around :
The grasshopper avoids th' untainted air,
Nor in the midst of summer ventures there.

Impositum saxis late candentibus Anxur.

Hor. Lib. i. Sat. 5. v. 26.

Monte procelloso Murranum miserat Anxur.

Sil. Ital. Lib. iv.

———Scopulosi verticis Anxur.

Ibid.

Capuæ luxum vidé apud,

Sil. Ital. Lib. xi.

Murranus came from Anxur's show'ry height,
With ragged rocks, and stony quarries white ;
Seated on hills——

I do not know whether it be worth while to take notice that the figures which are cut in the rock near Terracina, increase still in a decimal proportion as they come nearer the bottom. If one of our voyage-writers, who passed this way more than once, had observed the situation of these figures, he would not have troubled himself with the dissertation that he has made upon them. Silius Italicus has given us the names of several towns and rivers in the Campania Felice.

Jam vero quos dives opum, quos dives avorum,
Et roto dabat ad bellum Campania tractu ;
Ductorum adventum vicinis sedibus Osci
Servabant ; Sinuessa tepens, fluctuque sonorum
Vulturum, quasque evertere silentia, Amyclæ,
Fundique et régnata Lamo Cajeta, domusque

Antiphate compressa freto, stagnisque palustre
 Linternum, et quondam fatorum conscia Cuma ;
 Illic Nuceriæ, et Gaurus navalibus apta,
 Prole Dicharchæa multo cum milite Graia ;
 Illic Parthenope, et Pæno non perçia Nola,
 Alliphe, et Clanio contentæ semper Acerræ,
 Sarrastes etiam populos totasque videntes
 Sarni mitis opes : illic quos sulphure pingues
 Phlegræi legere sinus, Misenus et ardens
 Ore gigantæo sedes Ithacesia, Bajæ,
 Non Prochyte, non ardentem sortita Typhœa
 Inarime, non antiqui saxosa Telonis
 Insula, nec parvis aberat Calatia muris,
 Surrentum, et pauper sulci Cerealis Avella ;
 In primis Capua, heu rebus servare secundis
 Inconsulta modum, et pravo peritura tumore. Lib. viii.

Now rich Campania sends forth all her sons,
 And drains her populous cities for the war :
 The Oscî, first, in arms their leaders wait ;
 Warm Sinuessa comes ; Vulturnum too,
 Whose walls are deafen'd by the sounding main ;
 And fair Amyclæ, to the foe betray'd
 Thro' fatal silence : Fundi too was there ;
 And Cajeta, by ancient Lamas ruled
 Antiphata, wash'd by the rolling sea ;
 And moist Linternum on its marshy soil :
 Cume, the Sybil's ancient seat, was there ;
 Nuceriæ too, and woody Gaurus came :
 There was Parthenope, and Nola there,
 Nola, impervious to the Punic arms ;
 Alliphe, and Acerræ still o'erflowed
 By the swift Clanîus : there you might behold
 Sarraste's manly sons, and all the wealth
 Of gentle Sarnus ; those whom Phlegra sent
 Streaming with sulphur : Thither Baiæ came,
 Built by Ulysses' friend ; Misenus too ;
 Nor Prochyte was absent, nor the fam'd
 Inarime, where huge Typhæus lies
 Transfixed with thunder ; nor the stony isle
 Of Telon, nor Calatia's humble walls ;
 Surrentum and Avella's barren soil :
 But chiefly Capua, Capua, doom'd, alas !
 By her own pride and insolence to fall.

My first days at Naples were taken up with the sight of processions, which are always very magnificent in the holyweek. It would be tedious to give an account of the several representations of our Saviour's death and resurrection, of the figures of himself, the blessed virgin, and the apostles, which were carried up and down on this occasion, with the cruel penances that several inflict on themselves, and the multitude of ceremonies that attend these solemnities. I saw, at the same time, a very splendid procession for the accession of the duke of Anjou to the crown of Spain, in which the viceroy bore his part at the left hand of cardinal Cantelmi. To grace the parade, they exposed, at the same time, the blood of St. Januarius, which liquified at the approach of the saint's head, though, as they say, it was hard congealed before. I had twice an opportunity of seeing the operation of this pretended miracle, and must confess I think it so far from being a real miracle, that I look upon it as one of the most bungling tricks that I ever saw; yet it is this that makes as great a noise as any in the Roman church, and that Monsieur Paschal has hinted at among the rest, in his marks of the true religion. The modern Neapolitans seem to have copied it out from one which was shewn in a town of the kingdom of Naples, as long ago as in Horace's time.

—Dehinc Gnatia lymphis

Iratis extracta dedit risusque jocosque,

Dum, flamma sine, thura liquescere limine Sacro

Persmadere cupit: credat Judæus apella,

Non ego.—

Lib. i. Sat. 5. v. 97.

At Gnatia next arriv'd, we laugh'd to see

The superstitious crowd's simplicity,

That in the sacred temple needs would try

Without a fire th' unheated gums to fry;

Believe who will the solemn sham, not I.

One may see at least that the heathen priesthood had the same kind of secret among them, of which the Roman catholics are now masters.

I must confess, though I had lived above a year in a Roman catholic country, I was surprised to see many ceremonies and superstitions in Naples, that are not so much as thought of in France. But as it is certain there has been a kind of secret reformation made, though not publicly owned, in the Roman catholic church, since the spreading of the protestant religion, so we find the several nations are recovered out of their ignorance, in proportion as they converse more or less with those of the reformed churches. For this reason the French are much more enlightened than the Spaniards or Italians, on occasion of their frequent controversies with the Huguenots; we find many of the Roman catholic gentlemen of our own country, who will not stick to laugh at the superstitions they sometimes meet with in other nations.

I shall not be particular in describing the grandeur of the city of Naples, the beauty of its pavement, the regularity of its buildings, the magnificence of its churches and convents, the multitude of its inhabitants, or the delightfulness of its situation, which so many others have done with a great deal of leisure and exactness. If a war should break out, the town has reason to apprehend the exacting of a large contribution, or a bombardment. It has but seven galleys, a mole, and two little castles, which are capable of hindering an enemy's approaches. Besides that the sea which lies near it is not subject to storms, has no sensible flux, and reflux, and is so deep that a vessel of burden may come up to the very mole. The houses are flat roofed to walk upon, so that every bomb that fell on them would take effect.

Pictures, statues, and pieces of antiquity, are not so common at Naples, as one might expect in so great and ancient a city of Italy; for the viceroys take care to send into Spain every thing that is valuable of this nature. Two of their finest modern statues are those of Apollo and Minerva, placed on each side of Sannazarius's tomb. On the face of this monument,

which is all of marble, and very neatly wrought, is represented, in bas relief, Neptune among the satyrs, to shew that this poet was the inventor of piscatory eclogues. I remember Hugo Grotius describes himself, in one of his poems, as the first that brought the muses to the sea-side; but he must be understood only of the poets of his own country. I here saw the temple that Sannazarius mentions in his invocation of the Blessed Virgin, at the beginning of his *De partu Virginis*, which was all raised at his own expence.

—Niveis tibi si solemnia templis
 Serta damus; si mansuras tibi ponimus aras
 Exciso in scopulo, fluctus unde aurea canes
 Despiciens celso de culmine Mergelline
 Attollit, nautisque præcul venientibus offert;
 Tu vatem ignarumque viæ insuetumque labori
 Diva mone

Lib. i.

Thou bright celestial goddess, if to thee
 An acceptable temple I erect
 With fairest flowers and freshest garlands deck'd,
 On tow'ring rocks, whence Mergelline spies
 The ruffled deep in storms and tempests rise:
 Guide thou the pious poet, nor refuse
 Thine own propitious aid to his unpractis'd muse.

There are several very delightful prospects about Naples, especially from some of the religious houses; for one seldom finds in Italy a spot of ground more agreeable than ordinary, that is not covered with a convent. The cupolas of this city, though there are many of them, do not appear to the best advantage when one surveys them at a distance, as being generally too high and narrow. The marquis of Medina Sidonia, in his vice-royalty, made the shell of a house, which he had not time to finish, that commands a view of the whole bay; and would have been a very noble building, had he brought it to perfection. It stands so on the side of a mountain, that it would have had a garden to every story, by the help of a

bridge, which was to have been laid over each garden.

The bay of Naples is the most delightful one that I ever saw. It lies in almost a round figure of about thirty miles in the diameter. Three parts of it are sheltered with a noble circuit of woods and mountains. The high promontory of Surrentum divides it from the bay of Salernum. Between the utmost point of this promontory, and the Isle of Caprea, the sea enters by a strait of about three miles wide. This island stands as a vast mole, which seems to have been planted there on purpose to break the violence of the waves that run into the bay. It lies longways, almost in a parallel line to Naples. The excessive height of its rocks secures a great part of the bay from winds and waves, which enter again between the other end of this island and the promontory of Miseno. The bay of Naples is called the Crater by the old geographers, probably from this, its resemblance to a round bowl half filled with liquor. Perhaps Virgil, who composed here a great part of his *Æneids*, took from hence the plan of that beautiful harbour which he has made in his first book: for the Libyan port is but the Neapolitan bay in little.

Est in secessu longo locus : Insula portum
Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos :
Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes geminique minantur
In cœlum scopuli, quorum sub vertice late
Æquora tuta silent ; tum Silvæ Scenæ coruscis
Desuper, horrentique atrum nemo imminet umbra.

Æn. i. v. 163.

Within a long recess there lies a bay :
An island shades it from the rolling sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to ride ;
Broke by the jutting land on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide
Between two rows of rocks : a Silvian scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green.

Dryden.

Naples stands in the bosom of this bay, and has the pleasantest situation in the world, though, by reason of its western mountains, it wants an advantage Vitruvius would have to the front of his palace, of seeing the setting sun.

One would wonder how the Spaniards, who have but very few forces in the kingdom of Naples, should be able to keep a people from revolting, that has been famous for its mutinies and seditious in former ages. But they have so well contrived it, that, though the subjects are miserably harassed and oppressed, the greatest of their oppressors are those of their own body. I shall not mention any thing of the clergy, who are sufficiently reproached in most itineraries for the universal poverty that one meets with in this noble and plentiful kingdom. A great part of the people is in a state of vassalage to the barons, who are the harshest tyrants in the world to those that are under them. The vassals indeed are allowed, and invited to bring in their complaints and appeals to the viceroy, who, to foment divisions, and gain the hearts of the populace, does not stick at imprisoning and chastising their masters very severely on occasion. The subjects of the crown are, notwithstanding, much more rich and happy than the vassals of the barons. Insomuch that when the king has been upon the point of selling a town to one of his barons, the inhabitants have raised the sum upon themselves, and presented it to the king, that they might keep out of so insupportable a slavery. Another way the Spaniards have taken to grind the Neapolitans, and yet to take off the odium from themselves, has been by erecting several courts of justice, with a very small pension for such as sit at the head of them, so that they are tempted to take bribes, keep causes undecided, encourage law-suits, and do all they can to fleece the people, that they may have wherewithal to support their own dignity. It is incredible how great a multitude of retainers to the law there are at Naples.

It is commonly said, that when Innocent the eleventh had desired the marquis of Carpio to furnish him with thirty thousand head of swine, the marquis answered him, that for his swine he could not spare them; but, if his holiness had occasion for thirty thousand lawyers, he had them at his service. These gentlemen find a continual employ for the fiery temper of the Neapolitans, and hinder them from uniting in such common friendships and alliances as might endanger the safety of the government. There are very few persons of consideration who have not a cause depending; for when a Neapolitan cavalier has nothing else to do, he gravely shuts himself up in his closet, and falls a tumbling over his papers, to see if he can start a law-suit, and plague any of his neighbours. So much is the genius of this people changed since Statius's time.

Nulla foro rabies, aut strictæ jurgia legis;

Morum jura viris, solum et sine fascibus Æquum,

Sylv. v. Lib. iii. v. 87.

By love of right and native justice led,

In the straight paths of equity they tread;

Nor know the bar, nor fear the judge's frown,

Unpractic'd in the wranglings of the gown.

There is another circumstance, which makes the Neapolitans, in a very particular manner, the oppressors of each other. The gabels of Naples are very high on oil, wine, tobacco, and indeed on almost every thing that can be eaten, drank, or worn. There would have been one on fruit, had not Massianello's rebellion abolished it, as it has probably put a stop to many others. What makes these imposts more intolerable to the poorer sort, they are laid on all butchers meat, while at the same time the fowl and gibbier are tax free. Besides, all meat being taxed equally by the pound, it happens that the duty lies heaviest on the coarser sorts, which are most likely to fall to the share of the common people, so that beef perhaps pays a third, and veal a tenth of its

price to the government, a pound of either sort having the same tax fixed on it. These gabels are most of them at present in the hands of private men; for as the king of Spain has had occasion for money, he has borrowed it of the rich Neapolitans, on condition that they should receive the interest out of such or such gabels until he could repay them the principal.

This he has repeated so often that at present there is scarce a single gabel unmortgaged: so that there is no place in Europe which pays greater taxes, and at the same time no prince who draws less advantage from them. In other countries the people have the satisfaction of seeing the money they give spent in the necessities, defence, or ornament of their state; or at least, in the vanity or pleasures of their prince: but here most of it goes to the enriching of their fellow subjects. If there was not so great a plenty of every thing in Naples the people could not bear it. The Spaniard however reaps this advantage from the present posture of affairs, that the murmurs of the people are turned upon their own countrymen, and what is more considerable, that almost all the persons, of the greatest wealth and power in Naples, are engaged by their own interests to pay these impositions cheerfully, and to support the government which has laid them on. For this reason, though the poorer sort are for the emperor, few of the persons of consequence can endure to think of a change in their present establishment; though there is no question but the king of Spain will reform most of these abuses, by breaking or retrenching the power of the barons, by cancelling several unnecessary employs, or by ransoming or taking the gabels into his own hands. I have been told too there is a law of Charles the fifth, something like our statute of Mortmain, which has laid dormant ever since his time, and will probably have new life put into it under the reign of an active prince. The inhabitants of Naples have been al-

ways very notorious for leading a life of laziness and pleasure, which I take to arise partly out of the wonderful plenty of their country, that does not make labour so necessary to them, and partly out of the temper of their climate, that relaxes the fibres of their bodies, and disposes the people to such an idle indolent humour. Whatever it proceeds from, we find they were formerly as famous for it as they are at present.

This was perhaps the reason that the ancients tell us one of the Sirens was buried in this city, which thence received the name of Parthenope.

———Improba Siren

Desidia———

Hor. Sat. iii. Lib. ii. v. 14.

Sloth, the deluding Siren of the mind.

———Et in otia natam

Parthenopen———

Ovid. Met. Lib. xv. v. 11.

———Otiosa Neapolis.

Hor. Epod. 5 v. 43.

Parthenope, for idle hours design'd,
To luxury and ease unbinds the mind.

Parthenope non dives opum, non spreta vigoris :
Nam molles urbi ritus, atque hospita musis
Otia, et exemptum curis gravioribus ævum.
Sirenum de lit una suum et memorabile nomen
Parthenope muris acheloidas, æquore cujus
Regnavere diu cantus, cum dulce per undas
Exitium miseris caneret non prospera nautis.

Sil. Ital. Lib. xij.

Here wanton Naples crowns the happy shore,
Nor vainly rich, nor despicably poor,
The town in soft solemnities delights,
And gentle poets to her arms invites ;
The people, free from cares, serene and gay,
Pass all their mild untroubl'd hours away.
Parthenope the rising city nam'd
A Siren, for her songs and beauty fam'd,
That oft had drown'd among the neighb'ring seas
The list'ning wretch, and made destruction please.
Has ego te sedes (nam nec mihi barbara Thrace
Nec Libye natale solum) transferre laboro :

Quas et mollis hyems et frigida temperat ætas,
 Quas imbelles fretum torpentibus alluit undis :
 Pax secure locis, et desidis otia vitæ.
 Et nunquam turbata quies, somnique peracti :
 Nulla foro rabies, &c. Stat. Sylv. v. Lib. iii. v. 81.

These are the gentle seats that I propose ;
 For not cold Scythia's undissolving snows,
 Nor the parch'd Libyan sands thy husband bore,
 Nor mild Parthenope's delightful shore ;
 Where hush'd in calms the bord'ring ocean laves
 Her silent coast, and rolls in languid waves ;
 Refreshing winds the summer's heats assuage,
 And kindly warmth disarms the winter's rage :
 Remov'd from noise and the tumultuous war,
 Soft Sleep and downy Ease inhabit there,
 And Dreams unbroken with intruding Care.

At about eight miles distance from Naples lies a very noble scene of antiquities. What they call Virgil's tomb is the first that one meets with on the way thither. It is certain this poet was buried at Naples ; but I think it is almost as certain that his tomb stood on the other side of the town, which looks towards Vesuvio. By this tomb is the entry into the grotto of Pausilypo. The common people of Naples believe it to have been wrought by magic, and that Virgil was the magician ; who is in greater repute among the Neapolitans for having made the grotto than the Æneid.

If a man would form to himself a just idea of this place, he must fancy a vast rock undermined from one end to the other, and a highway running through it, near as long and as broad as the mall in St. James's Park. This subterraneous passage is much mended since Seneca gave so bad a character of it. The entry at both ends is higher than the middle parts of it, and sinks by degrees, to fling in more light upon the rest. Towards the middle are two large funnels, bored through the roof of the grotto, to let in light and fresh air.

There are no where about the mountain any vast

heaps of stones, though it is certain the great quantities of them that are dug out of the rock could not easily conceal themselves, had they not probably been consumed in the moles and buildings of Naples. This confirmed me in a conjecture, which I made at the first sight of this subterraneous passage, that it was not at first designed so much for a highway as for a quarry of stone, but that the inhabitants, finding a double advantage by it, hewed it into the form we now see. Perhaps the same design gave the original to the Sibyl's grotto, considering the prodigious multitude of palaces that stood in its neighbourhood.

I remember when I was at Chateaudun in France, I met with a very curious person, a member of one of the German universities. He had staid a day or two in the town longer than ordinary, to take the measures of several empty spaces that had been cut in the sides of a neighbouring mountain. Some of them were supported with pillars formed out of the rock; some were made in the fashion of galleries, and some not unlike amphitheatres. The gentleman had made to himself several ingenious hypotheses concerning the use of these subterraneous apartments, and from thence collected the vast magnificence and luxury of the ancient Chateaudunois. But upon communicating his thoughts on this subject to one of the most learned of the place, he was not a little surprised to hear, that these stupendous works of art were only so many quarries of free-stone, that had been wrought into different figures, according as the veins of it directed the workmen.

About five miles from the grotto of Pausilypo lie the remains of Puteoli and Baiæ, in a soft air, and a delicious situation.

The country about them, by reason of its vast caverns and subterraneous fires, has been miserably torn in pieces by earthquakes, so that the whole face of it is quite changed from what it was formerly. The sea has overwhelmed a multitude of palaces,

which may be seen at the bottom of the water in a calm day.

The Lucrine lake is but a puddle in comparison of what it once was, its springs having been sunk in an earthquake, or stopped up by mountains that have fallen upon them. The lake of Avernus, formerly so famous for its streams of poison, is now plentifully stocked with fish and fowl. Mount Gaurus, from one of the fruitfulest parts in Italy, is become one of the most barren. Several fields, which were laid out in beautiful groves and gardens, are now naked plains, smoking with sulphur, or incumbered with hills that have been thrown up by eruptions of fire. The works of art lie in no less disorder than those of nature; for that which was once the most beautiful spot of Italy, covered with temples and palaces, adorned by the greatest of the Roman commonwealth, embellished by many of the Roman emperors, and celebrated by the best of their poets, has now nothing to shew but the ruins of its ancient splendor, and a great magnificence in confusion.

The mole of Puteoli has been mistaken by several authors for Caligula's Bridge. They have all been led into this error from the make of it, because it stands on arches. But to pass over the many arguments that may be brought against this opinion, I shall here take away the foundation of it, by setting down an inscription mentioned by Julius Capitolinus in the life of Antoninus Pius, who was the repairer of this mole. "Imp. Cæsari, Divi Hadriani filio, Divi Trajani, Parthici, Nepoti, Divi Nervæ pronepoti, T. Act. Hadriano Antonino Aug. Pio, &c. quod super cætera beneficia ad hujus etiam tutelam portus, Pilarum viginti molem cum sumptu forniceum reliquo ex *Ærario* suo largitus est," i. e. "To the Emperor Adrian Antoninus Pius, son of the Emperor Adrian, grandson of the Emperor Trajan, surnamed Parthicus, great grandson of the Emperor Nerva, &c. who, besides other benefactions, built at

his own expence, a mole of twenty piles, for the security of this haven."

It would have been very difficult to have made such a mole as this of Puteoli, in a place where they had not so natural a commodity as the earth of Puzzuola, which immediately hardens in the water, and after a little lying in it looks rather like stone than mortar. It was this that gave the ancient Romans an opportunity of making so many incroachments on the sea, and of laying the foundations of their villas and palaces within the very borders of it, as Horace* has elegantly described it more than once.

About four years ago they dug up a great piece of marble near Puzzuola, with several figures and letters engraven round it, which have given occasion to some disputes among the antiquaries.† But they all agree that it is the pedestal of a statue erected to Tiberius by the fourteen cities of Asia, which were flung down by an earthquake; the same that, according to the opinion of many learned men, happened at our Saviour's crucifixion. They have found in the letters, which are still legible, the names of the several cities, and discover in each figure something peculiar to the city, of which it represents the genius. There are two medals of Tiberius stamped on the same occasion, with this inscription to one of them, "Civitatibus Asiæ restitutis." The emperor is represented in both sitting, with a patera in one hand, and a spear in the other.

It is probable this might have been the posture of the statue, which in all likelihood does not lie far from the place where they took up the pedestal; for they say there were other great pieces of marble near it, and several of them inscribed, but that nobody would be at the charge of bringing them to light.

* Lib. 2. Od. 18. Lib. 3. Od. 1. Lib. 3. Od. 24. Epist. Lib. 1.

† Vid. Gronovium, Fauretti, Bulifon, &c.

The pedestal itself lay neglected in an open field when I saw it. I shall not be particular on the ruins of the amphitheatre, the ancient reservoirs of water, the Sibyl's grotto, the Centum Cameræ, the sepulchre of Agrippina, Nero's mother, with several other antiquities of less note, that lie in the neighbourhood of this bay, and have been often described by many others. I must confess, after having surveyed the antiquities about Naples and Rome, I cannot but think that our admiration of them does not so much arise out of their greatness as uncommonness.

There are indeed many extraordinary ruins; but I believe a traveller would not be so much astonished at them, did he find any works of the same kind in his own country. Amphitheatres, triumphal arches, baths, grottos, catacombs, rotundas, highways paved for so great a length, bridges of such an amazing height, subterraneous buildings for the reception of rain and snow-water, are most of them at present out of fashion, and only to be met with among the antiquities of Italy. We are therefore immediately surprised when we see any considerable sums laid out in any thing of this nature, though at the same time there is many a Gothic cathedral in England that has cost more pains and money than several of these celebrated works. Among the ruins of the old heathen temples, they shewed me what they call the chamber of Venus, which stands a little behind her temple. It is wholly dark, and has several figures on the ceiling wrought in stucco, that seem to represent lust and strength, by the emblems of naked Jupiters and Gladiators, Tritons and Centaurs, &c. so that one would guess it has formerly been the scene of many lewd mysteries. On the other side of Naples are the catacombs. These must have been full of stench and loathsomeness, if the dead bodies that lay in them were left to rot in open niches, as an eminent author of our own country imagines. But upon examining them I find they were each of them stopped up;

without doubt as soon as the corpse was laid in it. For at the mouth of the niche one always finds the rock cut into little channels, to fasten the board or marble that was to close it up; and I think I did not see one which had not still some mortar sticking in it. In some I found pieces of tiles that exactly tallied with the channel, and in others a little wall of bricks, that sometimes stopped up above a quarter of the niche, the rest having been broken down. St. Proculus's sepulchre seems to have a kind of Mosaic work on its covering; for I observed at one end of it several little pieces of marble ranged together after that manner. It is probable they were adorned, more or less, according to the quality of the dead. One would indeed wonder to find such a multitude of niches unstopped, and I cannot imagine any body should take the pains to do it, who was not in quest of some supposed treasure.

Baiæ was the winter retreat of the old Romans, that being the proper season to enjoy the Baiani Soles and the Mollis Lucrinus; as, on the contrary, Tiber, Tusculum, Preneste, Alba, Cajeta, Mons Circeius, Anxur, and the like airy mountains and promontaries, were their retirements during the heats of summer.

Dum nos blanda tenent jucundi Stagna Lucrini,
 Et quæ puniceis fontibus antra calent,
 Tu colis Argivi regnum, Faustine, coloni,*
 Quo te bis decimus ducit ab urbe lapis.
 Horrida sed fervent Nemeæi pectora monstri:
 Nec satis est Baias igne cadere suo.
 Ergo sacri fontes, et littora sacra valete,
 Nympharum pariter, Nereidumque domus.
 Herculeos colles gelida vos vincite bruma,
 Nunc Tiburtinis cedite frigoribus.

Mart. Lib. iv. Epigr. 57.

While near the Lucrine lake, consum'd to death,
 I draw the sultry air, and gasp for breath,

* Vid. Hor. Lib. ii. Od. 6.

Where streams of sulphur raise a stifling heat,
 And through the pores of the warm pumice sweat ;
 You taste the cooling breeze, where nearer home
 The twentieth pillar marks the mile from Rome :
 And now the Sun to the bright Lion turns,
 And Baia with redoubled fury burns ;
 Then briny seas and tasteful springs farewell,
 Where fountain Nymphs confus'd with Nereids dwell ;
 In winter you may all the world despise,
 But now 'tis Tivoli that bears the prize.

The natural curiosities about Naples are as numerous and extraordinary as the artificial. I shall set them down as I have done the other, without any regard to their situation. The grotto Del Cani is famous for the poisonous streams which float within a foot of its surface. The sides of the grotto are marked with green as high as the malignity of the vapour reaches. The common experiments are as follow. A dog, that has his nose held in the vapour, loses all signs of life in a very little time ; but if carried into the open air, or thrown into a neighbouring lake, he immediately recovers, if he is not quite gone. A torch, snuff and all, goes out in a moment, when dipped into the vapour. A pistol cannot take fire in it. I split a reed, and laid in the channel of it a train of gunpowder, so that one end of the reed was above the vapour, and the other at the bottom of it ; and I found, though the steam was strong enough to hinder a pistol from taking fire in it, and to quench a lighted torch, that it could not intercept the train of fire when it had once begun flashing, nor hinder it from running to the very end. This experiment I repeated twice or thrice, to see if I could quite dissipate the vapour, which I did in so great a measure, that one might easily let off a pistol in it. I observed how long a dog was in expiring the first time, and after his recovery, and found no sensible difference. A viper bore it nine minutes the first time we put him in, and ten the second. When we brought it out after the first trial it took such a vast

quantity of air into its lungs, that it swelled almost twice as big as before; and it was perhaps on this stock of air that it lived a minute longer the second time. Doctor Connor made a discourse in one of the academies at Rome upon the subject of this grotto, which he has since printed in England. He attributes the death of animals, and the extinction of lights, to a great rarefaction of the air, caused by the heat and eruption of the steams. But how is it possible for these steams, though in ever so great quantity, to resist the pressure of the whole atmosphere? And as for the heat, it is but very inconsiderable. However, to satisfy myself, I placed a thin vial, well stopped up with wax, within the smoke of the vapour, which would certainly have burst in an air rarified enough to kill a dog, or quench a torch, but nothing followed upon it. However, to take away all further doubt, I borrowed a weather-glass, and so fixed it in the grotto, that the stagnum was wholly covered with the vapour; but I could not perceive the quicksilver sunk after half an hour's standing in it. This vapour is generally supposed to be sulphureous, though I can see no reason for such a supposition. He that dips his hand in it finds no smell that it leaves upon it; and though I put a whole bundle of lighted brimstone matches to the smoke, they all went out in an instant, as if immersed in water. Whatever is the composition of the vapour, let it have but one quality of being very gluey or viscous, and I believe it will mechanically solve all the phenomena of the grotto. Its unctuousness will make it heavy and unfit for mounting higher than it does, unless the heat of the earth, which is just strong enough to agitate, and bear it up at a little distance from the surface, were much greater than it is to rarify and scatter it. It will be too gross and thick to keep the lungs in play for any time, so that animals will die in it sooner or later, as their blood circulates slower or faster. Fire will live in it no longer than in water, because it wraps it-

self in the same manner about the flame, and by its continuity hinders any quantity of air and nitre from coming to its succour. The parts of it, however, are not so compact as those of liquors, nor therefore tenacious enough to intercept the fire that has once caught a train of gunpowder; for which reason they may be quite broken and dispersed by the repetition of this experiment. There is an unctuous clammy vapour that arises from the stum of grapes, when they lie mashed together in the vat, which puts out a light when dipped into it, and perhaps would take away the breath of weaker animals, were it put to the trial.

It would be endless to reckon up the different baths to be met with in a country that so much abounds in sulphur. There is scarce a disease which has not one adapted to it. A stranger is generally led into that they call Cicero's bath, and several voyage-writers pretend there is a cold vapour arising from the bottom of it, which refreshes those who stoop into it. It is true the heat is much more supportable to one that stoops than to one that stands upright, because the steams of sulphur gather in the hollow of the arch about a man's head, and are therefore much thicker and warmer in that part than at the bottom. The three lakes of Agnano, Avernus, and the Lucrin, have now nothing in them particular. The Monte Novo was thrown out by an eruption of fire that happened in the place where the mountain now stands. The Sulfatara is very surprising to one who has not seen Mount Vesuvio. But there is nothing about Naples, nor indeed in any part of Italy, which deserves our admiration so much as this mountain. I must confess the idea I had of it did not answer the real image of the place when I came to see it; I shall therefore give the description of it as it then lay.

This mountain stands at about six English miles distance from Naples, though, by reason of its

height, it seems much nearer to those that survey it from the town. In our way to it we passed by what was one of those rivers of burning matter that ran from it in a late eruption. This looks at a distance like new-ploughed land; but as you come near it, you see nothing but a long heap of heavy disjointed clods lying one upon another. There are innumerable cavities and insterstices among the several pieces, so that the surface is all broken and irregular. Sometimes a great fragment stands like a rock above the rest; sometimes the whole heap lies in a kind of channel, and in other places has nothing like banks to confine it, but rises four or five foot high in the open air, without spreading abroad on either side. This, I think, is a plain demonstration that these rivers were not, as they are usually represented, so many streams of running matter; for how could a liquid, that lay hardening by degrees, settle in such a furrowed compact surface? Were the river a confusion of never so many different bodies, if they had been all actually dissolved, they would at least have formed one continued crust, as we see the scorium of metals always gathers into a solid piece, let it be compounded of a thousand heterogeneous parts. I am apt to think, therefore, that these huge unwieldy lumps that now lie one upon another, as if thrown together by accident, remained in the melted matter rigid and unliquified, floating in it like cakes of ice in a river; and that, as the fire and ferment gradually abated, they adjusted themselves together as well as their irregular figures would permit, and by this means fell into such an interrupted disorderly heap as we now find it. What was the melted matter lies at the bottom out of sight. After having quitted the side of this long heap, which was once a stream of fire, we came to the roots of the mountain, and had a very troublesome march to gain the top of it. It is covered on all sides with a kind of burnt earth, very dry, and crumbled into powder, as if it had

been artificially sifted. It is very hot under the feet, and mixed with several burnt stones and cakes of cinders, which have been thrown out at different times. A man sinks almost a foot in the earth, and generally loses half a step by sliding backwards. When we had climbed this mountain, we discovered the top of it to be a wide naked plain, smoking with sulphur in several places, and probably undermined with fire; for we concluded it to be hollow by the sound it made under our feet. In the midst of this plain stands a high hill in the shape of a sugar-loaf, so very steep, that there would be no mounting or descending it, were it not made up of such a loose crumbled earth as I have before described. The air of this place must be very much impregnated with saltpetre, as appears by the specks of it on the sides of the mountain, where one can scarce find a stone that has not the top white with it. After we had, with much ado, conquered this hill, we saw in the midst of it the present mouth of Vesuvio, that goes shelving down on all sides, until above a hundred yards deep, as near as we could guess, and has about three or four hundred in the diameter, for it seems a perfect round. This vast hollow is generally filled with smoke: but, by the advantage of a wind that blew for us, we had a very clear and distinct sight of it. The sides appear all over stained with mixtures of white, green, red, and yellow, and have several rocks standing out of them that look like pure brimstone. The bottom was entirely covered, and though we looked very narrowly, we could see nothing like a hole in it; the smoke breaking through several imperceptible cracks in many places. The very middle was firm ground when we saw it, as we concluded from the stones we flung upon it, and I question not but one might then have crossed the bottom, and have gone up on the other side of it with very little danger, unless from some accidental breath of wind. In the late eruptions this great hollow was like a

vast cauldron filled with glowing and melted matter, which, as it boiled over in any part, ran down the sides of the mountain, and made five such rivers as that before mentioned. In proportion as the heat slackened, this burning matter must have subsided within the bowels of the mountain, and as it sunk very leisurely, had time to cake together, and form the bottom which covers the mouth of that dreadful vault that lies underneath it. The next eruption, or earthquake, will probably break in pieces this false bottom, and quite change the present face of things.

This whole mountain, shaped like a sugar-loaf, has been made at several times, by the prodigious quantities of earth and cinders, which have been flung up out of the mouth that lies in the midst of them; so that it increases in the bulk at every eruption, the ashes still falling down the sides of it, like the sand in an hour-glass. A gentleman of Naples told me, that in his memory it had gained twenty foot in thickness, and I question not but in length of time it will cover the whole plain, and make one mountain with that on which it now stands.

In those parts of the sea that are not far from the roots of this mountain, they find sometimes a very fragrant oil, which is sold dear, and makes a rich perfume. The surface of the sea is, for a little space, covered with its bubbles, during the time that it rises, which they skim off into their boats, and afterwards set a separating in pots and jars. They say its sources never run but in calm warm weather. The agitations of the water perhaps hinder them from discovering it at other times.

Among the natural curiosities of Naples, I cannot forbear mentioning their manner of furnishing the town with snow, which they here use instead of ice, because, as they say, it cools or congeals any liquor sooner. There is a great quantity of it consumed yearly; for they drink very few liquors, not so much as water, that have not lain in fresco; and every

body, from the highest to the lowest, makes use of it, insomuch that a scarcity of snow would raise a mutiny at Naples, as much as a dearth of corn or provisions in another country. To prevent this the king has sold the monopoly of it to certain persons, who are obliged to furnish the city with it all the year at so much the pound. They have a high mountain at about eighteen miles from the town, which has several pits dug into it. Here they employ many poor people at such a season of the year to roll in vast balls of snow, which they ram together, and cover from the sunshine. Out of these reservoirs of snow they cut several lumps, as they have occasion for them, and send them on asses to the sea-side, where they are carried off in boats, and distributed to several shops at a settled price, that from time to time supply the whole city of Naples. While the banditti continued their disorders in this kingdom, they often put the snow-merchants under contribution, and threatened them, if they appeared tardy in their payments, to destroy their magazines, which they say might easily have been effected by the infusion of some barrels of oil.

It would have been tedious to have put down the many descriptions that the Latin poets have made of several of the places mentioned in this chapter: I shall, therefore, conclude it with the general map which Silius Italicus has given us of this great bay of Naples. Most of the places he mentions lie within the same prospect; and if I have passed over any of them, it is because I shall take them in my way by sea from Naples to Rome.

Stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia monstrat Avernum;
 Tum tristi nemore atque umbris nigrantibus horrens;
 Et formidatus voluceri, lethale vomebat
 Sulfuso virus cœlo, Stygiaque per urbes
 Religione sacer, sævum retinebat honorem.
 Hinc vicina palus, fama est Acherontis ad undas
 Pandere iter, cæcas stagnante voragine fauces

Laxat, et horrendos aperit telluris hiatus,
 Interdumque novo perturbat lumine manes.
 Juxta caligante situ, longumque per ævum
 Infernis pressas nebulis, pallente sub umbra
 Cimmerias jacuisse domos, noctemque profundam
 Tartaræ narrant urbis: tum sulfure et igni
 Semper anhelantes, coctoque bitumine campos
 Ostentant: tellus atro exundante vapore
 Suspirans, ustisque diu calefacta medullis
 Æstuat, et Stygios exhalat in aëra flatus:
 Parturit, et tremulis metuendum exhibilat antris,
 Interdumque cavas luctatus rumpere sedes,
 Aut exire foras, sonitu lugubre minaci
 Mulciber immugit, lacerataque viscere terræ
 Mandit, et exesos labefactat murmure montes.
 Tradunt Herculeæ prostratos mole Gigantes
 Tellurem injectam quaterere, et spiramine anhelò
 Terrori late campos, quotiesque minantur
 Rumpere compagem impositam, expallescere cœlum.
 Apparet procul Inarime, quæ turbine nigro
 Fumantem premit læpetum, flammisque rebelli
 Oræ ejectantem, et siquando evadere detur
 Bella Jovi rursus superisque iterare volentem.
 Monstrantur Veseva juga, atque in vertice summo
 Depasiti flammis seopuli, fractusque ruina
 Mons circum, atque Ætnæ fatis certantia Saxa.
 Nec non Misenum servantem Idæa sepulcro
 Nomina, et Herculeos videt ipso in litore Baulos.

Lib. xii.

Averno next he show'd his wond'ring guest,
 Averno now with milder virtues bless'd;
 Black with surrounding forests then it stood,
 That hung above, and darken'd all the flood:
 Clouds of unwholesome vapours, rais'd on high,
 The flutt'ring bird intangled in the sky,
 Whilst all around the gloomy prospect spread
 An awful horror, and religious dread.
 Hence to the borders of the marsh they go,
 That mingles with the baleful streams below,
 And sometimes with a mighty yawn, 'tis said,
 Opens a dismal passage to the dead,
 Who pale with fear the rending earth survey,
 And startle at the sudden flash of day.

The dark Cimmerian grotto then he paints,
 Describing all its old inhabitants,
 That in the deep infernal city dwell'd,
 And lay in everlasting night conceal'd.
 Advancing still, the spacious fields he show'd,
 That with the smother'd heat of brimstone glow'd ;
 Through frequent cracks the streaming sulphur broke,
 And cover'd all the blasted plain with smoke :
 Imprison'd fires, in the close dungeons pent,
 Roar to get loose, and struggle for a vent,
 Eating their way, and undermining all,
 'Till with a mighty burst whole mountains fall.
 Here, as 'tis said, the rebel giants lie,
 And when to move th' incumbent load they try,
 Ascending vapours on the day prevail,
 The sun looks sickly, and the skies grow pale.
 Next to the distant isle his sight he turns,
 That o'er the thunderstruck Tiphœus burns :
 Enrag'd, his wide-extended jaws expire
 In angry whirlwinds, blasphemies, and fire,
 Threat'ning, if loosen'd from his dire abodes,
 Again to challenge Jove, and fight the gods,
 On Mount Vesuvio next he fixt his eyes,
 And saw the smoking tops confus'dly rise ;
 (A hideous ruin !) that with earthquakes rent,
 A second Ætna to the view present.
 Miseno's cape and Bauli last he view'd,
 That on the sea's extremest borders stood.

Silius Italicus here takes notice, that the poisonous vapours which arose from the lake Averno in Hannibal's time, were quite dispersed at the time when he wrote his poem : because Agrippa, who lived between Hannibal and Silius, had cut down the woods that inclosed the lake, and hindered these noxious streams from dissipating, which were immediately scattered as soon as the winds and fresh air were let in among them.

Having staid longer at Naples than I at first designed, I could not dispense with myself from making a little voyage to the isle of Caprea, as being very desirous to see a place which had been the retirement of Augustus for some time, and the resi-

dence of Tiberius for several years. The island lies four miles in length from east to west, and about one in breadth. The western part, for about two miles in length, is a continued rock vastly high, and inaccessible on the sea-side. It has however the greatest town in the island, that goes under the name of Ano-Caprea, and is in several places covered with a very fruitful soil. The eastern end of the isle rises up in precipices very near as high, though not quite so long, as the western. Between these eastern and western mountains lies a slip of lower ground, which runs across the island, and is one of the pleasantest spots I have seen. It is hid with vines, figs, oranges, almonds, olives, myrtles, and fields of corn, which look extremely fresh and beautiful, and make up the most delightful little landscape imaginable, when they are surveyed from the tops of the neighbouring mountains. Here stands the town of Caprea, the bishop's palace, and two or three convents. In the midst of this fruitful tract of land rises a hill, that was probably covered with buildings in Tiberius's time. There are still several ruins on the sides of it, and about the top are found two or three dark galleries, low built, and covered with mason's work, though at present they appear overgrown with grass. I entered one of them that is a hundred paces in length. I observed, as some of the countrymen were digging into the sides of this mountain, that what I took for solid earth was only heaps of brick, stone, and other rubbish, skinned over with a covering of vegetables. But the most considerable ruin is that which stands on the very extremity of the eastern promontory, where are still some apartments left, very high and arched at top. I have not indeed seen the remains of any ancient Roman buildings, that have not been roofed with either vaults or arches. The rooms I am mentioning stand deep in the earth, and have nothing like windows or chimnies, which makes me think they were formerly either bathing-places or reservoirs of water. An old hermit lives

at present among the ruins of this palace, who lost his companion a few years ago by a fall from the precipice. He told me they had often found medals and pipes of lead, as they dug among the rubbish, and that not many years ago they discovered a paved road running under ground from the top of the mountain to the sea-side, which was afterwards confirmed to me by a gentleman of the island. There is a very noble prospect from this place. On the one side lies a vast extent of seas, that runs abroad further than the eye can reach. Just opposite stands the green promontory of Surrentum, and on the other side the whole circuit of the bay of Naples. This prospect, according to Tacitus, was more agreeable before the burning of Vesuvio. That mountain, probably, which after the first eruption looked like a great pile of ashes, was in Tiberius's time shaded with woods and vineyards; for I think Martial's epigram may serve here as a comment to Tacitus.

Hic est pampineis viridis Vesuvius umbris,
 Pres-erat hic madidos nobilis uvâ lacus.
 Hæc juga, quam Nisæ colles, plus Bacchus amavit :
 Hoc nuper satyri monte dedere choros.
 Hæc Veneris sedes, Lacedæmone gratior illi ;
 Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.
 Cuncta jacent flammis et tristi mersa favilla :
 Nec superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi.

Lib. ii. Epigr. 105.

Vesuvio, cover'd with the fruitful vine,
 Here flourish dounce, and ran with floods of wine ;
 Here Bacchus oft to the cool shades retir'd,
 And his own native Nisa less admir'd ;
 Oft to the mountain's airy tops advanc'd,
 The frisking satyrs on the summits danc'd ;
 Alcides here, here Venus grac'd the shore,
 Nor lov'd her fav'rite Lacedæmon more :
 Now piles of ashes, spreading all around,
 In undistinguish'd heaps deform the ground.
 The gods themselves the ruin'd seas bemoan,
 And blame the mischiefs that themselves have done.

This view must still have been more pleasant, when

the whole bay was encompassed with so long a range of buildings, that it appeared to those, who looked on it at a distance, but as one continued city. On both the shores of that fruitful bottom, which I have before mentioned, are still to be seen the marks of ancient edifices; particularly on that which looks towards the south there is a little kind of mole, which seems to have been the foundation of a palace; unless we may suppose that the Pharos of Caprea stood there, which Statius takes notice of in his poem that invites his wife to Naples, and is, I think, the most natural among the *Sylvæ*.

Nec desunt variæ circum oblectamina vitæ;
 Sive vaporiferas, blandissima littora, Baias,
 Enthea fatidicæ seu visere tecta Sibyllæ
 Dulce sit, iliacoque jugum memorabile remo:
 Seu tibi Bacchei vineta madentia Gauri,
 Teleboumque domos, trepidis ubi dulcia nautis
 Lumina noctivagæ tollit pharus æmula lunæ,
 Caraque non molli juga Surrentina lyæo.

Sylv. 5. Lib. iii. v. 95.

The blissful seats with endless pleasures flow,
 Whether to Baia's sunny shores you go,
 And view the sulphur to the baths convey'd,
 Or the dark grotto of the prophetic maid,
 Or steep Miseno from the Trojan nam'd,
 Or Gaurus for its flowing vintage fam'd,
 Or Caprea, where the lanthorn fix'd on high
 Shines like a moon through the benighted sky,
 While by its beams the wary sailor steers;
 Or where Surrentum, clad in vines, appears.

They found in *Ano Caprea*, some years ago, a statue and a rich pavement under ground, as they had occasion to turn up the earth that lay upon them. One still sees, on the bendings of these mountains, the marks of several ancient scales of stairs, by which they used to ascend them. The whole island is so unequal that there were but few diversions to be found in it without doors; but what recommended it most to *Tiberius* was its wholesome air, which is warm in winter

and cool in summer, and its inaccessible coasts, which are generally so very steep, that a handful of men might defend them against a powerful army.

We need not doubt but Tiberius had his different residencies, according as the seasons of the year, and his different sets of pleasure required. Suetonius says, "Duodecim villas totidem nominibus ornavit." i. e. "He distinguished twelve towns by as many names." The whole island was probably cut into several easy ascents, planted with a variety of palaces, and adorned with as great a multitude of groves and gardens as the situation of the place would suffer. The works under ground were however more extraordinary than those above it; for the rocks were all undermined with highways, grottos, galleries, bagnios, and several subterraneous retirements, that suited with the brutal pleasures of the Emperor. One would indeed very much wonder to see such small appearances of the many works of art, that were formerly to be met with in this island, were we not told that the Romans, after the death of Tiberius, sent hither an army of pioneers on purpose to demolish the buildings, and deface the beauties of the island.

In sailing round Caprea we were entertained with many rude prospects of rocks and precipices, that rise in several places half a mile high in perpendicular. At the bottom of them are caves and grottos formed by the continual breaking of the waves upon them. I entered one which the inhabitants call Grotto Obscuro, and, after the light of the sun was a little worn off my eyes, could see all the parts of it distinctly, by a glimmering reflection that played upon them from the surface of the water. The mouth is low and narrow; but after having entered pretty far in, the grotto opens itself on both sides in an oval figure of an hundred yards from one extremity to the other, as we were told, for it would not have been safe measuring of it. The roof is vaulted, and distils fresh water from every part of it, which fell

upon us as fast as the first droppings of a shower. The inhabitants and Neapolitans, who have heard of Tiberius's grottos, will have this to be one of them; but there are several reasons that shew it to be natural. For besides the little use we can conceive of such a dark cavern of salt waters, there are no where any marks of the chissel; the sides are of a soft mouldering stone, and one sees many of the like hollow spaces worn in the bottoms of the rocks, as they are more or less able to resist the impressions of the water that beats against them.

Not far from this grotto lie the Sirenum Scopuli, which Virgil and Ovid mention in Æneas's voyage; they are two or three sharp rocks that stand about a stone's throw from the south-side of the island, and are generally beaten by waves and tempests, which are much more violent on the south than on the north of Caprea.

Jamque adeo scopulos Sirenum advecta subibat;
Difficiles quondam, multorumque ossibus albos:
Tum rauca assiduo longe sale saxa sonabant.

Æn. 5. v. 864.

Glides by the Sirens cliffs, a shelfy coast,
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,
And white with bones: the impetuous ocean roars,
And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores.

Dryden.

I have before said that they often find medals in this island. Many of those they call the Spintriaæ, which Aretin has copied, have been dug up here. I know none of the antiquaries that have written on this subject, and find nothing satisfactory of it where I thought it most likely to be met with, in Patin's edition of Suetonius, illustrated by medals. Those I have conversed with about it, are of opinion they were made to ridicule the brutality of Tiberius, though I cannot but believe they were stamped by his order. They are unquestionably antique, and no bigger than medals of the third magnitude. They bear on one

side some lewd invention of that hellish society, which Suetonius calls “*Monstrosi concubitus repertores,*” and on the other the number of the medal. I have seen of them as high as to twenty. I cannot think they were made as a jest on the Emperor, because raillery on coins is of a modern date. I know but two in the upper empire, besides the *Spintriæ*, that lie under any suspicion of it. The first is one of Marcus Aurelius, where, in compliment to the Emperor and Empress, they have stamped on the reverse the figure of Venus caressing Mars, and endeavouring to detain him from the wars.

— Quoniam belli fera mûnera mavors
 Armipotens regit, in gremium qui sæpe tuum se
 Rejicit, æterno devinctus vulnere amoris.

Lucr. Lib. i. v. 33.

Because the brutal bus'ness of the war
 Is manag'd by thy dreadful servants care,
 Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove
 The pleasing pains of thy eternal love. Dryden.

The Venus has Faustina's face; her lover is a naked figure, with a helmet on his head, and a shield on his arm.

Tu scabie frueris mali, quod in aggere rodit
 Qui tegitur parma et galea.—Juv. Sat. 5. v. 153.

Such scabbed fruit you eat, as, in his tent,
 With helmet arm'd and shield, the soldier gnaws.

This unluckily brings to mind Faustina's fondness for the Gladiator, and is therefore interpreted by many as a hidden piece of satire. But, besides that such a thought was inconsistent with the gravity of a senate, how can one imagine that the fathers would have dared to affront the wife of Aurelius, and the mother of Commodus, or that they could think of giving offence to an empress whom they afterwards deified, and to an Emperor that was the darling of the army and people.

The other medal is a golden one of Gallienus, preserved in the French king's cabinet; it is inscribed

“Gallienæ Augustæ, Pax Ubique,” and was stamped at a time when the Emperor’s father was in bondage, and the empire torn in pieces by several pretenders to it. Yet, if one considers the strange stupidity of this Emperor, with the senseless security which appears in several of his sayings that are still left on record, one may very well believe this coin was of his own invention. We may be sure, if raillery had once entered the old Roman coins, we should have been overstocked with medals of this nature; if we consider there were often rival Emperors proclaimed at the same time, who endeavoured at the lessening of each other’s character, and that most of them were succeeded by such as were enemies to their predecessor. These medals of Tiberius were never current money, but rather of the nature of medalions, which seem to have been made on purpose to perpetuate the discoveries of that infamous society. Suetonius tells us, that their monstrous inventions were registered several ways, and preserved in the Emperors private apartment. “Cubicula plurifariam disposita tabellis ac Sigillis lascivissimarum picturarum et figurarum adornavit, librisque Elephantidis instruxit: ne cui in opera edenda exemplar impetratæ schemæ decset.” i. e. “He adorned his apartments, which were variously disposed, with pictures and seals, representing the lowdest images, and furnished them with the books of Elephantides, that no one might be at a loss for examples to copy after.” The Elephantides here mentioned is probably the same Martial takes notice of for her book of postures.

In Sabellum.

Facundos mihi de libidinosis
Legisti nimium, Sabella, versus.
Quales nec Didymi sciunt puellæ,
Nec molles Elephantidos libelli.
Sunt illic Veneris novæ figuræ:

Quales, &c.

Too much, Sabellus, you delight
In poems, that to lust excite,

Lib. xii. Epigr. 43.

Where Venus, varying still her shape,
Provokes to incest or a rape :
Not such the lewdest harlots know,
Nor Elephantis' books can show.

Ovid mentions the same kind of pictures that found
a place even in Augustus's cabinet.

Scilicet in domibus vestris, ut prisca virorum
Artifici fulgent corpora picta manu ;
Sic quæ concubitus varios venerisque figuras
Exprimat, est aliquo parva tabella loco.

De Trist. Lib. ii. v. 523.

As ancient heroes, by the painter's hand,
Immortaliz'd, in thy rich gallery stand,
Immodest pictures in some corner lie,
With feats of lust to catch the wanton eye.

There are several of the Sigilla, or seals, Suetonius
speaks of, to be met with in collections of ancient
Intaglios.

But, I think, what puts it beyond all doubt that
these coins were rather made by the Emperor's order,
than as a satire on him is, because they are now found
in the very place that was the scene of these his un-
natural lusts.

———Quem rupes Caprearum tetra latebit
Incesto possessa Seni ?—Cl. de quarto. Cons. Hon.
Who has not heard of Caprea's guilty shore,
Polluted by the rank old emperor ?

I took a felucca at Naples to carry me to Rome,
that I might not be forced to run over the same sights
a second time, and might have an opportunity of
seeing many things in a road, which our voyage-
writers have not so particularly described. As, in my
journey from Rome to Naples, I had Horace for my
guide, so I had the pleasure of seeing my voyage from
Naples to Rome described by Virgil. It is indeed
much easier to trace out the way Æneas took, than
that of Horace, because Virgil has marked it out
by capes, islands, and other parts of nature, which
are not so subject to change or decay, as are towns

cities, and the works of art. Mount Paüsilypo makes a beautiful prospect to those who pass by it: at a small distance from it lies the little island of Nisida, adorned with a great variety of plantations, rising one above another in so beautiful an order, that the whole island looks like a large terrace-garden. It has two little ports, and is not at present troubled with any of those noxious steams that Lucan mentions.

———Tali spiramine Nesis

Emittit Stygium nebulosis aëra saxis.—Lib. vi. v. 90.

Nesis' high rocks such Stygian air produce,
And the blue breathing pestilence diffuse.

From Nisida we rowed to Cape Miseno. The extremity of this cape has a long cleft in it, which was enlarged and cut into shape by Agrippa, who made this the great port for the Roman fleet that served in the Mediterranean; as that of Ravenna held the ships designed for the Adriatic and Archipelago. The highest end of this promontory rises in the fashion of a sepulchre or monument to those that survey it from the land, which perhaps might occasion Virgil's burying Misenus under it. I have seen a grave Italian author, who has written a very large book on the Campania Felice, that from Virgil's description of this mountain, concludes it was called Aërius before Misenus had given it a new name.

At pius Æneas ingenti mole sepulchrum
Imponit, suaque arma viro remumque tubamque
Monte sub Aërio, qui nunc Misenus ab illo
Dicitur, æternumque tenet per sæcula nomen.

Æn. vi. v. 232.

But good Æneas order'd on the shore
A stately tomb; whose top a trumpet bore,
A soldier's faulchion, and a seaman's oar.
Thus was his friend interr'd; and deathless fame
Still to the lofty cape consigns his name. Dryden.

There are still to be seen a few ruins of old Misenum; but the most considerable antiquity of the

place is a set of galleries that are hewn into the rock, and are much more spacious than the *Piscina Mirabilis*. Some will have them to have been a reservoir of water; but others more probably suppose them to have been Nero's Baths. I lay the first night on the isle of Procita, which is pretty well cultivated, and contains about four thousand inhabitants, who are all vassals to the Marquis de Vasto.

The next morning I went to see the isle of Ischia, that stands further out into the sea. The ancient poets call it *Inarime*, and lay Typhœus under it, by reason of its eruptions of fire. There has been no eruption for near these three hundred years. The last was very terrible, and destroyed a whole city. At present there are scarce any marks left of a subterraneous fire; for the earth is cold, and overrun with grass and shrubs, where the rocks will suffer it. There are indeed several little cracks in it, through which there issues a constant smoke; but it is probable this arises from the warm springs that feed the many baths, with which this island is plentifully stocked. I observed, about one of these breathing passages, a spot of myrtles that flourish within the steam of these vapours, and have a continual moisture hanging upon them. On the south of Ischia lies a round lake of about three quarters of a mile diameter, separate from the sea by a narrow tract of land. It was formerly a Roman port. On the north end of this island stands the town and castle, on an exceeding high rock, divided from the body of the island, and inaccessible to an enemy on all sides. This island is larger, but much more rocky and barren than Procita. Virgil makes them both shake at the fall of part of the mole of *Baiæ*, that stood at a few miles distance from them.

*Qualis in Euboico Baiarum litore quondam
Saxea pila cadit, magnis quam molibus ante
Constructam jaciunt pelago: Sic illa ruinam
Prona trahit, penitusque vadis illisa recumbit;*

Miscent se Maria et nigræ attolluntur arenæ,
 Tum sonitu Prochyta alta tremit, durumque cubile
 Inarime; Jovis imperiis imposta Typhœo.

Æn. ix. v. 710.

Not with less ruin than the Baian mole
 (Rais'd on the seas the surges to control)
 At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall;
 Prone to the deep the stones disjointed fall
 Off the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean flies;
 Black sands, discolour'd froth, and mingled mud arise.
 The frighted billows roll, and seek the shores:
 Trembles high Prochyta, and Ischia roars:
 Typhœus roars beneath, by Jove's command,
 Astonish'd at the flaw that shakes the land;
 Soon shifts his weary side, and scarce awake,
 With wonder feels the weight press lighter on his back.
 Dryden.

I do not see why Virgil, in this noble comparison; has given the epithet of *Alta* to *Prochyta*; for it is not only no high island in itself, but is much lower than *Ischia*, and all the points of land that lie within its neighbourhood. I should think *Alta* was joined adverbially with *Tremit*, did Virgil make use of so equivocal a syntax. I cannot forbear inserting, in this place, the lame imitation *Silius Italicus* has made of the foregoing passage.

Haud aliter structo Tyrrhena ad littora saxo,
 Pugnatura fretis subter cæcisque procellis
 Pila immane sonans, impingitur ardua ponto;
 Immugit nereus, divisaque cærulea pulsu
 Illisum accipiunt irata sub æquora montem.—Lib. iv.

So vast a fragment of the Baian mole,
 That, fix'd amid the Tyrrhene waters, braves
 The beating tempests and insulting waves.
 Thrown from its basis with a dreadful sound,
 Dashes the broken billows all around,
 And with resistless force the surface cleaves,
 That in its angry waves the falling rock receives.

The next morning going to *Cumæ* through a very pleasant path, by the *Mare Mortuum*, and the *Elysian* fields, we saw in our way a great many ruins of

sepulchres, and other ancient edifices. Cumæ is at present utterly destitute of inhabitants, so much is it changed since Lucan's time, if the poem to Pisa be his.

— Acidalia quæ condidit Alite muros
Euboicam referens fœcunda Neapolis urbem.

Where the fam'd walls of fruitful Naples lie,
That may for multitudes with Cumæ vie.

They show here the remains of Apollo's temple, which all the writers of the antiquities of this place suppose to have been the same Virgil describes in his sixth Æneid, as built by Dædalus, and that the very story which Virgil there mentions, was actually engraven on the front of it.

Redditus his primum terris tibi, Phœbe, sacra vit
Remigium alarum, posuitque immania templa.
In foribus lethum Androgeo: tum pendere pœnas
Cecropidæ jussi, miserum! Septena quotannis
Corpora natorum: stat ductis fortibus urna.
Contra elata mari respondet gnossia tellus, &c.

Æn. vi. v. 19.

To the Cumæan coast at length he came,
And, here alighting, built his costly frame
Inscrib'd to Phœbus, here he hung on high
The steerage of his wings that cut the sky;
Then o'er the lofty gate his art emboss'd
Androgeos' death, and off'rings to his ghost,
Sev'n Youths from Athens yearly sent to meet
The fate appointed by revengeful Crete;
And next to those the dreadful urn was plac'd,
In which the destin'd names by lots were cast. Dryden.

Among other subterraneous works there is the beginning of a passage, which is stopped up, within less than a hundred yards of the entrance, by the earth that is fallen into it. They suppose it to have been the other mouth of the Sibyls grotto. It lies indeed in the same line with the entrance near the Avernus, is faced alike with the Opus Reticulatum, and has still the marks of chambers that have been cut into the sides of it. Among the many fables and conjectures which have been made on this grotto, I

think it is highly probable, that it was once inhabited by such as perhaps thought it a better shelter against the sun than any other kind of building, or at least that it was made with smaller trouble and expence. As for the Mosaic and other works that may be found in it, they may very well have been added in later ages, according as they thought fit to put the place to different uses. The story of the Cimmerians is indeed clogged with improbabilities, as Strabo relates it; but it is very likely there was in it some foundation of truth. Homer's description of the Cimmerians, whom he places in these parts, answers very well to the inhabitants of such a long dark cavern.

The gloomy race, in subterraneous cells,
 Among surrounding shades and darkness dwells;
 Hid in th' unwholesome covert of the night,
 They shun the approaches of the cheerful light:
 The sun ne'er visits their obscure retreats,
 Nor when he runs his course, nor when he sets.
 Unhappy mortals! ————— Odys. Lib. x.

Tu quoque littoribus nostris, Æneia nutrix,
 Æternam moriens famam, Cajeta, dedisti:
 Et nunc servat honos sedem tuus, ossaque nomen
 Hesperia in magna, si qua est ea gloria, signat.
 Æn. vii. v. i.

And thou, O matron of immortal fame,
 Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name:
 Cajeta still the place is call'd from thee,
 The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.
 Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains,
 Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.
 Dryden.

I saw at Cajeta the rock of marble, said to be cleft by an earthquake at our Saviour's death. There is written over the chapel-door, that leads into the crack, the words of the evangelist, "Ecce terræ motus factus est magnus!"—"Behold, there was a great earthquake!" I believe every one who sees this vast rent in so high a rock, and observes how ex-

actly the convex parts of one side tally with the concave of the other, must be satisfied that it was the effect of an earthquake, though I question not but it either happened long before the time of the Latin writers, or in the darker ages since; for otherwise I cannot but think they would have taken notice of its original. The port, town, castle, and antiquities of this place have been often described.

We touched next at Monte Circeo, which Homer calls *Insula Æëa*, whether it be that it was formerly an island, or that the Greek sailors of his time thought it so. It is certain they might easily have been deceived by its appearance, as being a very high mountain joined to the main land by a narrow tract of earth, that is many miles in length, and almost of a level with the surface of the water. The end of this promontory is very rocky, and mightily exposed to the winds and waves, which perhaps gave the first rise to the howlings of wolves, and the roarings of lions, that used to be heard thence. This I had a very lively idea of, being forced to lie under it a whole night. Virgil's description of *Æneas* passing by this coast can never be enough admired. It is worth while to observe how, to heighten the horror of the description, he has prepared the reader's mind, by the solemnity of *Cajeta's* funeral, and the dead stillness of the night.

At pius exequiis *Æneas* rite solutis,
 Aggere composito tumuli, postquam alta quierunt
 Æquora, tendit iter velis, portumque relinquit.
 Adspirant auræ in noctem, nec candida cursus
 Luna negat: Splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.
 Proxima *Circææ* raduntur littora terræ:
 Dives inaccessos ubi *Solis* filia lucos
 Assiduo resonat cantu, tectisque superbis
 Urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum,
 Arguto tenues percurrens pectine telas:
 Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque Leonum
 Vincla recusantum, et sera sub nocte rudentum:
 Setigerique sues atque in præsepibus ursi

Sævire, ac formæ magnorum ululare luporum :
 Quos hominum ex facie Dea sæva potentibus herbis
 Induerat Circe in vultus ac terga ferarum.
 Quæ ne monstra pii paterentur talia Trœs
 Delati in portus, neu littora dira subirent,
 Neptunus ventis implevit vela secundis,
 Atque fugam dedit, et præter vada fervida vexit.

Æn. vii. v. 5.

Now when the prince her funeral rites had paid,
 He plow'd the Tyrrhene seas with sails display'd ;
 From land a gentle breeze arose, by night
 Serenely shone the stars, the moon was bright,
 And the sea trembled with her silver light.
 Now near the shelves of Circe's shores they run,
 (Circe the rich, the daughter of the Sun)
 A dang'rous coast: the Goddess wastes her days
 In joyous songs, the rocks resound her lays ;
 In spinning or the loom she spends her night,
 And cedar brands supply her father's light.
 From hence were heard (rebellowing to the main)
 The roars of lions that refuse the chain,
 The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears,
 And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailors' ears.
 These from their caverns, at the close of night,
 Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.
 Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's pow'r,
 (That watch'd the moon, and planetary hour)
 With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
 Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd.
 Which monsters, lest the Trojan's pious host
 Should bear, or touch upon th' enchanted coast ;
 Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by night
 With rising gales, that sped their happy flight.

Dryden.

Virgil calls this promontory *Æëæ Insula Circes* in the third *Æneid* ; but it is the hero, and not the poet that speaks. It may however be looked upon as an intimation, that he himself thought it an island in *Æneas's* time. As for the thick woods, which not only Virgil but Homer mentions in the beautiful description that Plutarch and Longinus have taken notice of, they are most of them grubbed up since the

promontory has been cultivated and inhabited; though there are still many spots of it which show the natural inclination of the soil leans that way.

The next place we touched upon was Nettuno, where we found nothing remarkable besides the extreme poverty and laziness of the inhabitants. At two miles distance from it lie the ruins of Antium, that are spread over a great circuit of land. There are still left the foundations of several buildings, and, what are always the last parts that perish in a ruin, many subterraneous grottos and passages, of a great length. The foundations of Nero's port are still to be seen. It was altogether artificial, and composed of huge moles running round it, in a kind of circular figure, except where the ships were to enter, and had about three quarters of a mile in its shortest diameter. Though the making of this port must have cost prodigious sums of money, we find no medal of it, and yet the same emperor has a medal struck in his own name for the port of Ostia, which in reality was a work of his predecessor Claudius. The last pope was at considerable charges to make a little kind of harbour in this place, and to convey fresh water to it, which was one of the artifices of the grand duke, to divert his holiness from his project of making Civita-vecchia a free port. There lies, between Antium and Nettuno, a cardinal's villa, which is one of the pleasantest for walks, fountains, shades, and prospects, that I ever saw.

Antium was formerly famous for the Temple of Fortune that stood in it. All agree there were two Fortunes worshipped here, which Suetonius calls the *Fortunæ Antiates*, and Martial the *Sorores Antii*. Some are of opinion, that by these two goddesses were meant the two Nemeses, one of which rewarded good men, as the other punished the wicked. Fabretti and others are apt to believe, that by the two Fortunes were only meant in general the goddess who sent prosperity, or she who sent afflictions to man-

kind, and produce in their behalf an ancient monument found in this very place, and superscribed Fortunæ Felici; which indeed may favour one opinion as well as the other, and shows at least they are not mistaken in the general sense of their division. I do not know whether any body has taken notice, that this double function of the goddess gives a considerable light and beauty to the ode which Horace has addressed to her. The whole poem is a prayer to Fortune, that she would prosper Cæsar's arms, and confound his enemies, so that each of the goddesses has her task assigned in the poet's prayer; and we may observe the invocation is divided between the two deities, the first line relating indifferently to either. That which I have marked speaks to the goddess of Prosperity, or, if you please, to the Nemesis of the good, and the other to the goddess of Adversity, or to the Nemesis of the wicked.

*O Diva gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos! &c. Od. xxv. Lib. i.*

Great Goddess, Antium's guardian power,
Whose force is strong, and quick to raise
The lowest to the highest place;
*Or with a wondrous fall
To bring the haughty lower,
And turn proud triumphs to a funeral, &c.*

Crecch.

If we take the first interpretation of the two Fortunes for the double Nemesis, the compliment to Cæsar is the greater, and the fifth stanza clearer than the commentators usually make it; for the "clavi trabales, cunei, uncus, liquidumque plumbum," were actually used in the punishment of criminals.

Our next stage brought us to the mouth of the Tiber, into which we entered with some danger, the sea being generally very rough in the parts where the river rushes into it. The season of the year, the

muddiness of the stream, with the many green trees hanging over it, put me in mind of the delightful image that Virgil has given us when Æneas took the first view of it.

Atque hic Æneas ingentem ex æquore lucum
 Prospicit : hunc inter fluvio Tiberius amœno,
 Vorticibus rapidis et multa flavus arena,
 In mare prorumpit : variæ circumque supraque
 Assuetæ ripis volucres et fluminis alveo,
 Æthera mulcebant cantu, lucoque volabant.
 Flectere iter Sociis, terræque advertere proras
 Imperat, et lætus fluvio succedit opaco. Æn. vii. v. 29.

The Trojan from the main beheld a wood,
 Which thick with shades, and a brown horror stood :
 Betwixt the trees the Tiber took his course,
 With whirlpools dimpled, and with downward force
 That drove the sand along, he took his way,
 And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea :
 About him, and above, and round the wood,
 The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,
 That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his side,
 To tuneful songs their narrow throats apply'd.
 The captain gives command, the joyful train
 Glide through the gloomy shade, and leave the main.

Dryden.

It is impossible to learn from the ruins of the Port of Ostia what its figure was when it stood whole and entire. I shall therefore set down the medal, that I have before mentioned, which represents it as it was formerly.

It is worth while to compare Juvenal's description of this port with the figure it makes on the coin.

Tandem intrat positas inclusa per æquora moles,
 Tyrrenamque Pharon, porrectaque brachia, rursus
 Quæ pelago occurrunt medio, longeque relinquunt
 Italiam : non sic igitur mirabere portus
 Quos Natura decit—— Juv. Sat. xii. v. 75.

At last within the mighty mole she gets,
 Our Tyrrhene Pharos, that the mid sea meets
 With its embrace, and leaves the land behind ;
 A work so wond'rous Nature ne'er design'd. Dryden.

The seas may very properly be said to be inclosed (inclusa) between the two semicircular moles that almost surround them. The Colusus, with something like a lighted torch in its hand, is probably the Pharos in the second line. The two moles, that we must suppose that are joined to the land behind the Pharos, are very poetically described by the

—Porrectaque brachia, rursus
Quæ pelago occurrunt medio, longeque relinquunt
Italiam——

as they retire from one another in the compass they make, until their two ends almost meet a second time in the midst of the waters, where the figure of Neptune sits. The poet's reflection on the haven is very just, since there are few natural ports better landlocked, and closed on all sides, than this seems to have been. The figure of Neptune has a rudder by him, to mark the convenience of the harbour for navigation, as he is represented himself at the entrance of it, to shew it stood in the sea. The dolphin distinguishes him from a river God, and figures out his dominion over the seas. He holds the same fish in his hand on other medals. What it means we may learn from the Greek epigram on the figure of a Cupid, that had a dolphin in one hand, and a flower in the other.

Ουδε ματην παλαμεις κατεχει δελφινα και ανθος,
Τη μεν γαρ γαιαν, τηδε θαλασσαν εχει.

A proper emblem graces either hand,
In one he holds the sea, in one the land.

Half a day more brought us to Rome, through a road that is commonly visited by travellers.

It is generally observed, that modern Rome stands higher than the ancient; some have computed it about fourteen or fifteen feet, taking one place with another. The reason given for it is, that the present city stands upon the ruins of the former; and indeed

I have often observed, that where any considerable pile of building stood anciently, one still finds a rising ground, or a little kind of hill, which was doubtless made up out of the fragments and rubbish of the ruined edifice. But besides this particular cause, we may assign another that has very much contributed to the raising the situation of several parts of Rome: it being certain the great quantities of earth, that have been washed off from the hills by the violence of showers, have had no small share in it. This any one may be sensible of, who observes how far several buildings, that stand near the roots of mountains, are sunk deeper in the earth than those that have been on the tops of hills, or in open plains; for which reason the present face of Rome is much more even and level than it was formerly; the same cause that has raised the low grounds, having contributed to sink those that were higher.

There are in Rome two sets of antiquities, the christian and the heathen. The former, though of a fresher date, are so embroiled with fable and legend, that one receives but little satisfaction from searching into them. The other give a great deal of pleasure to such as have met with them before in ancient authors; for a man who is in Rome can scarce see an object that does not call to mind a piece of a Latin poet or historian. Among the remains of old Rome, the grandeur of the commonwealth shows itself chiefly in works that were either necessary or convenient, such as temples, highways, aqueducts, walls, and bridges of the city. On the contrary, the magnificence of Rome, under the emperors, was rather for ostentation or luxury than any real usefulness or necessity, as in baths, amphitheatres, circus's, obelisks, triumphant pillars, arches, and mausoleums; for what they added to the aqueducts was rather to supply their baths and naumachias, and to embellish the city with fountains, than out of any real necessity there was for them. These several remains have been

so copiously described by abundance of travellers, and other writers, particularly by those concerned in the learned collection of Grævius, that it is very difficult to make any new discoveries on so beaten a subject. There is however so much to be observed in so spacious a field of antiquities, that it is almost impossible to survey them without taking new hints, and raising different reflections, according as a man's natural turn of thoughts, or the course of his studies, direct him.

No part of the antiquities of Rome pleased me so much as the ancient statues, of which there is still an incredible variety. The workmanship is often the most exquisite of any thing in its kind. A man would wonder how it were possible for so much life to enter into marble, as may be discovered in some of the best of them; and even in the meanest one has the satisfaction of seeing the faces, postures, airs, and dress of those that have lived so many ages before us. There is a strange resemblance between the figures of the several heathen deities, and the descriptions that the Latin poets have given us of them; but as the first may be looked upon as the most ancient of the two, I question not but the Roman poets were the copiers of the Greek statuaries. Though on other occasions we often find the statuaries took their subjects from the poets. The Laocoon is too known an instance, among many others that are to be met with at Rome. In the Villa Aldobrandina are the figures of an old and young man, engaged together at the cæstus, who are probably the Dares and Entellus of Virgil; where, by the way, one may observe the make of the ancient cæstus, that it only consisted of many large thongs about the hand, without any thing like a piece of lead at the end of them, as some writers of antiquities have falsely imagined.

I question not but many passages in the old poets hint at several parts of sculpture that were in vogue in the author's time, though they are now never

thought of, and that therefore such passages lose much of their beauty in the eye of a modern reader, who does not look upon them in the same light with the author's contemporaries. I shall only mention two or three out of Juvenal, that his commentators have not taken notice of; the first runs thus :

Multa pudicitæ veteris vestigia forsan,
Aut aliqua extiterint, et sub Jove, sed Jove nondum
Barbato.—— Sat. vi. v. 14.

Some thin remains of chastity appear'd
Ev'n under Jove, but Jove without a beard. Dryden.

I appeal to any reader, if the humour here would not appear much more natural and unforced to a people that saw every day some or other statue of this God with a thick bushy beard, as there are still many of them extant at Rome, than it can to us who have no such idea of him; especially if we consider there was in the same city a temple dedicated to the young Jupiter, called *Templum Vejovis*, where, in all probability, there stood the particular statue of a *Jupiter Imberbis*.* Juvenal, in another place, makes his flatterer compare the neck of one that is feebly built to that of *Hercules* holding up *Antæus* from the earth.

Et longum invalidi collum cervicibus æquat
Herculis Antæum procul a tellure tenentis.
Sat. iii. v. 88.

His long crane neck and narrow shoulders praise;
You'd think they were describing Hercules
Lifting Antæus—— Dryden.

What a strained unnatural similitude must this seem to a modern reader, but how full of humour, if we suppose it alludes to any celebrated statues of these two champions, that stood perhaps in some public place or highway near Rome? And, what

* Vid. Ovid. de Fastis, Lib. iij.

makes it more than probable there were such statues, we meet with the figures, which Juvenal here describes, on antique intaglios and medals. Nay, Propertius has taken notice of the very statues.

—Luctantum in pulvere signa

Herculis Antæique——

Lib. iii. Eleg. 22. v. 9.

Antæus here and stern Alcides strive,
And both the grappling statues seem to live.

I cannot forbear observing here, that the turn of the neck and arms is often commended in the Latin poets among the beauties of a man, as in Horace we find both put together, in that beautiful description of jealousy :

Dum tu, Lydia, Telephi

Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi

Laudas Brachia, væ meum

Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.

Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color

Certa sede manent : humor in genas

Furtim labitur, arguens

Quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.

Od. 13. Lib. i. v. 1.

While Telephus's youthful charms,
His rosy neck, and winding arms,
With endless rapture you recite,
And in the tender name delight ;
My heart, enrag'd by jealous heats,
With numberless resentment beats ;
From my pale cheeks the colour flies,
And all the man within me dies ;
By fits my swelling grief appears
In rising sighs, and falling tears,
That show too well the warm desires,
The silent, slow, consuming fires,
Which on my inmost vitals prey,
And melt my very soul away.

This we should be at a loss to account for, did we not observe in the old Roman statues, that these two parts were always bare, and exposed to view, as

much as our hands and face are at present. I cannot leave Juvenal without taking notice that his

Ventilat ætivum digitus sudantibus aurum,
Nec sufferre queat majoris pondera gemmæ.

Sat. i. v. 28.

Charg'd with light summer rings his finger's sweat,
Unable to support a gem of weight.—Dryden.

was not anciently so great an hyperbole as it is now; for I have seen old Roman rings so very thick about, and with such large stones in them that it is no wonder a fop should reckon them a little cumbersome in the summer season of so hot a climate.

It is certain that satire delights in such allusions and instances as are extremely natural and familiar: when therefore we see any thing in an old satirist that looks forced and pedantic, we ought to consider how it appeared in the time the poet writ, and whether or no there might not be some particular circumstances to recommend it to the readers of his own age, which we are now deprived of. One of the finest ancient statues in Rome is a Meleager with a spear in his hand, and the head of a wild boar on one side of him. It is of Parian marble, and as yellow as ivory. One meets with many other figures of Meleager in the ancient basso relievos, and on the sides of the Sarcophagi, or funeral monuments. Perhaps it was the arms or device of the old Roman hunters; which conjecture I have found confirmed in a passage of Manilius, that lets us know the pagan hunters had Meleager for their patron, as the Christians have their St. Hubert. He speaks of the constellation which makes a good sportsman.

—Quibus aspirantibus orti

Te, Meleagre, colunt —Manil. Lib. v.

They, on whose birth this constellation shone,

Thee, Meleager, for their patron own.

I question not but this sets a verse, in the fifth satire of Juvenal, in a much better light than if we

suppose that the poet aims only at the old story of Meleager, without considering it as so very common and familiar a one among the Romans.

—Flavi dignus ferro Meleagii

Spumat aper — Juv. Sat. 5. v. 115.

A boar intire, and worthy of the sword

Of Meleager, smokes upon the board.—Bowles.

In the beginning of the ninth satire, Juvenal asks his friend, why he looks like Marsya when he was overcome?

Scire velim quare toties mihi, Nævole, tristis

Occurris fronte abdocta, seu marsya victus? v. 1.

Tell me why saunt'ring thus from place to place,

I meet thee, Nævulus, with a clouded face?

Dryden's Juvenal.

Some of the commentators tell us, that Marsya was a lawyer who had lost his cause; others say that this passage alludes to the story of the satyr Marsyas, who contended with Apollo; which I think is more humorous than the other; if consider there was a famous statue of Apollo slaying Marsya in the midst of the Roman Forum, as there are still several ancient statues of Rome on the same subject.

There is a passage in the sixth satire of Juvenal, that I could never tell what to make of, until I had got the interpretation of it from one of Bellorio's ancient basso relievos.

Magnorum artificum frangebat pocula miles,

Ut phaleris gauderet equus: cælataque cassis

Romuleæ simulachra feræ mansuescere jussæ

Imperii fato, et geminos sub rupe quirinos,

Ac nudam effigium clypeo fulgentis et hasta,

Pendentisque dei perituro ostenderat hosti.

Juv. Sat. xi. v. 102.

Or else a helmet for himself he made,

Where various warlike figures were inlaid:

The Roman wolf suckling the twins was there,

And Mars himself, arm'd with his shield and spear,

Hov'ring above his crest, did dreadful show,
As threatening death to each resisting foe.

Dryden's Juvenal.

Juvenal here describes the simplicity of the old Roman soldiers, and the figures that were generally engraven on their helmets. The first of them was the wolf giving suck to Romulus and Remus: the second, which is comprehended in the two last verses, is not so inteligible. Some of the commentators tell us, that the God here mentioned is Mars, that he comes to see his two sons sucking the wolf, and that the old sculptors generally drew their figures naked, that they might have the advantage of representing the different swelling of the muscles, and the turns of the body. But they are extremely at a loss to know what is meant by the word pendentis; some fancy it expresses only the great embossment of the figure; others believe it hung off the helmet in alto relievo, as in the foregoing translation. Lubin supposes, that the god Mars was engaven on the shield, and that he is said to be hanging, because the shield which bore him hung on the left shoulder. One of the old interpreters is of opinion, that by hanging is only meant a posture of bending forward to strike the enemy. Another will have it, that whatever is placed on the head may be said to hang, as we call hanging-gardens such as are planted on the top of the house. Several learned men, who like none of these explications, believe there has been a fault in the transcriber, and that pendentis ought to be perdentis; but they quote no manuscript in favour of their conjecture. The true meaning of the words is certainly as follows. The Roman soldiers, who were not a little proud of their founder, and the military genius of their republic, used to bear on their helmets the first history of Romulus, who was begot by the god of war, and suckled by a wolf. The figure of the god was made as if descending on the priestess Ilia, or as others call her Rhea Silvia. The occasion required his body should be naked.

Tu quoque inermis eras cum te formosa sacerdos
Cepit, ut hinc urbi semina magna dares.

Ovid. de Fast. Lib. iii. v. 10.

Then too, our mighty sire, thou stood'st disarm'd,
When thy rapt soul the lovely priestess charm'd,
That Rome's high founder bore ———

though on other occasions he is drawn, as Horace has described him, “*Tunica cinctum adamantina.*” “*Girt with a vest of adamant.*” The sculptor, however, to distinguish him from the rest of the gods, gave him, what the medallists call his proper attributes, a spear in one hand, and a shield in the other. As he was represented descending, his figure appeared suspended in the air over the vestal virgin, in which sense the word *pendentis* is extremely proper and poetical. Besides the antique basso relievo, that made me first think of this interpretation, I have since met with the same figures on the reverses of a couple of ancient coins, which were stamped in the reign of Antoninus Pius, as a compliment to that Emperor, whom, for his excellent government and conduct of the city of Rome, the senate regarded as a second kind of founder.

Ilia vestalis (quid enim vetat inde moveri)

Sacra lavaturas mane petebat aquas :

Fossa resedit humi, ventosque accepit aperto

Pectore, turbatas restituitque comas.

Dum sedet, umbrosæ salices volucresque canoræ

Fecerunt somnos et leve murmur aquæ.

Blanda quies victis furtim subrepat ocellis,

Ex cadit a mento languida facta manus.

Mars videt hanc, visamque cupit, potiturque cupita :

Et sua divina furta fefellit ope.

Somnus abit : jacet illa gravis ; jam scilicet intra

Viscera Romanæ conditor urbis erat.

Ovid. de Fastis, Lib. iii. v. 11.

As the fair vestal to the fountain came,
(Let none be startled at a vestal's name)
Tir'd with the walk, she laid her down to rest,
And to the winds expos'd her glowing breast

To take the freshness of the morning air,
 And gather'd in a knot her flowing hair :
 While thus she rested, on her arm reclin'd,
 The hoary willows waving with the wind,
 And feather'd choirs that warbled in the shade,
 And purling streams that through the meadow stray'd,
 In drowsy murmurs lull'd the gentle maid.
 The god of war beheld the virgin lie,
 The god beheld her with a lover's eye,
 And by so tempting an occasion press'd,
 The beauteous maid, whom he beheld, possess'd :
 Conceiving, as she slept, her fruitful womb
 Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.

I cannot quit this head without taking notice of a
 line in Seneca the tragedian.

—— Primus emergit solo
 Dextra ferocem cornibus premens taurum
 Zetus————— Sen. Œdip. Act 3.

—— First Zetus rises through the ground,
 Bending the bull's tough neck with pain,
 That tosses back his horns in vain.

I cannot doubt but the poet had here in view the
 posture of Zetus in the famous groupe of figures,
 which represents the two brothers binding Dirce to
 the horns of a mad bull.

I could not forbear taking particular notice of the
 several musical instruments that are to be seen in the
 hands of the Apollos, muses, fauns, satyrs, bac-
 chanals, and shepherds, which might certainly give a
 great light to the dispute for preference between the
 ancient and modern music. It would perhaps be no
 impertinent design to take off all their models in wood,
 which might not only give us some notion of the an-
 cient music, but help us to pleasanter instruments than
 are now in use. By the appearance they make in
 marble, there is not one string-instrument that seems
 comparable to our violins ; for they are all played on,
 either by the bare fingers, or the plectrum ; so that
 they were incapable of adding any length to their
 notes, or of varying them by those insensible swel-

lings and wearings away of sound upon the same string, which give so wonderful a sweetness to our modern music. Besides, that the string-instruments must have had very low and feeble voices, as may be guessed from the small proportion of wood about them, which could not contain air enough to render the strokes, in any considerable measure, full and sonorous. There is a great deal of difference in the make, not only of the several kinds of instruments, but even among those of the same name. The *Syringa*, for example, has sometimes four, and sometimes more pipes, as high as to twelve. The same variety of strings may be observed on their harps, and of stops on their *Tibiæ*; which shows the little foundation that such writers have gone upon, who from a verse perhaps in *Virgil's* eclogues, or a short passage in a classic author, have been so very nice in determining the precise shape of the ancient musical instruments, with the exact number of their pipes, strings, and stops. It is indeed the usual fault of the writers of antiquities, to straiten and confine themselves to particular models. They are for making a kind of stamp on every thing of the same name, and, if they find any thing like an old description of the subject they treat on, they take care to regulate it, on all occasions, according to the figure it makes in such a passage: as the learned German author, quoted by *Monsieur Baudelot*, who had probably never seen any thing of a household-god, more than a *canopis*, affirms roundly, that all the ancient lares were made in the fashion of a jug-bottle. In short, the antiquaries have been guilty of the same fault as the system-writers, who are for cramping their subjects into as narrow a space as they can, and for reducing the whole extent of a science into a few general maxims. This a man has occasion of observing more than once in the several fragments of antiquity that are still to be seen in *Rome*. How many dresses are there for each particular deity? What a variety of shapes in the ancient

urns, lamps, lachrymary vessels, Priapus's, household gods, which have some of them been represented under such a particular form, as any one of them has been described with in an ancient author, and would probably be all so, were they not still to be seen in their own vindication? Madam Dacier, from some old cuts of Terence, fancies that the larva or personna of the Roman actors, was not only a vizard for the face, but had false hair to it, and came over the whole head like a helmet. Among all the statues at Rome, I remember to have seen but two that are the figures of actors, which are both in the Villa Matthei. One sees on them the fashion of the old sock and larva, the latter of which answers the description that is given of it by this learned lady, though I question not but several others were in use; for I have seen the figure of Thalia, the comic muse, sometimes with an entire head-piece in her hand, sometimes with about half the head, and a little friz, like a tower running round the edges of the face, and sometimes with a mask for the face only, like those of a modern make. Some of the Italian actors wear at present these masks for the whole head. I remember formerly I could have no notion of that fable in Phædrus, before I had seen the figures of these intire head-pieces.

Personam tragicam forte Vulpes viderat :

O quanta species, inquit, cerebrum non habet !

Lib. i. Fab. 7,

As wily Renard walk'd the streets at night,
On a tragedian's mask he chang'd to light ;
Turning it o'er he mutter'd with disdain,
How vast a head is here without a brain !

I find Madam Dacier has taken notice of this passage in Phædrus, upon the same occasion ; but not of the following one in Martial, which alludes to the same kind of masks ;

Non omnes fallis, scit te Proserpina canum ;

Personam capiti detrahbet illa tuo. Lib. iii. Epigr. 43.

Why should'st thou try to hide thyself in youth ?
 Impartial Proserpine beholds the truth,
 And, laughing at so fond and vain a task,
 Will strip thy hoary noddle of its mask.

In the Villa Borghese is the bust of a young Nero, which shows us the form of an ancient Bulla on the breast, which is neither like a heart, as Macrobius describes it, nor altogether resembles that in Cardinal Chigi's cabinet; so that, without establishing a particular instance into a general rule, we ought, in subjects of this nature, to leave room for the humour of the artist or wearer. There are many figures of gladiators at Rome, though I do not remember to have seen any of the Retiarius, the Samnite, or the antagonist to the Pinnirapus. But what I could not find among the statues, I met with in two antique pieces of Mosaic, which are in the possession of a cardinal. The Retiarius is engaged with the Samnite, and has had so lucky a throw, that his net covers the whole body of his adversary from head to foot; yet his antagonist recovered himself out of the toils, and was conqueror, according to the inscription. In another piece is represented the combat of the Pinnirapus, who is armed like the Samnite, and not like the Retiarius, as some learned men have supposed: on the helmet of his antagonist are seen the two pinnæ, that stand up on either side like the wings in the petasius of a Mercury, but rise much higher and are more pointed.

There is no part of the Roman antiquities that we are better acquainted with, than what relates to their sacrifices. For as the old Romans were very much devoted to their religion, we see several parts of it entering their ancient basso relievos, statues, and medals; not to mention their altars, tombs, monuments, and those particular ornaments of architecture which were borrowed from it. An heathen ritual could not instruct a man better than these several pieces of antiquity, in the particular ceremonies and

punctilios that attended the different kinds of sacrifices. Yet there is a much greater variety in the make of the sacrificing instruments, than one finds in those who have treated of them, or have given us their pictures. For not to insist too long on such a subject, I saw in Signior Antonio Politi's collection a *Patera* without any rising in the middle, as it is generally engraven, and another with a handle to it, as Macrobius describes it, though it is quite contrary to any that I have ever seen cut in marble; and I have observed perhaps several hundreds. I might here enlarge on the shape of the triumphal chariot, which is different in some pieces of sculpture from what it appears in others; and on the figure of the *Discus*, that is to be seen in the hand of the celebrated *Castor* at Don Livio's, which is perfectly round, and not oblong, as some antiquaries have represented it, nor has it any thing like a sling fastened to it, to add force to the toss.

Protinus imprudens, actusque cupidine lusus

Tollere tænarides orbem properabat—

—*De hyacinthi disco.* Ovid. *Metam.* Lib. x. v. 182.

Th' unwary youth, impatient for the cast,

Went to snatch up the rolling orb in haste.

Notwithstanding there are so great a multitude of clothed statues at Rome, I could never discover the several different Roman garments; for it is very difficult to trace out the figure of a vest, through all the plaits and foldings of the drapery; besides that the Roman garments did not differ from each other so much by the shape, as by the embroidery and colour, the one of which was too nice for the statuary's observation, as the other does not lie within the expression of the chissel. I observed, in abundance of bas reliefs, that the *Cinctus Gabinus* is nothing else but a long garment, not unlike a surplice, which would have trailed on the ground had it hung loose, and was therefore gathered about the middle with a girdle. After this it is worth while to read the labo-

rious description that Ferrarius has made of it, “Cinctus Gabinus non aliud fuit quam cum togæ lacinia lævo brachio subducta in tergum ita rejiciebatur, ut contracta retraheretur ad pectus, atque ita in nodum necteretur; qui nodus sive cinctus togam contrahebat, breviorēque et strictiorē reddidit. De re vestiar.”—Lib. i. Cap. 14. “The Cinctus Gabinus was nothing more, than, when the bottom of the garment, being thrown over the left shoulder behind the back, was brought round to the breast in such a manner as to be gathered into a knot; which knot or cincture straitened the garment, and made it both less and tighter.” Lipsius’s description of the Samnite armour, seems drawn out of the very words of Livy; yet not long ago a statue, which was dug up at Rome, dressed in this kind of armour, gives a much different explication of Livy from what Lipsius has done. This figure was superscribed BA. TO. NI. from whence Fabretti concludes, that it was a monument erected to the gladiator Bato, who, after having succeeded in two combats, was killed in the third, and honourably interred, by order of the Emperor Caracalla. The manner of punctuation after each syllable is to be met with in other antique inscriptions. I confess I could never learn where this figure is now to be seen; but I think it may serve as an instance of the great uncertainty of this science of antiquities.*

In a palace of Prince Cesarini I saw busts of all the Antonine family, which were dug up about two years since, not far from Albano, in a place where is supposed to have stood a Villa of Marcus Aurelius. There are the heads of Antoninus Pius, the Faustina’s, Marcus Aurelius, Lucius Verus, a young Commodus, and Annius Verus, all incomparably well cut.

Though the statues that have been found among

* Vid. Fabr. de Columna Trajani.

the ruins of old Rome are already very numerous, there is no question but posterity will have the pleasure of seeing many noble pieces of sculpture which are still undiscovered; for doubtless there are greater treasures of this nature under ground, than what are yet brought to light. They have often dug into lands that are described in old authors, as the places where such particular statues and obelisks stood, and have seldom failed of success in their pursuits. There are still many such promising spots of ground that have never been searched into. A great part of the Palatine Mountain, for example, lies untouched, which was formerly the seat of the Imperial palace, and may be presumed to abound with more treasures of this nature than any other part of Rome.

Ecce Palatino crevit reverentia monti,
 Exultatque habitante deo, potioraque Delphis
 Supplicibus late populis oracula pandit.
 Non alium certe decuit rectoribus orbis
 Esse larem, nulloque magis se colle potestas
 Æstimat et summi sentit fastigia juris,
 Attollens apicem subjectis regia rostris
 Tot circum delubra videt, tantisque deorum
 Cingitur excubiis.——

Claud. de sexto consulat. Honorii.

The Palatine, proud Rome's imperial seat,
 (An awful pile!) stands venerably great:
 Thither the kingdoms and the nations come,
 In supplicating crowds to learn their doom:
 To Delphi less th' enquiring worlds repair,
 Nor does a greater god inhabit there:
 This sure the pompous mansion was design'd
 To please the mighty rulers of mankind;
 Inferior temples rise on either hand,
 And on the borders of the palace stand,
 While o'er the rest her head she proudly rears,
 And lo! amidst her guardian gods appears.

But whether it be that the richest of these discoveries fall into the pope's hands, or for some other reason, it is said that the prince Farnese, who is the present owner of this seat, will keep it from being

turned up, until he sees one of his own family in the chair. There are undertakers in Rome who often purchase the digging of fields, gardens, or vineyards, where they find any likelihood of succeeding, and some have been known to arrive at great estates by it. They pay according to the dimensions of the surface they are to break up, and after having made essays into it, as they do for coal in England, they rake into the most promising parts of it, though they often find to their disappointment, that others have been beforehand with them. However, they generally gain enough by the rubbish and bricks, which the present architects value much beyond those of a modern make, to defray the charges of their search. I was shewn two spaces of ground, where part of Nero's golden house stood, for which the owner has been offered an extraordinary sum of money. What encouraged the undertakers are several very ancient trees, which grow upon the spot, from whence they conclude that these particular tracts of ground, must have lain untouched for some ages. It is pity there is not something like a Public Register, to preserve the memory of such statues as have been found from time to time, and to mark the particular places where they have been taken up, which would not only prevent many fruitless searches for the future, but might often give a considerable light into the quality of the place, or the design of the statue.

But the great magazine for all kinds of treasure, is supposed to be the bed of the Tiber. We may be sure, when the Romans lay under the apprehensions of seeing their city sacked by a barbarous enemy, as they have done more than once, that they would take care to bestow such of their riches this way, as could best bear the water: besides what the insolence of a brutish conqueror may be supposed to have contributed, who had an ambition to waste and destroy all the beauties of so celebrated a city. I need not mention the old common sewer of Rome,

which ran from all parts of the town with the current and violence of an ordinary river, nor the frequent inundations of the Tiber, which may have swept away many of the ornaments of its banks, nor the several statues that the Romans themselves flung into it, when they would revenge themselves on the memory of an ill citizen, a dead tyrant, or a discarded favourite. At Rome they have so general an opinion of the riches of this river, that the Jews have formerly proffered the pope to cleanse it, so they might have, for their pains, what they found in the bosom of it. I have seen the valley near Ponte Molle, which they proposed to fashion into a new channel for it, until they had cleared the old for its reception. The pope however would not comply with the proposal, as fearing the heats might advance too far before they had finished their work, and produce a pestilence among his people: though I do not see why such a design might not be executed now with as little danger as in Augustus's time, were there as many hands employed upon it. The city of Rome would receive a great advantage from the undertaking, as it would raise the banks and deepen the bed of the Tiber, and by consequence free them from those frequent inundations to which they are so subject at present; for the channel of the river is observed to be narrower within the walls, than either below or above them.

Before I quit this subject of the statues, I think it very observable, that, among those which are already found, there should be so many not only of the same persons, but made after the same design. One would not indeed wonder to see several figures of particular deities and emperors, who had a multitude of temples erected to them, and had their several sets of worshippers and admirers. Thus Ceres, the most beneficent and useful of the heathen divinities, has more statues than any other of the gods or goddesses, as several of the Roman empresses took a pleasure to be repre-

sented in her dress. And I believe one finds as many figures of that excellent emperor Marcus Aurelius, as of all the rest together; because the Romans had so great a veneration for his memory, that it grew into a part of their religion to preserve a statue of him in almost every private family. But how comes it to pass, that so many of these statues are cut after the very same model, and not only of these, but of such as had no relation, either to the interest or devotion of the owner, as the dying Cleopatra, the Narcissus, the fawn leaning against the trunk of a tree, the boy with a bird in his hand, the Leda and her swan, with many others of the same nature? I must confess I always looked on figures of this kind as the copies of some celebrated master-piece, and question not but they were famous originals, that gave rise to the several statues which we see with the same air, posture, and attitudes. What confirms me in this conjecture, there are many ancient statues of the Venus de Medicis, the Silenus with the young Bacchus in his arms, the Hercules Farnese, the Antinous, and other beautiful originals of the ancients, that are already drawn out of the rubbish, where they lay concealed for so many ages. Among the rest I have observed more that are formed after the design of the Venus of Medicis, than of any other; from whence I believe one may conclude, that it was the most celebrated statue among the ancients, as well as among the moderns. It has always been usual for sculptors to work upon the best models, as it is for those that are curious to have copies of them.

I am apt to think something of the same account may be given of the resemblance that we meet with in many of the antique basso relievos. I remember I was very well pleased with the device of one that I met with on the tomb of a young Roman lady, which had been made for her by her mother. The sculptor had chosen the rape of Proserpine for his device,

here in one end you might see the god of the dead, (Pluto) hurrying away a beautiful young virgin, (Proserpine) and at the other the grief and distraction of the mother (Ceres) on that occasion. I have since observed the same device upon several Sarcophagi, that have inclosed the ashes of men or boys, maids or matrons; for when the thought took, though at first it received its rise from such a particular occasion as I have mentioned, the ignorance of the sculptors applied it promiscuously. I know there are authors who discover a mystery in this device.

A man is sometimes surprised to find so many extravagant fancies as are cut on the old Pagan tombs: Masks, hunting matches, and bacchanals, are very common; sometimes one meets with a lewd figure of a Priapus, and in the Villa Pamphilia is seen a satyr coupling with a goat. There are however many of a more serious nature, that shadow out the existence of the soul after death, and the hopes of a happy immortality. I cannot leave the basso relievos, without mentioning one of them, where the thought is extremely noble. It is called Homer's Apotheosis, and consists of a group of figures cut in the same block of marble, and rising one above another, by four or five different ascents. Jupiter sits at the top of it with a thunderbolt in his hand, and, in such a majesty as Homer himself represents him, presides over the ceremony.

Ευρον δ' ευρυσπα Κρονιδην ατερ ημενον αλλων,

Ακροτατη κορυφη πολυδειραδος Ουλυμποιο, Il. i. v, 498.

There, far apart, and high above the rest.

The Thund'rer sat; where old Olympus shrouds

His hundred heads in Heav'n, and props the clouds.

Pope.

Immediately beneath him are the figures of the nine muses, supposed to be celebrating the praises of the poet. Homer himself is placed at one end of the lowest row, sitting in a chair of state, which is supported on each side by the figure of a kneeling woman.

The one holds a sword in her hand to represent the Iliad, or actions of Achilles, as the other has an aplustre to represent the Odyssey, or voyage of Ulysses. About the poet's feet are creeping a couple of mice, as an emblem of the *Batrachomyomachia*. Behind the chair stands Time, and the Genius of the Earth, distinguished by their proper attributes, and putting a garland on the poet's head, to intimate the mighty reputation he has gained in all ages, and in all nations of the world. Before him stands an altar with a bull ready to be sacrificed to the new god, and behind the victim a train of the several virtues that are represented in Homer's Works, or to be learnt out of them, lifting up their hands in admiration of the poet, and in applause of the solemnity. This antique piece of sculpture is in the possession of the constable Colonna, but never shown to those who see the palace, unless they particularly desire it.

Among the great variety of ancient coins which I saw at Rome, I could not but take particular notice of such as relate to any of the buildings or statues that are still extant. Those of the first kind have been already published by the writers of the Roman Antiquities, and may be most of them met with in the last edition of Donatus, as the pillars of Trajan and Antonine, the arches of Drusus Germanicus and Septimius Severus, the temples of Janus, Concord, Vesta, Jupiter tonans, Apollo, and Faustina; the Circus Maximus, Agonalis, and that of Caracalla, or, according to Fabretti, of Galienus, of Vespasian's amphitheatre, and Alexander Severus's baths; though I must confess, the subject of the last may be very well doubted of. As for the *Metasudans* and *Pons Ælius*, which have gained a place among the buildings that are now standing, and to be met with on old reverses of medals; the coin that shows the first is generally rejected as spurious, nor is the other, though cited in the last edition of Monsieur Vaillant, esteemed more authentic by the present Roman medalists, who are

certainly the most skilful in the world, as to the mechanical part of this science. I shall close up this set of medals with a very curious one, as large as a medalion, that is singular in its kind. On one side is the head of the emperor Trajan, the reverse has on it the Circus Maximus, and a view of the side of the Palatine mountain that faces it, on which are seen several edifices, and among the rest the famous temple of Apollo, that has still a considerable ruin standing. This medal I saw in the hands of Monsieigneur Strozzi, brother to the duke of that name, who has many curiosities in his possession, and is very obliging to a stranger who desires the sight of them. It is a surprising thing, that among the great pieces of architecture, represented on the old coins, one can never meet with the Pantheon, the Mausoleum of Augustus, Nero's golden house, the Moles Adriani, the Septizonium of Severus, the baths of Dioclesian, &c. But since it was the custom of the Roman emperors thus to register their most remarkable buildings as well as actions, and since there are several in either of these kinds not to be found on medals, more extraordinary than those that are, we may, I think, with great reason suspect our collections of the old coins to be extremely deficient, and that those which are already found out, scarce bear a proportion to what are yet undiscovered. A man takes a great deal more pleasure in surveying the antient statues, who compares them with medals, than it is possible for him to do without some little knowledge this way; for these two arts illustrate each other; and as there are several particulars in history and antiquities which receive a great light from antient coins, so would it be impossible to decipher the faces of the many statues that are to be seen at Rome, without so universal a key to them. It is this that teaches to distinguish the kings and consuls, emperors and empresses, the deities and virtues, with a thousand other particulars relating to a statuary, and not to be learnt by any other

means. In the Villa Pamphilia stands the statue of a man in woman's clothes, which the antiquaries do not know what to make of, and therefore pass it off for an hermaphrodite: but a learned medalist in Rome has lately fixed it to Clodius, who is so famous for having intruded into the solemnities of the Bona Dea in a woman's habit; for one sees the same features and make of face in a medal of the Clodian family:

I have seen on coins the four finest figures perhaps that are now extant: the Hercules Farnese, the Venus of Medicis, the Apollo in the Belvidere, and the famous Marcus Aurelius on horseback. The oldest medal that the first appears upon is one of Commodus, the second on one of Faustina, the third on one of Antoninus Pius, and the last on one of Lucius Verus. We may conclude, I think, from hence, that these statues were extremely celebrated among the old Romans, or they would never have been honoured with a place among the emperor's coins. We may further observe, that all four of them make their first appearance in the Antonine family; for which reason I am apt to think they are all of them the product of that age. They would probably have been mentioned by Pliny the Naturalist, who lived in the next reign, save one, before Antoninus Pius, had they been made in his time. As for the brazen figure of Marcus Aurelius on horseback, there is no doubt of its being of this age, though I must confess it may be doubted, whether the medal I have cited represents it. All I can say for it is, that the horse and man on the medal are in the same posture as they are on the statue, and that there is a resemblance of Marcus Aurelius's face; for I have seen this reverse on a medallion of Don Livio's Cabinet, and much more distinctly in another very beautiful one, that is in the hands of Signior Marcus Antonio. It is generally objected, that Lucius Verus would rather have placed the figure of himself on horseback upon the reverse of his own coin, than the

figure of Marcus Aurelius. But it is very well known that an emperor often stamped on his coins the face or ornaments of his colleague, as an instance of his respect or friendship for him; and we may suppose Lucius Verus would omit no opportunity of doing honour to Marcus Aurelius, whom he rather revered as his father than treated as his partner in the empire. The famous Antinous in the Belvidere must have been made, too, about this age; for he died towards the middle of Adrian's reign, the immediate predecessor of Antoninus Pius. This intire figure, though not to be found in medals, may be seen in several precious stones. Monsieur La Chausse, the author of the *Musæum Romanum*, shewed me an Antinous that he has published in his last volume, cut in a cornelian, which he values at fifty pistoles. It represents him in the habit of a Mercury, and is the finest Intaglia that I ever saw.

Next to the statues, there is nothing in Rome more surprizing than that amazing variety of ancient pillars of so many kinds of marble. As most of the old statues may be well supposed to have been cheaper to their first owners, than they are to a modern purchaser, several of the pillars are certainly rated at a much lower price at present than they were of old. For, not to mention what a huge column of granite, serpentine, or porphyry must have cost in the quarry, or in its carriage from Ægypt to Rome, we may only consider the great difficulty of hewing it into any form, and of giving it the due turn, proportion, and polish. It is well known how these sorts of marble resist the impressions of such instruments as are now in use. There is indeed a Milanese at Rome who works in them; but his advances are so very slow, that he scarce lives upon what he gains by it. He showed me a piece of porphyry worked into an ordinary salver, which had cost him four months continual application, before he could bring it into that form. The antients had probably some secret to harden the

edges of their tools, without recurring to those extravagant opinions of their having an art to mollify the stone, or that it was naturally softer at its first cutting from the rock, or, what is still more absurd, that it was an artificial composition, and not the natural product of mines and quarries. The most valuable pillars about Rome, for the marble of which they are made, are the four columns of oriental jasper, in St. Paulina's Chapel at St. Mary Maggiore; two of oriental granite in St. Pudenziana; one of transparent oriental jasper in the Vatican library; four of Nero-Bianco in St. Cecilia Transtevere; two of Brocatello, and two of oriental agate in Don Livio's palace; two of Giallo Antico in St. John Lateran, and two of Verdi Antique in the Villa Pamphilia. These are all intire and solid pillars, and made of such kinds of marble as are no where to be found but among antiquities, whether it be that the veins of it are undiscovered, or that they were quite exhausted upon the antient buildings. Among these old pillars I cannot forbear reckoning a great part of an alabaster column, which was found in the ruins of Livia's Portico. It is of the colour of fire, and may be seen over the high altar of St. Maria in Campitello; for they have cut it into two pieces, and fixed it in the shape of a cross in a hole of the wall that was made on purpose to receive it; so that the light, passing through it from without, makes it look, to those who are in the church, like a huge transparent cross of amber. As for the workmanship of the old Roman pillars, Monsieur Desgodetz, in his accurate measures of these ruins, has observed, that the ancients have not kept to the nicety of proportion, and the rules of art, so much as the moderns in this particuiar. Some, to excuse this defect, lay the blame of it on the workmen of Ægypt, and of other nations, who sent most of the ancient pillars ready shaped to Rome: Others say, that the ancients, knowing architecture was chiefly designed to please the eye, only took care to avoid such disproportions

as were gross enough to be observed by the sight, without minding whether or no they approached to a mathematical exactness: others will have it rather to be an effect of art, and of what the Italians call the *Gusto Grande*, than of any negligence in the architect; for they say, the antients always considered the situation of a building, whether it was high or low, in an open square or in a narrow street, and more or less deviated from their rules of art, to comply with the several distances and elevations from which their works were to be regarded. It is said there is an Ionic pillar in the *Santa Maria Transtevere*, where the marks of the compass are still to be seen on the volute, and that *Palladio* learnt from hence the working of that difficult problem; but I never could find time to examine all the old columns of that church. Among the pillars, I must not pass over the two noblest in the world, those of *Trajan* and *Antonine*: There could not have been a more magnificent design than that of *Trajan's* pillar. Where could an emperor's ashes have been so nobly lodged, as in the midst of his metropolis, and on the top of so exalted a monument, with the greatest of his actions underneath him? or, as some will have it, his statue was on the top, his urn at the foundation, and his battles in the midst. The sculpture of it is too well known to be here mentioned. The most remarkable piece in *Antonine's* pillar is the figure of *Jupiter Pluvius*, sending down rain on the fainting army of *Marcus Aurelius*, and thunderbolts on his enemies, which is the greatest confirmation possible of the story of the *Christian legion*, and will be a standing evidence for it, when any passage in an old author may be supposed to be forged. The figure that *Jupiter* here makes among the clouds, puts me in mind of a passage in the *Æneid*, which gives just such another image of him. *Virgil's* interpreters are certainly to blame, that suppose it is nothing but the air which is here meant by *Jupiter*.

Quantus ab occasu veniens pluvialibus hœdis
 Verberat imber humum, quam multa grandine nimbi
 In vada præcipitant, quum Jupiter horridus austris
 Torquet aquosam hyemem, et cœlo cava nubila rumpit.
 Æn. ix. v. 668.

The combat thickens, like the storm that flies
 From westward, when the show'ry kids arise :
 Or patt'ring hail comes pouring on the main,
 When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain,
 Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
 And with an armed winter strew the ground. Dryden.

I have seen a medal, that, according to the opinion
 of many learned men, relates to the same story. The
 emperor is intitled on it Germanicus (as it was in the
 wars of Germany that this circumstance happened)
 and carries on the reverse a thunderbolt in his hand ;
 for the heathens attributed the same miracle to the pi-
 ety of the emperor, that the christians ascribed to the
 prayers of their legion. Fulmen de cœlo precibus suis
 contra hostium machinamentum Marcus extorsit, suis
 pluvia impetrata cum siti laborarent. Jul. Capit.

“ The emperor Marcus Aurelius, by his prayers,
 extorted thunder from heaven against the enemy's bat-
 tering engine, having obtained rain for his army, when
 it was oppressed with thirst.”

Claudian takes notice of this miracle, and has given
 the same reason for it.

————— Ad templa vocatus,
 Clemens Marce, redis, cum gentibus undique cinctam
 Exiit Hesperiam paribus fortuna periclis.
 Laus ibi nulla ducum, nam flammeus imber in hostem
 Decidit, hunc dorso trepidum fumante ferebat
 Ambustus sonipes; hic tabescente solutus
 Subsedit galea, liquefactaque fulgure cuspis
 Canduit, et subitis fluxere vaporibus enses.
 Tunc, contenta polo, mortalis nescia teli
 Pugna fuit. Chaldæa mago seu carmina ritu
 Armavere Deos: seu, quod reor, omne tonantis
 Obsequium Marci mores potuere mereri.

De sexto Cons. Hon.

So mild Aurelius, to the gods repaid
 The grateful vows that in his fears he made,
 When Latium from unnumber'd foes was freed :
 Nor did he then by his own force succeed ;
 But with descending show'rs of brimstone fir'd,
 The wild barbarian in the storm expir'd.
 Wrapt in devouring flames the horseman rag'd,
 And spurr'd his steed, in equal flames engag'd :
 Another pent in his scorch'd armour glow'd,
 While from his head the melting helmet flow'd ;
 Swords by the lightning's subtle force distill'd,
 And the cold sheath with running metal fill'd :
 No human arm it's weak assistance brought,
 But heaven, offended heaven, the battle fought ;
 Whether dark magic and Chaldean charms
 Had fill'd the skies, and set the god in arms ;
 Or good Aurelius (as I more believe)
 Deserv'd whatever aid the thunderer could give.

I do not remember that M. Dacier, among several quotations on this subject, in the life of Marcus Aurelius, has taken notice, either of the fore-mentioned figure on the pillar of Marcus Antoninus, or of the beautiful passage I have quoted out of Claudian.

It is pity the obelisks in Rome had not been charged with several parts of the Ægyptian histories instead of hieroglyphics, which might have given no small light to the antiquities of that nation, which are now quite sunk out of sight in those remoter ages of the world. Among the triumphal arches, that of Constantine is not only the noblest of any in Rome, but in the world. I searched narrowly into it, especially among those additions of sculpture made in the emperor's own age, to see if I could find any mark of the apparition, that is said to have preceded the very victory which gave occasion to the triumphal arch. But there are not the least traces of it to be met with, which is not very strange, if we consider that the greatest part of the ornaments were taken from Trajan's arch, and set up to the new conqueror, in no

small haste, by the senate and people of Rome, who were then most of them heathens. There is, however, something in the inscription, which is as old as the arch itself, which seems to hint at the emperor's vision. "Imp: Cæs. Fl. Constantino Maximo P. F. Augusto S. P. Q. R. quod instinctu Divinitatis mentis magnitudine cum exercitu suo tam de tyranno quam de omni ejus Factione uno tempore justis rempublicam ultas est armis arcum triumphis insignem dicavit." "To the emperor Constantine, &c. the senate and people of Rome have dedicated this triumphal arch, because, through a divine impulse, with a greatness of mind, and by force of arms he delivered the commonwealth at once from the tyrant and all his faction. There is no statue of this emperor at Rome with a cross to it, though the ecclesiastical historians say there were many such erected to him. I have seen his medals that were stamped with it, and a very remarkable one of his son Constantius, where he is crowned by a victory on the reverse, with this inscription, "In hoc Signo Victor eris." This triumphal arch, and some other buildings of the same age, show us that architecture held up its head after all the other arts of designing were in a very weak and languishing condition, as it was probably the first among them that revived. If I was surprised not to find the cross in Constantine's arch, I was as much disappointed not to see the figure of the temple of Jerusalem on that of Titus, where are represented the golden candlestick, the table of shew-bread, and the river Jordan. Some are of opinion, that the composite pillars of this arch were made in imitation of the pillars of Solomon's temple, and observe that these are the most ancient of any that are found of that order.

It is almost impossible for a man to form, in his imagination, such beautiful and glorious scenes as are to be met with in several of the Roman churches and chapels; for having such a prodigious stock of antient marble within the very city, and at the same time so

many different quarries in the bowels of their country, most of their chapels are laid over with such a rich variety of incrustations, as cannot possibly be found in any other part of the world. And, notwithstanding the incredible sums of money which have been already laid out this way, there is still the same work going forward in other parts of Rome, the last still endeavouring to outshine those that went before them. Painting, sculpture, and architecture, are at present far from being in a flourishing condition; but it is thought they may all recover themselves under the present pontificate, if the wars and confusions of Italy will give them leave. For as the pope is himself a master of polite learning, and a great encourager of arts, so at Rome any of these arts immediately thrives under the encouragement of the prince, and may be fetched up to its perfection in ten or a dozen years, which is the work of an age or two in other countries, where they have not such excellent models to form themselves upon.

I shall conclude my observations on Rome with a letter of King Henry the eighth to Anne of Bullein, transcribed out of the famous manuscript in the Vatican, which the bishop of Salisbury assures us is written with the king's own hand.

“ The cause of my writing at this time is to hear of your health and prosperity, of which I would be as glad as in a manner of my own, praying God that it be his pleasure to send us shortly together, for, I promise, I long for it; howbeit I trust it shall not be long too, and seeing my darling is absent, I can no less do than send her some flesh, prognosticating that hereafter thou must have some of mine, which, if he please, I would have now. As touching your sister's mother, I have consigned Walter Welsh to write to my Lord Manwring my mind therein; whereby I trust he shall not have power to disseid her; for surely, whatever is said, it cannot so stand with his honour, but that he must needs take his natural daugh-

ter in her extreme necessity. No more to you at this time, my own darling, but that with a whistle I wish we were together one evening; by the hand of yours,
HENRY.

These letters are always shewn to an Englishman that visits the Vatican library.

I spent three or four days on Tivoli, Frascati, Palustrina, and Albano. In our way to Tivoli, I saw the rivulet of Salforata, formerly called Albula, and smelt the stench that arises from its waters some time before I saw them. Martial mentions this offensive smell in an epigram of the fourth book, as he does the rivulet itself in the first.

Quod siccae redolet lacus lacunæ,
Crudarum nebulæ quod Albularum. Lib. iv. Epigr. 4.

The dying marshes such a stench convey,
Such the rank steams of reeking Albula.

Itur ad Herculeæ gelidas qua Tiburis arces,
Canaque sulphureis Albula fumat aquis.
Lib. i. Epigr. 5.

As from high Rome to Tivoli you go,
Where Albula's sulphureous waters flow.

The little lake that gives rise to this river, with its floating islands, is one of the most extraordinary natural curiosities about Rome. It lies in the very flat of Campania; and as it is the drain of these parts, it is no wonder that it is so impregnated with sulphur. It has at bottom so thick a sediment of it, that, upon throwing in a stone, the water boils for a considerable time over the place which has been stirred up. At the same time are seen little flakes of scurf rising up, that are probably the parts which compose the islands; for they often mount of themselves, though the water is not troubled.

I question not but this lake was formerly much larger than it is at present, and that the banks have grown over it by degrees, in the same manner as the islands

have been formed on it. Nor is it improbable but that, in process of time, the whole surface of it may be crusted over, as the islands enlarge themselves, and the banks close in upon them. All about the lake, where the ground is dry, we found it to be hollow, by the trampling of our horses' feet. I could not discover the least traces of the Sibyls' temple and grove, which stood on the borders of this lake. Tivoli is seen at a distance lying along the brow of a hill. Its situation has given Horace occasion to call it Tiber Supinum, as Virgil perhaps for the same reason intitles it Superbum. The Villa de Medicis with its water-works, the cascade of the Teverone, and the ruins of the Sibyls' temple (of which Vignola has made a little copy at St. Peter's de Montorio) are described in every itinerary. I must confess I was most pleased with a beautiful prospect that none of them have mentioned, which lies at about a mile distance from the town. It opens on one side into the Roman Campania, whither the eye loses itself on a smooth spacious plain. On the other side is a more broken and interrupted scene, made up of an infinite variety of inequalities and shadowings that naturally arise from an agreeable mixture of hills, groves, and valleys. But the most enlivening part of all is the river Teverone, which you see at about a quarter of a mile's distance throwing itself down a precipice, and falling by several cascades from one rock to another, until it gains the bottom of the valley, where the sight of it would be quite lost, did not it sometimes discover itself through the breaks and openings of the woods that grow about it. The Roman painters often work upon this landscape, and I am apt to believe that Horace had his eye upon it in those two or three beautiful touches which he has given us of these seats. The Teverone was formerly called the Anio.

Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
 Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
 Quam domus Albunæ resonantis,

Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda,
Mobilibus pomaria rivis. Lib. i. Od. vii. v. 10.

Not fair Larissa's fruitful shore,
Nor Lacedæmon, charms me more
Than high Albunea's airy walls,
Resounding with her water-falls,
And Tivoli's delightful shades,
And Anio rolling in cascades,
That through the flow'ry meadows glides,
And all the beauteous scene divides.

I remember Monsieur Dacier explains *Mobilibus* by *Ductilibus*, and believes that word relates to the conduits, pipes, and canals, that were made to distribute the waters up and down, according to the pleasure of the owner. But any one who sees the Teverone must be of another opinion, and conclude it to be one of the most moveable rivers in the world, that has its stream broken by such a multitude of cascades, and is so often shifted out of one channel into another. After a very turbulent and noisy course of several miles among the rocks and mountains, the Teverone falls into the valley before mentioned, where it recovers its temper, as it were, by little and little, and after many turns and windings glides peaceably into the Tiber. In which sense we are to understand Silius Italicus's description, to give it its proper beauty.

Sulphureis gelidus qua serpit leniter undis,
Ad genitorem Anio labens sine murmure Tibrim.

Here the loud Anio's boist'rous clamours cease,
That with submissive murmurs glides in peace
To his old sire the Tiber————

At Frascati I had the satisfaction of seeing the first sketch of Versailles in the walks and water-works. The prospect from it was doubtless much more delightful formerly, when the Campania was set thick with towns, villas, and plantations. Cicero's Tusculum was at a place called Grotto Ferrate, about two miles off this town, though most of the modern writers have

fixed it to *Frescati*. *Nardini* says, there was found among the ruins at *Grotto Ferrate* a piece of sculpture, which *Cicero* himself mentions in one of his familiar epistles. In going to *Frescati* we had a fair view of *Mount Algido*.

On our way to *Palæstrina* we saw the lake *Regillus*, famous for the apparition of *Castor* and *Pollux*, who were here seen to give their horses drink after the battle between the Romans and the son-in-law of *Tarquin*. At some distance from it we had a view of the *Lacus Gabinus*, that is much larger than the former. We left the road for about half a mile to see the sources of a modern aqueduct. It is entertaining to observe how the little springs and rills, that break out of the sides of the mountain, are gleaned up, and conveyed through little covered channels into the main hollow of the aqueduct. It was certainly very lucky for *Rome*, seeing it had occasion for so many aqueducts, that there chanced to be such a range of mountains within its neighbourhood. For by this means they could take up their water from what height they pleased, without the expence of such an engine as that of *Marli*. Thus the *Claudian* aqueduct run thirty-eight miles, and sunk after the proportion of five feet and a half every mile, by the advantage only of a high source and the low situation of *Rome*. *Palæstrina* stands very high, like most other towns in *Italy*, for the advantage of the cool breezes; for which reason *Virgil* calls it *Altum*, and *Horace* *Frigidum Præneste*. *Statius* calls it *Præneste Sacrum*, because of the famous temple of *Fortune* that stood in it. There are still great pillars of granite, and other fragments of this antient temple. But the most considerable remnant of it is a very beautiful *Mosaic* pavement, the finest I have ever seen in marble. The parts are so well joined together, that the whole piece looks like a continued picture. There are in it the figures of a rhinoceros, of elephants, and of several other animals, with little landscapes, which look very live-

ly and well painted, though they are made out of the natural colours and shadows of the marble. I do not remember ever to have met with an old Roman Mosaic, composed of little pieces of clay half vitrified, and prepared at the glass-houses, which the Italians call *smalte*. These are much in use at present, and may be made of what colour and figure the workman pleases; which is a modern improvement of the art, and enables those who are employed in it to make much finer pieces of Mosaic than they did formerly.

In our excursion to Albano we went as far as Nemi, that takes its name from the *Nemus Dianæ*. The whole country thereabouts is still over-run with woods and thickets. The lake of Nemi lies in a very deep bottom, so surrounded on all sides with mountains and groves, that the surface of it is never ruffled with the least breath of wind, which, perhaps, together with the clearness of its waters, gave it formerly the name of Diana's looking-glass.

————— *Speculumque Dianæ.*

Virg.

Prince Cæsarini has a palace at Jensano, very near Nemi, in a pleasant situation, and set off with many beautiful walks. In our return from Jensano to Albano, we passed through *la Ricca*, the *Aricia* of the ancients, Horace's first stage from Rome to Brundisi. There is nothing at Albano so remarkable as the prospect from the Capuchins garden, which for the extent and variety of pleasing incidents is, I think, the most delightful one that I ever saw. It takes in the whole Campania, and terminates in a full view of the Mediterranean. You have a sight at the same time of the Alban lake, which lies just by, in an oval figure of about seven miles round, and by reason of the continued circuit of high mountains that encompass it, looks like the area of some vast amphitheatre. This, together with the several green hills and naked rocks within the neighbourhood, makes the most agreeable confusion imaginable. Albano keeps up its credit

still for wine, which perhaps would be as good as it was anciently, did they preserve it to as great an age; but as for olives, there are now very few here, though they are in great plenty at Tivoli:

———Albani pretiosa senectus.

Juv. Sat. xiii. v. 214.

Cras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus aut de
Setinis, cujus patriam titulumque senectus
Delevit multa veteris fuligine testæ. Id. Sat. 5. v. 33.

Perhaps to-morrow he may change his wine,
And drink old sparkling Alban, or Setine;
Whose title and whose age with mould o'ergrown,
The good old cask for ever keeps unknown.

Bowles.

———Palladiæ seu collibus uteris Albæ.

Mart. Lib. v. Epigr. 4.

Whether the hills of Alba you prefer,
Whose rising tops the fruitful olive bear.

Albanæ——olivæ.

Id. Lib. ix. Epigr. 16.

Th' Albanian olives.

The places mentioned in this chapter were all of them formerly the cool retirements of the Romans, where they used to hide themselves among the woods and mountains, during the excessive heats of their summer; as Baiæ was the general winter rendezvous.

Jam terras volucremque polum fuga veris Aquosi
Laxat, et Icaris cœlum latratibus urit.
Ardua jam densæ rarescunt mœnia Romæ:
Hos Præneste sacrum, nemus hos glaciale Dianæ,
Algidus aut horrens, aut Tuscula protegit umbra,
Tiburis hi lucos, Anienaque frigora captant.

Sil. iv. 1.

Albanos quoque Tusculosque colles
Et quodcunque jacet sub urbe frigus:
Fidenas veteres, brevesque Rubras,
Et quod Virgineo cruore gaudet
Annæ pomiferum nemus Perennæ.

Mart. Lib. 1. Epigr. 123.

All shun the raging dog-star's sultry heat,
 And from the half-unpeopled town retreat:
 Some hid in Nemi's gloomy forests lie,
 To Palestrina some for shelter fly;
 Others to catch the breeze of breathing air,
 To Tusculum or Algidio repair;
 Or in moist Tivoli's retirements find
 A cooling shade, and a refreshing wind.

On the contrary, at present, Rome is never fuller of nobility than in summer-time: for the country towns are so infested with unwholesome vapours, that they dare not trust themselves in them while the heats last. There is no question but the air of the Campania would be now as healthful as it was formerly, were there as many fires burning in it, and as many inhabitants to manure the soil. Leaving Rome about the latter end of October, in my way to Sienna, I lay the first night at a little village in the territories of the ancient Veii.

Hæc tum nomina erant, nunc sunt sine nomine campi.
 Virg. Æn. vi. v. 776.

These then were names, now fields without a name.

The ruins of their capital city are at present so far lost, that the geographers are not able to determine exactly the place where they once stood: so literally is that noble prophecy of Lucan fulfilled, of this and other places of Latium.

—Gentes Mars iste futuras
 Obruet, et populos ævi venientis in orbem
 Erepto natale feret; tunc omne Latinum
 Fabula nomen erit: Gabios, Veiosque, Coramque
 Pulvere vix tectæ poterunt monstrare ruinæ,
 Albanosque lares Laurentinosque penates,
 Rus vacuum, quod non habitet nisi nocte coacta
 Invitus—
 Lib. vii. v. 389.

Succeeding nations by the sword shall die,
 And swallow'd up in dark oblivion lie;
 Almighty Latium, with her cities crown'd,
 Shall like an antiquated fable sound;

The Veian and the Gabian tow'rs shall fall,
 And one promiscuous ruin cover all ;
 Nor, after length of years, a stone betray
 The place where once the very ruins lay :
 High Alba's walls, and the Lavinian strand,
 (A lonely desert, and an empty land)
 Shall scarce afford, for needful hours of rest,
 A single house to their benighted guest.

We here saw the lake Bacca, that gives rise to the
 Cremera, on whose banks the Fabii were slain.

Tercentum numerabat avos, quos turbine martis
 Abstulit una dies, cum fors non æqua labori
 Patricio Cremeræ maculavit sanguine ripas.

Sil. Ital. Lib. i.

Fabius a num'rous ancestry could tell,
 Three hundred heroes that in battle fell,
 Near the fam'd Cremera's disast'rous flood,
 That ran polluted with patrician blood.

We saw afterwards, in the progress of our voyage,
 the lakes of Vico and Bolsena. The last is reckoned
 one and twenty miles in circuit, and is plentifully
 stocked with fish and fowl. There are in it a couple
 of islands, that are perhaps the two floating isles
 mentioned by Pliny, with that improbable circum-
 stance of their appearing something like a circle, and
 sometimes like a triangle, but never like a quadrangle.
 It is easy enough to conceive how they might be-
 come fixed, though they once floated ; and it is not
 very credible, that the naturalist could be deceived in
 his account of a place that lay, as it were, in the
 neighbourhood of Rome. At the end of this lake
 stands Montefiascone, the habitation of Virgil's Æqui
 Falisci, *Æn.* 7, and on the side of it the town of the
 Volsinians, now called Bolsena.

Aut positis nemorosa inter juga Volsiniis.

Juv. Sat. iii. v. 191.

—————Volsinium stood
 Cover'd with mountains, and inclos'd with wood.

I saw in the church-yard of Bolsena an antique funeral monument (of that kind which they called a sarcophagus) very entire, and, what is particular, engraven *on all sides* with a curious representation of a Bacchanal. Had the inhabitants observed a couple of lewd figures at one end of it, they would not have thought it a proper ornament for the place where it now stands. After having travelled hence to Aquapendente, that stands in a wonderful pleasant situation, we came to the little brook which separates the pope's dominions from the great duke's. The frontier castle of Radicofani is seated on the highest mountain in the country, and is as well fortified as the situation of the place will permit. We here found the natural face of the country quite changed from what we had been entertained with in the pope's dominions. For instead of the many beautiful scenes of green mountains and fruitful valleys, that we had been presented with for some days before, we saw now nothing but a wild naked prospect of rocks and hills, worn out on all sides with gutters and channels, and not a tree or shrub to be met with in a vast circuit of several miles. This savage prospect put me in mind of the Italian proverb, that "the pope has the flesh, and the great duke the bones of Italy." Among a large extent of these barren mountains I saw but a single spot that was cultivated, on which there stood a convent.

Sienna stands high, and is adorned with a great many towers of brick, which in the time of the commonwealth were erected to such of the members as had done any considerable service to their country. These towers gave us a sight of the town a great while before we entered it. There is nothing in this city so extraordinary as the cathedral, which a man may view with pleasure after he has seen St. Peter's, though it is quite of another make, and can only be looked upon as one of the master-pieces of Gothic architecture. When a man sees the prodigious pains

and expence that our forefathers have been at in these barbarous buildings, one cannot but fancy to himself what miracles of architecture they would have left us, had they only been instructed in the right way; for when the devotion of those ages was much warmer than it is at present, and the riches of the people much more at the disposal of the priests, there was so much money consumed on these Gothic cathedrals, as would have finished a greater variety of noble buildings than have been raised either before or since that time.

One would wonder to see the vast labour that has been laid out on this single cathedral. The very spouts are loaden with ornaments; the windows are formed like so many scenes of perspective, with a multitude of little pillars retiring one behind another; the great columns are finely engraven with fruits and foliage that run twisting about them from the very top to the bottom; the whole body of the church is checquered with different lays of white and black marble, the pavement curiously cut out in designs and scripture-stories, and the front covered with such a variety of figures, and overrun with so many little mazes and labyrinths of sculpture, that nothing in the world can make a prettier shew to those who prefer false beauties and affected ornaments to a noble and majestic simplicity. Over-against this church stands a large hospital, erected by a shoemaker, who has been beatified, though never sainted. There stands a figure of him superscribed, “Sutor ultra crepidam.”—“A shoemaker beyond his last.” I shall speak nothing of the extent of this city, the cleanliness of its streets, nor the beauty of its piazza, which so many travellers have described. As this is the last republic that fell under the subjection of the Duke of Florence, so it is still supposed to retain many hankerings after its ancient liberty. For this reason, when the keys and pageants of the duke’s towns and governments pass in procession before

him, on St. John Baptist's day, I was told that Sienna comes in the rear of his dominions, and is pushed forward by those that follow, to shew the reluctance it has to appear in such a solemnity. I shall say nothing of the many gross and absurd traditions of St. Catherine of Sienna, who is the great saint of this place. I think there is as much pleasure in hearing a man tell his dreams, as in reading accounts of this nature. A traveller that thinks them worth his observation, may fill a book with them at every great town in Italy.

From Sienna we went forward to Leghorn, where the two ports, the bagnio, and Donatelli's statue of the great duke, amidst the four slaves chained to this pedestal, are very noble sights. The square is one of the largest, and will be one of the most beautiful in Italy, when **this** statue is erected in it, and a town-house built at one end of it to front the church that stands at the other. They are at a continual expense to cleanse the ports, and keep them from being choaked up, which they do by the help of several engines that are always at work, and employ many of the great duke's slaves. Whatever part of the harbour they scoop in, it has an influence on all the rest; for the sea immediately works the whole bottom to a level. They draw a double advantage from the dirt that is taken up, as it clears the port, and at the same time dries up several marshes about the town, where they lay it from time to time. One can scarce imagine how great profits the duke of Tuscany receives from this single place, which are not generally thought so considerable, because it passes for a free port. But it is very well known how the great duke, on a late occasion, notwithstanding the privileges of the merchants, drew no small sums of money out of them; though still in respect of the exorbitant dues that are paid at most other ports, it deservedly retains the name of free. It brings into his dominions a great increase of people from all other

nations. They reckon in it near ten thousand Jews, many of them very rich, and so great traffickers, that our English factors complain they have most of our country trade in their hands. It is true the strangers pay little or no taxes directly; but out of every thing they buy there goes a large gabel to the government. The very ice-merchant at Leghorn pays above a thousand pounds sterling annually for his privilege, and the tobacco-merchant ten thousand. The ground is sold by the great duke at a very high price, and houses are every day rising on it. All the commodities that go up into the country, of which there are great quantities, are clogged with impositions as soon as they leave Leghorn. All the wines, oils, and silks, that come down from the fruitful vallies of Pisa, Florence, and other parts of Tuscany, must make their way through several duties and taxes before they can reach the port. The canal that runs from the sea into the Arno gives a convenient carriage to all goods that are to be shipped off, which does not a little enrich the owners: and in proportion as private men grow wealthy, their legacies, law-suits, daughters' portions, &c. increase, in all which the great duke comes in for a considerable share. The Lucquese, who traffic at this port, are said to bring in a great deal into the duke's coffers. Another advantage, which may be of great use to him, is, that at five or six days warning he might find credit in this town for very large sums of money, which no other prince in Italy can pretend to. I need not take notice of the reputation that this port gives him among foreign princes; but there is one benefit arising from it, which, though never thrown into the account, is doubtless very considerable. It is well known how the Pisans and Florentines long regretted the loss of their ancient liberty, and their subjection to a family that some of them thought themselves equal to, in the flourishing times of their commonwealths. The town of Leghorn has accidentally done what the greatest

fetch of politics would have found difficult to have brought about; for it has almost unpeopled Pisa, if we compare it with what it was formerly; and every day lessens the number of the inhabitants of Florence. This does not only weaken those places, but at the same time turns many of their busiest spirits from their old notions of honour and liberty, to the thoughts of traffic and merchandise: and as men engaged in the road of thriving are no friends to changes and revolutions, they are at present worn into a habit of subjection, and push all their pursuits another way. It is no wonder, therefore, that the great duke has such apprehensions of the pope's making Civita Vecchia a free port, which may in time prove so very prejudicial to Leghorn. It would be thought an improbable story, should I set down the several methods that are commonly reported to have been made use of, during the last pontificate, to put a stop to this design. The great duke's money was so well bestowed in the conclave, that several of the cardinals dissuaded the pope from the undertaking, and at last turned all his thoughts upon the little port which he made at Antium, near Nettuno. The chief workmen, that were to have conveyed the water to Civita Vecchia, were bought off; and when a poor Capuchin, that was thought proof against all bribes, had undertaken to carry on the work, he died a little after he had entered upon it. The present pope, however, who is very well acquainted with the secret history, and the weakness of his predecessor, seems resolved to bring the project to its perfection. He has already been at vast charges in finishing the aqueduct, and had some hopes that, if the war should drive our English merchants from Sicily and Naples, they would settle here. His holiness has told some English gentlemen, that those of our nation should have the greatest privileges of any but the subjects of the church. One of our countrymen, who makes a good figure at Rome, told me, the pope has this de-

sign extremely at his heart, but that he fears the English will suffer nothing like a resident or consul in his dominions, though at the same time he hoped the business might as well be transacted by one that had no public character. This gentleman has so busied himself in the affair, that he has offended the French and Spanish cardinals, insomuch that Cardinal Janson refused to see him, when he would have made his apology for what he had said to the pope on this subject. There is one great objection to *Civita Vecchia*, that the air of the place is not wholesome; but this, they say, proceeds from want of inhabitants, the air of *Leghorn* having been worse than this before the town was well peopled.

The great profits which have accrued to the duke of Florence from his free port, have set several of the states of Italy on the same project. The most likely to succeed in it would be the Genoese, who lie more convenient than the Venetians, and have a more inviting form of government than that of the church, or that of Florence. But as the port of Genoa is so very ill guarded against storms, that no privileges can tempt the merchants from *Leghorn* into it, so dare not the Genoese make any other of their ports free, lest it should draw to it most of their commerce and inhabitants, and by consequence ruin their chief city.

From *Leghorn* I went to *Pisa*, where there is still the shell of a great city, though not half furnished with inhabitants. The great church, baptistery, and leaning tower, are very well worth seeing, and are built after the same fancy with the cathedral of *Sienna*. Half a day's journey more brought me into the republic of *Lucca*.

It is very pleasant to see how the small territories of this little republic are cultivated to the best advantage, so that one cannot find the least spot of ground that is not made to contribute its utmost to the owner. In all the inhabitants there appears an air

of cheerfulness and plenty not often to be met with in those of the countries which lie about them. There is but one gate for strangers to enter at, that it may be known what numbers of them are in the town. Over it is written in letters of gold, "Libertas."

This republic is shut up in the great duke's dominions, who at present is very much incensed against it, and seems to threaten it with the fate of Florence, Pisa, and Sienna. The occasion as follows.

The Lucquese plead prescription for hunting in one of the duke's forests, that lies upon their frontiers, which about two years since was strictly forbidden them, the prince intending to preserve the game for his own pleasure. Two or three sportsmen of the republic, who had the hardiness to offend against the prohibition, were seized, and kept in a neighbouring prison. Their countrymen, to the number of threescore, attacked the place where they were kept in custody, and rescued them. The great duke redemands his prisoners, and, as a further satisfaction, would have the governor of the town, where the threescore assailants had combined together, delivered into his hands; but receiving only excuses, he resolved to do himself justice. Accordingly he ordered all the Lucquese to be seized that were found on a market-day, in one of his frontier towns. These amounted to fourscore, among whom were persons of some consequence in the republic. They are now in prison at Florence, and, as it is said, treated hardly enough; for there are fifteen of the number dead within less than two years. The king of Spain, who is protector of the commonwealth, received information from the great duke of what had passed, who approved of his proceedings, and ordered the Lucquese, by his governor of Milan, to give a proper satisfaction. The republic, thinking themselves ill used by their protector, as they say at Florence, have sent to Prince Eugene, to desire

the emperor's protection, with an offer of winter-quarters, as it is said, for four thousand Germans. The great duke rises on them in his demands, and will not be satisfied with less than a hundred thousand crowns, and a solemn embassy to beg pardon for the past, and promise amendment for the future. Thus stands the affair at present, that may end in the ruin of the commonwealth, if the French succeed in Italy. It is pleasant, however, to hear the discourse of the common people of Lucca, who are firmly persuaded that one Lucquese can beat five Florentines, who are grown low-spirited, as they pretend, by the great duke's oppressions, and have nothing worth fighting for. They say, they can bring into the field twenty or thirty thousand fighting men, all ready to sacrifice their lives for their liberty. They have a good quantity of arms and ammunition, but few horse. It must be owned these people are more happy, at least in imagination, than the rest of their neighbours, because they think themselves so; though such a chimerical happiness is not peculiar to republicans, for we find the subjects of the most absolute prince in Europe are as proud of their monarch as the Lucquese of being subject to none. Should the French affairs prosper in Italy, it is possible the great duke may bargain for the republic of Lucca, by the help of his great treasures, as his predecessors did formerly with the emperor for that of Sienna. The great dukes have never yet attempted any thing on Lucca, as not only fearing the arms of their protector, but because they are well assured that, should the Lucquese be reduced to the last extremity, they would rather throw themselves under the government of the Genoese, or some stronger neighbour, than submit to a state for which they have so great an aversion. And the Florentines are very sensible, that it is much better having a weak state within their dominions, than the branch of one as strong as themselves. But should so formidable a

power as that of the French king, support them in their attempts, there is no government in Italy that would dare to interpose. This republic, for the extent of its dominions, is esteemed the richest and best peopled state of Italy. The whole administration of the government passes into different hands at the end of every two months, which is the greatest security imaginable to their liberty, and wonderfully contributes to the quick dispatch of all public affairs: but in any exigence of state, like that they are now pressed with, it certainly asks a much longer time to conduct any design, for the good of the commonwealth, to its maturity and perfection.

I had the good luck to be at Florence when there was an opera acted, which was the eighth that I had seen in Italy. I could not but smile to read the solemn protestation of the poet in the first page, where he declares that he believes neither in the Fates, Deities, or Destinies; and that, if he has made use of the words, it is purely out of a poetical liberty, and not from his real sentiments, for that in all these particulars he believes as the holy mother church believes and commands:

“*Protesta.*—Le voci Fato, Deita, Destino, e simili, che per entro questo drama trovarai, son messe per ischerzo poetico, e non per sentimento vero, credendo sempre in tutto quello, che crede, e comanda Santa Madre chiesa.”

There are some beautiful palaces in Florence; and as Tuscan pillars and rustic work owe their original to this country, the architects always take care to give them a place in the great edifices that are raised in Tuscany. The duke's new palace is a very noble pile, built after this manner, which makes it look extremely solid and majestic. It is not unlike that of Luxemburg at Paris, which was built by Mary of Medicis, and for that reason perhaps the workmen fell into the Tuscan humour. I found in the court of this palace what I could not meet with any where

in Rome: I mean an antique statue of Hercules lifting up Antæus from the earth, which I have already had occasion to speak of. It was found in Rome, and brought hither under the reign of Leo the Tenth. There are abundance of pictures in the several apartments, by the hands of the greatest masters.

But it is the famous gallery of the old palace, where are perhaps the noblest collections of curiosities to be met with in any part of the whole world. The gallery itself is made in the shape of an L, according to Mr. Lassel; but, if it must needs be like a letter, it resembles the Greek Π most. It is adorned with admirable pieces of sculpture, as well modern as ancient. Of the last sort I shall mention those that are rarest either for the person they represent, or the beauty of the sculpture. Among the busts of the emperors and empresses, there are these that follow, which are all very scarce, and some of them almost singular in their kind: Agrippa, Caligula, Otho, Nerva, Ælius Verus, Pertinax, Geta, Didius Julianus, Albinus extremely well wrought, and, what is seldom seen, in alabaster, Gordianus Africanus the elder, Eliogabalus, Galien the elder, and the younger Papienus. I have put Agrippa among the emperors, because he is generally ranged so in sets of medals, as some that follow among the empresses have no other right to the company they are joined with: Domitia, Agrippina wife of Germanicus, Antonia, Matidia, Plotina, Mallia Scantilla, falsely inscribed under her bust Julia Severi, Aquilia Severa, Julia Mæsa. I have generally observed at Rome, which is the great magazine of these antiquities, that the same heads which are rare in medals, are also rare in marble; and indeed one may commonly assign the same reason for both, which was the shortness of the emperors reigns, that did not give the workmen time to make many of their figures; and as the shortness of their reigns was generally occasioned by the advancement of a rival, it is no wonder that nobody worked on the figure of

a deceased emperor, when his enemy was on the throne. This observation however does not always hold. An Agrippa or Caligula, for example, is a common coin, but a very extraordinary bust; and a Tiberius a rare coin, but a common bust; which one would the more wonder at, if we consider the indignities that were offered to this emperor's statues after his death. The Tiberius in Tiberim is a known instance.

Among the busts of such emperors as are common enough, there are several in the gallery that deserve to be taken notice of for the excellence of the sculpture; as those of Augustus, Vespasian, Adrian, Marcus Aurelius, Lucius Verus, Septimius Severus, Caracalla, Geta. There is in the same gallery a beautiful bust of Alexander the Great, casting up his face to heaven, with a noble air of grief or discontentedness in his looks. I have seen two or three antique busts of Alexander in the same air and posture, and am apt to think the sculptor had in his thoughts the conqueror's weeping for new worlds, or some other the like circumstance of his history. There is also in porphyry the head of a fawn, and of the god Pan. Among the entire figures I took particular notice of a vestal virgin, with the holy fire burning before her. This statue, I think, may decide that notable controversy among the antiquaries, whether the vestals, after having received the tonsure, ever suffered their hair to come again; for it is here full grown, and gathered under the veil. The brazen figure of the consul, with the ring on his finger, reminded me of Juvenal's "*majoris pondera Gemmæ.*" There is another statue in brass, supposed to be of Apollo, with this modern inscription on the pedestal, which I must confess I do not know what to make of, "*Ut potui huc veni musis et fratre relicto.*" I saw in the same gallery the famous figure of the wild boar, the gladiator, the Narcissus, the Cupid and Psyche, the Flora, with some modern

statues that several others have described. Among the antique figures there is a fine one of Morpheus in Touchstone. I have always observed, that this god is represented by the ancient statuaries under the figure of a boy asleep, with a bundle of poppy in his hand. I at first took it for a Cupid, until I had taken notice that it had neither bow nor quiver. I suppose Dr. Lister has been guilty of the same mistake, in the reflections he makes on what he calls the sleeping Cupid with poppy in his hands.

—————Qualia namque

Corpora nudorum tabula pinguntur amorum,
Talis erat; sed ne faciat discrimina cultus,
Aut huic adde leves aut illis deme pharetras.

Ovid. Metam. Lib. 10. v. 515.

Such are the Cupids that in paint we view;
But that the likeness may be nicely true,
A loaden quiver to his shoulders tie,
Or bid the Cupids lay their quivers by.

It is probable they chose to represent the God of Sleep under the figure of a boy, contrary to all our modern designers, because it is that age which has its repose the least broken by cares and anxieties. Statius, in his celebrated invocation of Sleep, addresses himself to him under the same figure.

Crimine quo merui, juvenis placidissime divum,
Quove errore miser, donis ut solus egerem,
Somne, tuis? tacet omne pecus, volucresque feræque, &c.
Sylv. 4. Lib. 5. v. 1.

Tell me, thou best of Gods, thou gentle youth,
Tell me my sad offence; that only I,
While hush'd at ease thy drowsy subjects lie,
In the dead silence of the night complain,
Nor taste the blessings of thy peaceful reign.

I never saw any figure of Sleep that was not of black marble, which has probably some relation to the night, that is the proper season for rest. I should not have made this remark, but that I remember to

have read in one of the ancient authors, that the Nile is generally represented in stone of this colour, because it flows from the country of the Æthiopians; which shews us that statuaries had sometimes an eye to the person they were to represent in the choice they made of their marble. There are still at Rome some of these black statues of the Nile, which are cut in a kind of touchstone.

Usque coloratis amnis devexus ab Indis.

Virg. Georg. 4. v. 293.

Rolling its tide from Ethiopian lands.

At one end of the gallery stand two antique marble pillars, curiously wrought with the figures of the old Roman arms and instruments of war. After a full survey of the gallery, we were led into four or five chambers of curiosities that stand on the side of it. The first was a cabinet of antiquities, made up chiefly of idols, talismans, lamps, and hieroglyphics. I saw nothing in it that I was not before acquainted with, except the four following figures in brass.

I. A little image of Juno Sispita, or Sospita, which perhaps is not to be met with any where else but on medals. She is clothed in a goat's skin, the horns sticking out above her head. The right arm is broken that probably supported a shield, and the left a little defaced, though one may see it held something in its grasp formerly. The feet are bare. I remember Tully's description of this goddess in the following words: "Illam nostram Sospitam, quam tu nunquam ne in somniis, vides nisi cum pelle caprina, cum hasta, cum scutulo, cum calceolis repandis."—"Our goddess Sospita, whom you never see, even in a dream, without a goat-skin, a spear, a little shield, and broad sandals.

II. An antique model of the famous Laocoon and his two sons, that stands in the Belvidera at Rome. This is the more remarkable, as it is entire in those parts where the statue is maimed. It was by the help

of this model that Bandinelli finished his admirable copy of the Laocœon, which stands at one end of this gallery.

III. An Apollo, or Amphion. I took notice of this little figure for the singularity of the instrument, which I never before saw in ancient sculpture. It is not unlike a violin, and played on after the same manner. I doubt, however, whether this figure be not of a later date than the rest, by the meanness of the workmanship.

IV. A corona radialis with only eight spikes to it. Every one knows the usual number was twelve, some say in allusion to the signs of the zodiac, and others to the labours of Hercules.

—Ingenti mole Latinus

Quadrijugo vehitur curru; cui tempora circum

Aurati bis Sex Radium fulgentia cingunt,

Solis avi specimen—

Virg. Æn. 12. v. 161.

Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear:

Twelve golden beams around his temples play,

To mark his lineage from the God of Day.

Dryden.

The two next chambers are made up of several artificial curiosities in ivory, amber, crystal, marble, and precious stones, which all voyage-writers are full of. In the chamber that is shewn last stands the celebrated Venus of Medicis. The statue seems much less than the life, as being perfectly naked, and in company with others of a larger make; it is notwithstanding as big as the ordinary size of a woman, as I concluded from the measure of her wrist; for from the bigness of any one part it is easy to guess at all the rest, in a figure of such nice proportions. The softness of the flesh, the delicacy of the shape, air, and posture, and the correctness of design, in this statue are inexpressible. I have several reasons to believe that the name of the sculptor on the pedestal is not so old as the statue. This figure of Venus put

me in mind of a speech she makes in one of the Greek epigrams.

Γυμνην οιδε Παρις με και 'Αγχισιης και Αδωνις,
Τες τρεις οιδα μονες· Πραξιτελης δε ποθεν;

Anchises, Paris, and Adonis too.

Have seen me naked and expos'd to view?

All these I frankly own without denying;

But where has this Praxiteles been prying?

There is another Venus in the same circle, that would make a good figure any where else. There are among the old Roman statues several of Venus in different postures and habits, as there are many particular figures of her made after the same design. I fancy it is not hard to find among them some that were made after the three statues of this goddess, which Pliny mentions. In the same chamber is the Roman slave whetting his knife and listening, which from the shoulders upward is incomparable. The two wrestlers are in the same room. I observed here likewise a very curious bust of Annius Verus, the young son of Marcus Aurelius, who died at nine years of age. I have seen several other busts of him at Rome, though his medals are exceeding rare.

The great duke has ordered a large chamber to be fitted up for old inscriptions, urns, monuments, and the like sets of antiquities. I was shown several of them which are not yet put up. There are the two famous inscriptions that give so great a light to the histories of Appius, who made the highway, and of Fabius the dictator; they contain a short account of the honours they passed through, and the actions they performed. I saw too the busts of Tranquillina, Mother to Gordianus Pius, and of Quintus Herrenius, son to Trajan Decius, which are extremely valuable for their rarity; and a beautiful old figure made after the celebrated hermaphrodite in the villa Borghese. I saw nothing that has not been observed by several others in the Argentaria, the tabernacle of St. Lawrence's chapel, and

the chamber of painters. The chapel of St. Lawrence will be perhaps the most costly piece of work on the face of the earth, when completed; but it advances so very slowly, that it is not impossible but the family of Medicis may be extinct before their burial-place is finished.

The great duke has lived many years separate from the duchess, who is at present in the court of France, and intends there to end her days. The cardinal, his brother, is old and infirm, and could never be induced to resign his purple for the uncertain prospect of giving an heir to the dukedom of Tuscany. The great prince has been married several years without any children; and notwithstanding all the precautions in the world were taken for the marriage of the prince his younger brother (as the finding out a lady for him who was in the vigour and flower of her age, and had given marks of her fruitfulness by a former husband) they have all hitherto proved unsuccessful. There is a branch of the family of Medicis in Naples: the head of it has been owned as a kinsman by the great duke, and it is thought will succeed to his dominions, in case the prince his sons die childless; though it is not impossible but, in such a conjuncture, the commonwealths, that are thrown under the great duchy, may make some efforts towards the recovery of their ancient liberty.

I was in the library of manuscripts belonging to St. Lawrence; of which there is a printed catalogue. I looked into the Virgil, which disputes its antiquity with that of the Vatican. It wants the *Ille ego qui quondam*, &c. and the twenty-two lines in the second Æneid, beginning at "*Jamque adeo super unus* ram.—I must confess I always thought this passage left out with a great deal of judgment by Tucca and Varius, as it seems to contradict a part in the sixth Æneid, and represents the hero in a passion, that is, at least, not at all becoming the greatness of his character. Besides, I think the apparition of Venus

comes in very properly to draw him away from the sight of Priam's murder; for without such a machine to take him off, I cannot see how the hero could, with honour, leave Neoptolemus triumphant, and Priam unrevenged. But since Virgil's friends thought fit to let drop this incident of Helen, I wonder they would not blot out, or alter a line in Venus's speech, that has a relation to the rencounter, and comes in improperly without it:

Non tibi Tyndaridæ facies invisæ Lacænæ,
Culpatæve Paris——— *Æn.* 2. v. 601.

Not Helen's face, nor Paris was in fault. Dryden.

Florence for modern statues I think excels even Rome; but these I shall pass over in silence, that I may not transcribe out of others.

The way from Florence to Bologna runs over several ranges of mountains, and is the worst road, I believe, of any over the Appennines; for this was my third time of crossing them. It gave me a lively idea of Silius Italicus's description of Hannibal's march.

Quoque magis subiere jugo atque evadere nisi
Erexere gradum, crescit labor, ardua supra
Sese aperit fessis, et nascitur altera moles. *Lib.* 3.

From steep to steep the troops advanc'd with pain,
In hopes at last the topmast cliff to gain;
But still by new ascents the mountain grew,
And a fresh toil presented to their view.

I shall conclude this chapter with the description which the Latin poets have given us of the Appennines. We may observe in them all, the remarkable qualities of this prodigious length of mountains, that run from one extremity of Italy to the other, and give rise to an incredible variety of rivers that water this delightful country.

—— Nubifer Apeninus.

Ovid: *Metam.* Lib. 2. v. 226.

Cloud-bearing Appennines.

——— Qui Siculum porrectus ad usque Pelorum,
 Finibus ab Ligurum, populos amplectitur omnes
 Italiae; geminumque latus stringentia longe
 Utraque perpetuo discriminat æquora tractu.

Claud. de sexto Cons. Hon.

Which stretching from Liguria's distant bounds
 To where the strait of Sicily resounds,
 Extends itself thro' all Italia's sons,
 Embracing various nations as it runs:
 And from the summit of its rocky chain
 Beholds, on either hand, the hoarse-resounding main.

——— Mole nivali

Alpibus æquatam attollens caput Apenninus.

Sil. Ital. Lib. 2.

The Apennine, crown'd with perpetual snow,
 High as the tow'ring Alps erects its lofty brow.

Horrebat glacie saxa inter lubrica summo
 Piniferum cœlo miscens caput Apenninus:
 Condiderat Nix alta trabes, et vetrice celso
 Canus apex stricta surgebat ad astra pruina. Id. Lib. 4.

Deform'd with ice, the shady Apennine
 Mix'd with the skies; and, cover'd deep with mows,
 High as the stars his hoary summit rose.

Umbrosis mediam qua collibus Apenninus
 Erigit Italiam, nullo qua vertice tellus
 Altius intumuit, propiusque accessit Olympo:
 Mons inter geminas medius se porrigit undas
 Inferni, superique maris: collesque coercent,
 Hinc Tyrrhena vado frangentes æquora Pisæ,
 Illinc Dalmaticis obnoxia fluctibus Ancon.
 Fontibus hic vastis immensos concipit amnes,
 Fluminaque in gemini spargit divortia ponti.

Lucan, Lib. 2. v. 396.

In pomp the shady Apennines arise,
 And lift th' aspiring nation to the skies;
 No land like Italy erects the sight
 By such a vast ascent, or swells to such a height:
 Her num'rous states the tow'ring hills divide,
 And see the billows rise on either side;
 At Pisa here the range of mountains ends,
 And here to high Ancona's shores extends:

In their dark womb a thousand rivers lie,
That with continu'd streams the double sea supply

After a very tedious journey over the Appennines, we at last came to the river that runs at the foot of them, and was formerly called the little Rhine. Following the course of this river, we arrived in a short time at Bolonia.

———Parvique bononia Rheni. Sil. Ital. Lib. 8.

Bolonia water'd by the petty Rhine.

We here quickly felt the difference of the northern from the southern side of the mountains, as well in the coldness of the air, as in the badness of the wine. This town is famous for the richness of the soil that lies about it, and the magnificence of its convents. It is likewise esteemed the third in Italy for pictures, as having been the school of the Lombard painters. I saw in it three rarities of different kinds, which pleased me more than any other shows of the place. The first was an authentic silver medal of the younger Brutus, in the hands of an eminent antiquary. One may see the character of the person in the features of the face, which is exquisitely well cut. On the reverse is the cap of liberty, with a dagger on each side of it, subscribed "Id. Mar." "for the Ides of March," the famous date of Cæsar's murder. The second was a picture of Raphael's in St. Giovanni in Monte. It is extremely well preserved, and represents St. Cecilia with an instrument of music in her hands. On one side of her are the figures of St. Paul, and St. John; and on the other, of Mary Magdalene, and St. Austin. There is something wonderfully divine in the airs of this picture. I cannot forbear mentioning, for my third curiosity, a new stair-case that strangers are generally carried to see, where the easiness of the ascent within so small a compass, the disposition of the lights, and the convenient landing, are admirably well contrived. The wars of Italy, and the season of the year, made me

pass through the duchies of Modena, Parma, and Savoy; with more haste than I would have done at another time. The soil of Modena and Parma is very rich and well cultivated. The palaces of the princes are magnificent, but neither of them is yet finished. We procured a licence of the Duke of Parma to enter the theatre and gallery, which deserve to be seen as well as any thing of that nature in Italy. The theatre is, I think, the most spacious of any I ever saw, and at the same time so admirably well contrived, that from the very depth of the stage the lowest sound may be heard distinctly to the farthest part of the audience, as in a whispering-place; and yet if you raise your voice as high as you please, there is nothing like an echo to cause in it the least confusion. The gallery is hung with a numerous collection of pictures, all done by celebrated hands. On one side of the gallery is a large room adorned with inlaid tables, cabinets, works in amber, and other pieces of great art and value. Out of this we were led into another great room, furnished with old inscriptions, idols, busts, medals, and the like antiquities. I could have spent a day with great satisfaction in this apartment, but had only time to pass my eye over the medals, which are in great number, and many of them very rare. The scarcest of all is a Pescennius Niger on a medalion well preserved. It was coined at Antioch, where this Emperor trifled away his time until he lost his life and empire. The reverse is a Dea Salus. There are two of Otho, the reverse a Serapis; and two of Messalina and Poppæa in middle brass, the reverses of the Emperor Claudius. I saw two medalions of Plotina and Matildia, the reverse to each a Pietas: with two medals of Pertinax, the reverse of one Vota Decennalia, and of the other Diis Custodibus; and another of Gordianus Africanus, the reverse I have forgot.

The principalities of Modena and Parma are much about the same extent, and have each of them two

large towns, besides a great number of little villages. The Duke of Parma however is much richer than the Duke of Modena. Their subjects would live in great plenty amidst so rich and well cultivated a soil, were not the taxes and impositions so very exorbitant; for the courts are much too splendid and magnificent for the territories that lie about them, and one cannot but be amazed to see such a profusion of wealth laid out in coaches, trappings, tables, cabinets, and the like precious toys, in which there are few princes of Europe who equal them, when at the same time they have not had the generosity to make bridges over the rivers of their countries for the convenience of their subjects, as well as strangers, who are forced to pay an unreasonable exaction at every ferry upon the the least rising of the waters. A man might well expect in these small governments, a much greater regulation of affairs, for the ease and benefit of the people, than in large over-grown states, where the rules of justice, beneficence, and mercy, may be easily put out of their course in passing through the hands of deputies, and a long subordination of officers. And it would certainly be for the good of mankind to have all the mighty empires and monarchies of the world cantoned out into petty states and principalities, that, like so many large families, might lie under the eye and observation of their proper governors; so that the care of the prince might extend itself to every individual person under his protection. But since such a general scheme can never be brought about, and, if it were, it would quickly be destroyed by the ambition of some particular state aspiring above the rest, it happens very ill at present to be born under one of these petty sovereigns, that will be still endeavouring, at his subjects cost, to equal the pomp and grandeur of greater princes, as well as to outvie those of his own rank.

For this reason there are no people in the world, who live in more ease and prosperity, than the sub-

jects of little commonwealths, as on the contrary there are none who suffer more under the grievances of a hard government, than the subjects of little principalities. I left the road of Milan on my right hand, having before seen that city, and after having passed through Asti, the frontier town of Savoy, I at last came within sight of the Po, which is a fine river even at Turin, though within six miles of its source. This river has been made the scene of two or three poetical stories. Ovid has chosen it out to throw his Phaeton into it, after all the smaller rivers had been dried up in the conflagration.

I have read some botanical critics, who tell us the poets have not rightly followed the traditions of antiquity, in metamorphosing the sisters of Phaeton into poplars, who ought to have been turned into larch-trees; for that it is this kind of tree which sheds a gum, and is commonly found on the banks of the Po. The change of Cygnus into a swan, which closes up the disasters of Phaeton's family, was wrought on the same place where the sisters were turned into trees. The descriptions that Virgil and Ovid have made of it cannot be sufficiently admired.

Claudian has set off his description of the Eridanus with all the poetical stories that have been made of it.

———Ille caput placides sublime fluentis
 Extulit, et totis lucem spargentia ripis
 Aurea roranti micuerunt cornua vultu.
 Non illi madidum vulgaris arundine crinem
 Velat honos; rami caput umbravere virentes
 Heliadum, totisque fluunt electra capillis.
 Palla tegit latos humeros, curruque paterno
 Intextus Phaëton glaucos incendit amictus:
 Fultaque sub gremio cœlatis nobilis astris
 Æthereum probat urna decus. Namque omnia luctus
 Argumenta sui Titan signavit Olympo,
 Mutatumque senem plumis, et fronde sorores,
 Et fluvium, nati qui vulnera lavit anhelis,
 Siat gelidis auriga plagis; vestigia fratris

Germanæ servant hyades, Cycnique sodalis
 Lacteus extentas aspergit circulus alas.
 Stellifer Eridanus sinuatis fluctibus errans,
 Clara noti convexa rigat——

Claudian. de sexto Cons. Honorii.

His head above the floods he gently rear'd,
 And as he rose his golden horns appeared,
 That on the forehead shone divinely bright,
 And o'er the banks diffus'd a yellow light :
 No interwoven reeds a garland made,
 To hide his brows within the vulgar shade :
 But poplar wreaths around his temples spread,
 And tears of amber trickled down his head :
 A spacious veil from his broad shoulders flew,
 That set the unhappy Phaeton to view :
 The flaming chariot and the steeds it show'd,
 And the whole fable in the mantle glow'd :
 Beneath his arm an urn supported lies,
 With stars embellish'd and fictitious skies.
 For Titan, by the mighty loss dismay'd,
 Among the heav'ns th' immortal fact display'd,
 Lest the remembrance of his grief should fail,
 And in the constellations wrote his tale.
 A swan in memory of Cynus shines ;
 The mourning sisters weep in watry signs ;
 The burning chariot, and the charioteer,
 In bright Bootes and his wane appear ;
 Whilst in a track of light the waters run,
 That wash'd the body of his blasted son.

The river Po gives a name to the chief street of Turin, which fronts the Duke's palace, and when finished will be one of the noblest in Italy for its length. There is one convenience in this city that I never observed in any other, and which makes some amends for the badness of the pavement. By the help of a river that runs on the upper side of the town, they can convey a little stream of water through all the most considerable streets, which serves to cleanse the gutters, and carries away all the filth that is swept into it. The manager opens his sluice every night, and distributes the water into what quarters of the town he pleases. Besides the

ordinary convenience that arises from it, it is of great use when a fire chances to break out; for at a few minutes warning they have a little river running by the very walls of the house that is burning. The court of Turin is reckoned the most splendid and polite of any in Italy; but by reason of its being in mourning, I could not see it in its magnificence. The common people of this state are more exasperated against the French than even the rest of the Italians. For the great mischiefs they have suffered from them are still fresh upon their memories, and, notwithstanding this interval of peace, one may easily trace out the several marches which the French armies have made through their country, by the ruin and desolation they have left behind them. I passed through Piedmont and Savoy, at a time when the Duke was forced, by the necessity of his affairs, to be in alliance with the French.

I came directly from Turin to Geneva, and had a very easy journey over Mount Cennis, though about the beginning of December, the snows having not yet fallen. On the top of this high mountain is a large plain, and in the midst of the plain a beautiful lake, which would be very extraordinary, were there not several mountains in the neighbourhood rising over it. The inhabitants thereabout pretend that it is unfathomable, and I question not but the waters of it fill up a deep valley, before they come to a level with the surface of the plain. It is well stocked with trouts, though they say it is covered with ice three quarters of the year.

There is nothing in the natural face of Italy that is more delightful to a traveller, than the several lakes which are dispersed up and down among the many breaks and hollows of the Alps and Appennines. For as these vast heaps of mountains are thrown together with so much irregularity and confusion, they form a great variety of hollow bottoms, that often lie in the figure of so many artificial

basons; where, if any fountains chance to rise, they naturally spread themselves into lakes, before they can find any issue for their waters. The ancient Romans took a great deal of pains to hew out a passage for these lakes to discharge themselves into some neighbouring river, for the bettering of the air, or the recovering of the soil that lay underneath them. The draining of the Fucinus by the Emperor Claudius, with the prodigious multitude of spectators who attended it, and the famous Naumachia and splendid entertainment, which were made upon it before the sluices were opened, is a well known piece of history. In all our journey through the Alps, as well when we climbed as when we descended them, we had still a river running along with the road, that probably at first occasioned the discovery of this passage. I shall end this chapter with a description of the Alps, as I did the last with those of the Appennines. The poet perhaps would not have taken notice, that there is no spring nor summer on these mountains, but because in this respect the Alps are quite different from the Appennines, which have as delightful green spots among them as any in Italy.

Cuncta gelu canaque æternum grandine tecta,
 Atque ævi glaciem cohibent: riget ardua montis
 Ætherei facies, sergentique obvia Phœbo
 Duratas nescit flammis mollire pruinas:
 Quantum Tartareus regni pallentis hiatus
 Ad manes imos atque atræ stagna paludis
 A supera tellure patet, tam longa per auras
 Erigitur tellus, et cœlum intercipit umbra.
 Nullum ver usquam, nullique æstatis honores;
 Sola jugis habitat diris, sedesque tuerur
 Perpetuas deformis hyems: illa undique nubes.
 Huc atras agit, et mixtos cum grandine nimbos
 Nam cuncti flatus ventique furentia regna
 Alpina posuere domo, caligat in altis
 Ootutus saxis, abeuntque in nubila montes.

Sil. Ital. Lib. 3.

Stiff with eternal ice and hid in snow
 That fell a thousand centuries ago,

The mountain stands ; nor can the rising sun
Unfix her frosts, and teach 'em how to run :
Deep as the dark infernal waters lie
From the bright regions of the chearful sky,
So far the proud ascending rocks invade
Heav'n's upper realms, and cast a dreadful shade :
No spring nor summer on the mountain seen
Smiles with gay fruits, or with delightful green ;
But hoary winter, unadorn'd and bare,
Dwells in the dire retreat, and freezes there ;
There she assembles all her blackest storms,
And the rude hail in rattling tempests forms ;
Thither the loud tumultuous winds resort,
And on the mountain keep their boist'rous court,
That in thick show'rs her rocky summit shrouds,
And darkens all the broken view with clouds.

Near St. Julian in Savoy, the Alps begin to enlarge themselves on all sides, and open into a vast circuit of ground, which, in respect of the other parts of the Alps, may pass for a plain champain country. This extent of lands, with the Lemane lake, would make one of the prettiest and most defensible dominions in Europe, was it all thrown into a single state, and had Geneva for its metropolis. But there are three powerful neighbours, who divide among them the greatest part of this fruitful country. The Duke of Savoy has the Chablais, and all the fields that lie beyond the Arve, as far as to the Ecluse. The king of France is master of the whole country of Gex ; and the canton of Bern comes in for that of Vaud. Geneva and its little territories lie in the heart of these three states. The greatest part of the town stands upon a hill, and has its view bounded on all sides by several ranges of mountains, which are however at so great a distance, that they leave open a wonderful variety of beautiful prospects. The situation of these mountains has some particular effects on the country, which they inclose. As first, they cover it from all winds, except the south and north. It is to the last of these winds that the inhabitants of Geneva ascribe the healthfulness of their air ; for as the Alps sur-

round them on all sides, they form a vast kind of bason, where there would be a constant stagnation of vapours, the country being so well watered, did not the north wind put them in motion, and scatter them from time to time. Another effect the Alps have on Geneva is, that the sun here rises later and sets sooner than it does to other places of the same latitude. I have often observed that the tops of the neighbouring mountains have been covered with light above half an hour after the sun is down, in respect of those who live at Geneva. These mountains likewise very much increase their summer heats, and make up an horizon that has something in it very singular and agreeable. On one side you have the long tract of hills, that goes under the name of mount Jura, covered with vineyards and pasturage, and on the other huge precipices of naked rocks rising up in a thousand odd figures, and cleft in some places, so as to discover high mountains of snow that lie several leagues behind them. Towards the south the hills rise more insensibly, and leave the eye a vast uninterrupted prospect for many miles. But the most beautiful view of all is the lake, and the borders of it that lie north of the town.

This lake resembles a sea in the colour of its waters, the storms that are raised on it, and the ravage it makes on its banks. It receives too a different name from the coasts it washes, and in summer has something like an ebb and flow, which arises from the melting of the snows that fall into it more copiously at noon than at other times of the day. It has five different states bordering on it, the kingdom of France, the duchy of Savoy, the canton of Bern, the bishopric of Sion, and the republic of Geneva. I have seen papers fixed up in the canton of Bern, with this magnificent preface; "Whereas we have been informed of several abuses committed in our ports and harbours on the lake," &c.

I made a little voyage round the lake, and touched

on the several towns that lie on its coasts, which took up near five days, though the wind was pretty fair for us all the while.

The right side of the lake from Geneva belongs to the Duke of Savoy, and is extremely well cultivated. The greatest entertainment we found in coasting it were the several prospects of woods, vineyards, meadows, and corn-fields, which lie on the borders of it, and run up all the sides of the Alps, where the barrenness of the rocks, or the steepness of the ascent will suffer them. The wine however on this side of the lake is by no means so good as that on the other, as it has not so open a soil, and is less exposed to the sun. We here passed by Yvoire, where the duke keeps his gallies, and lodged at Tonon, which is the greatest town on the lake belonging to the Savoyard. It has four convents, and they say about six or seven thousand inhabitants. The lake is here about twelve miles in breadth. At a little distance from Tonon stands Ripaille, where is a convent of Carthusians. They have a large forest cut out into walks, that are extremely thick and gloomy, and very suitable to the genius of the inhabitants. There are vistas in it of a great length, that terminate upon the lake. At one side of the walks you have a near prospect of the Alps, which are broken into so many steeps and precipices, that they fill the mind with an agreeable kind of horror, and form one of the most irregular mis-shapen scenes in the world. The house that is now in the hands of the Carthusians, belonged formerly to the hermits of St. Maurice, and is famous in history for the retreat of an anti-pope, who called himself Felix the fifth. He had been Duke of Savoy, and after a very glorious reign took on him the the habit of a hermit, and retired into this solitary spot of his dominions. His enemies will have it, that he lived here in great ease and luxury; from whence the Italians to this day make use of the proverb, "Andare a Ripaglia," and

the French, "Faire Ripaille," to express a delightful kind of life. They say too, that he had great managements with several ecclesiastics before he turned hermit, and that he did it in the view of being advanced to the pontificate. However it was, he had not been here half a year, before he was chosen pope by the council of Basil, who took upon them to depose Eugenio the fourth. This promised fair at first; but by the death of the emperor, who favoured Amadeo, and the resolution of Eugenio, the greatest part of the church threw itself again under the government of their deposed head. Our anti-pope however was still supported by the council of Basil, and owned by Savoy, Switzerland, and a few other little states. This schism lasted in the church nine years, after which Felix voluntarily resigned his title into the hands of pope Nicholas the fifth; but on the following conditions: that Amadeo should be the first cardinal in the conclave; that the pope should always receive him standing, and offer him his mouth to kiss; that he should be perpetual cardinal-legate in the states of Savoy and Switzerland, and in the archbishoprics of Geneva, Sion, Bress, &c. And, lastly, that all the cardinals of his creation should be recognized by the pope. After he had made a peace so acceptable to the church, and so honourable to himself, he spent the remainder of his life with great devotion at Ripaille, and died with an extraordinary reputation of sanctity.

At Tonon they shewed us a fountain of water that is in great esteem for its wholesomeness. They say it weighs two ounces in a pound less than the same measure of the lake-water, notwithstanding this last is very good to drink, and as clear as can be imagined. A little above Tonon is a castle and small garrison. The next day we saw other small towns on the coast of Savoy, where there is nothing but misery and poverty. The nearer you come to the end of the lake, the mountains on each side grow thicker

and higher, until at last they almost meet. One often sees on the tops of the mountains several sharp rocks that stand above the rest; for as these mountains have been doubtless much higher than they are at present, the rains have washed away abundance of the soil, that has left the veins of stones shooting out of them, as in a decayed body the flesh is still shrinking from the bones. The natural histories of Switzerland talk very much of the fall of these rocks, and the great damage they have sometimes done, when their foundations have been mouldered with age, or rent by an earthquake. We saw in several parts of the Alps, that bordered upon us, vast pits of snow, as several mountains that lie at a greater distance are wholly covered with it. I fancied the confusion of mountains and hollows, I here observed, furnished me with a more probable reason than any I have met with for those periodical fountains in Switzerland, which flow only at such particular hours of the day. For as the tops of these mountains cast their shadows upon one another, they hinder the sun's shining on several parts at such certain times, so that there are several heaps of snow which have the sun lying upon them for two or three hours together, and are in the shade all the day afterwards. If therefore it happens that any particular fountain takes its rise from any of these reservoirs of snow, it will naturally begin to flow on such hours of the day as the snow begins to melt: but as soon as the sun leaves it again to freeze and harden the fountain dries up, and receives no more supplies until about the same time the next day, when the heat of the sun again sets the snows running that fall into the same little conduits, traces, and canals, and by consequence break out and discover themselves always in the same place. At the very extremity of the lake the Rhone enters, and, when I saw it, brought along with it a prodigious quantity of water, the rivers and lakes of this country being much higher in summer than in winter, by reason of

the melting of the snows. One would wonder how so many learned men could fall into so great an absurdity, as to believe this river could preserve itself unmixed with the lake, till its going out again at Geneva, which is a course of many miles. It was extremely muddy at its entrance, when I saw it, though as clear as rock water at its going out. Besides, that it brought in much more water than it carried off. The river indeed preserves itself for about a quarter of a mile in the lake, but is afterwards so wholly mixed and lost with the waters of the lake, that one discovers nothing like a stream until within about a quarter of a mile of Geneva. From the end of the lake to the source of the Rhone is a valley of about four days journey in length, which gives the name of Vallesins to its inhabitants, and is the dominion of the bishop of Sion. We lodged the second night at Villa Neuve, a little town in the canton of Bern, where we found good accommodations, and a much greater appearance of plenty than on the other side of the lake. The next day, having passed by the castle of Chillon, we came to Versoy, another town in the canton of Bern, where Ludlow retired after having left Geneva and Lausanne. The magistrates of the town warned him out of the first by the solicitation of the duchess of Orleans, as the death of his friend Lisle made him quit the other. He probably chose this retreat as a place of the greatest safety, it being an easy matter to know what strangers are in the town, by reason of its situation. The house he lived in has this inscription over the door :

Omne solum forti patria
quia patris.

The first part is a piece of verse in Ovid, as the last is a cant of his own. He is buried in the best of the churches, with the following epitaph.

“ Siste gradum et respice.

“ Hic jacet Edmond Ludlow, Anglus natione, pro-

vinciæ Wiltoniensis, filius Henrici equestris ordinis, senatorisque parliamenti, cujus quoque fuit ipse membrum, patrum stemmate clarus et nobilis, virtute propria nobilior, religione protestans et insigni pietate coruscus, ætatis anno 23 tribunus militum, paulo post exercitus prætor primarius. Tunc Hibernorum dominator, in pugna intrepidus et vitæ prodigus, in victoria clemens et mansuetus, patriæ libertatis defensor, et potestatis arbitrariæ propugnator acerrimus; cujus causa ab eadem patria 32 annis extorris, meliorique fortuna dignus apud Helvetios se recepit ibique ætatis anno 73 moriens sui desiderium relinquens sedes æternas lætus advolavit.

“ Hocce monumentum, in perpetuam veræ et sinceræ pietatis erga maritum defunctum memoriam, dicat et vovet Domina Elizabeth de Thomas, ejus strenua et mæstissima, tam in infortuniis quam in matrimonio consors dilectissima, qui animi magnitudine et vi amoris conjugalis mota eum in exilium ad obitum usque constanter secuta est. Anno Dom. 1693.”

“ Here lies Edmund Ludlow, by birth an Englishman, of the county of Wilts; son of Sir Henry Ludlow, knight; a member of parliament, as his father had likewise been; more distinguished by his virtue than his family, though an ancient and good one; by religion a protestant, and remarkable for his eminent piety: in the 23d year of his age he had the command of a regiment, and, soon after, the post of lieutenant-general; in which quality he subdued the Irish, being intrepid in fight, and exposing himself to the greatest dangers, but in victory merciful and humane. A defender of the liberty of his country, and a strenuous opposer of arbitrary power: upon which account being banished 32 years from his native country, and worthy of a better fortune, he retired into Switzerland, where he died, universally regretted, in the 73d year of his age.

“ This monument was erected in perpetual memory of her true and sincere affection towards her

deceased husband, by Dame Elizabeth Thomas, his beloved wife, and afflicted, but constant partner, as well in misfortunes as in wedlock; who, excited by her own greatness of mind, and the force of conjugal love, followed him into banishment, and constantly bore him company to his death, A. D. 1693."

Ludlow was a constant frequenter of sermons and prayers, but would never communicate with them, either of Geneva or Vevy. Just by his monument is a tombstone with the following inscription:

" Depositorium.

" *Andreas Broughton armigeri Anglicani Maydstonensis in comitatu Cantii ubi bis prætor urbanus. Dignatusque etiam fuit sententiam Regis Regum profari. Quam ob causam expulsus patria sua, peregrinatione ejus finita, solo senectutis morbo affectus requiescens a laboribus suis in Domino obdormivit, 23 die Feb. Anno D. 1687. ætatis suæ 84.*"—" The remains of Andrew Broughton, Esq. an Englishman, of Maidstone, in the county of Kent, of which place he was twice mayor. He had the honour likewise to pronounce the sentence of the King of Kings. Upon which account being banished from his country, after his travels were at an end, affected with no other disease than that of old age, he rested from his labours, and fell asleep in the Lord, the 23d of February, A. D. 1687, in the 84th year of his age." The inhabitants of this place could give no account of this Broughton; but, I suppose, by his epitaph, it is the same person that was clerk to the pretended high court of justice, which passed sentence on the royal martyr.

The next day we spent at Lausanne, the greatest town on the lake, after Geneva. We saw the wall of the cathedral church that was opened by an earthquake, and shut again some years after by a second. The crack can but be just discerned at present, though there are several in the town still living who have formerly passed through it. The Duke of

Schömberg, who was killed in Savoy, lies in this church, but without any monument or inscription over him. Lausanne was once a republic, but is now under the canton of Bern, and governed, like the rest of their dominions, by a bailiff, who is sent them every three years from the senate of Bern. There is one street of this town that has the privilege of acquitting or condemning any person of their own body, in matters of life and death. Every inhabitant of it has his vote, which makes a house here sell better than in any other part of the town. They tell you that not many years ago it happened that a cobler had the casting vote for the life of the criminal, which he very graciously gave on the merciful side. From Lausanne to Geneva we coasted along the country of the Vaud, which is the fruitfullest and best cultivated part of any among the Alps. It belonged formerly to the Duke of Savoy, but was won from him by the canton of Bern, and made over to it by the treaty of St. Julian, which is still very much regretted by the Savoyard. We called in at Morge, where there is an artificial port, and a show of more trade than in any other town on the lake. From Morge we came to Nyon. The *colonia equestris*, that Julius Cæsar settled in this country, is generally supposed to have been planted in this place. They have often dug up old Roman inscriptions and statues; and as I walked in the town I observed in the walls of several houses the fragments of the vast Corinthian pillars, with several other pieces of architecture, which must have formerly belonged to some very noble pile of building. There is no author that mentions this colony, yet it is certain, by several old Roman inscriptions, that there was such an one. Lucan indeed speaks of a part of Cæsar's army that came to him from the Lemman lake in the beginning of the civil war.

Deseruere cavo tentoria fixa Lemanno. Lib. 1. v. 396.

They left their tents pitch'd on the Lemman lake.

At about five miles distance from Nyon they show still the ruins of Cæsar's wall, that reached eighteen miles in length from Mount Jura to the borders of the lake, as he has described it in the first book of his Commentaries. The next town upon the lake is Versoy, which we could not have an opportunity of seeing, as belonging to the king of France. It has the reputation of being extremely poor and beggarly. We sailed from hence directly for Geneva, which makes a very noble show from the lake. There are near Geneva several quarries of free-stone that run under the lake. When the water is at lowest they make within the borders of it a little square inclosed with four walls. In this square they sink a pit, and dig for free-stone; the walls hindering the waters from coming in upon them, when the lake rises and runs on all sides of them. The great convenience of carriage makes these stones much cheaper than any that can be found upon firm land. One sees several deep pits that have been made at several times as one sails over them. As the lake approaches Geneva, it grows still narrower and narrower, until at last it changes its name into the Rhone, that turns all the mills of the town, and is extremely rapid, notwithstanding its waters are very deep. As I have seen great part of the course of this river, I cannot but think it has been guided by the particular hand of Providence. It rises in the very heart of the Alps, and has a long valley that seems hewn out on purpose to give its waters a passage amidst so many rocks and mountains which are on all sides of it. This brings it almost in a direct line to Geneva. It would there overflow all the country, were there not one particular cleft that divides a vast circuit of mountains, and conveys it off to Lyons. From Lyons there is another great rent, which runs across the whole country in almost another straight line, and notwithstanding the vast height of the mountains that rise about it, gives it the shortest course it can take to fall

into the sea. Had such a river as this been left to itself to have found its way out from among the Alps, whatever windings it had made it must have formed several little seas, and have laid many countries under water before it had come to the end of its course. I shall not make any remarks upon Geneva, that is a republic so well known to the English. It lies at present under some difficulties by reason of the emperor's displeasure, who has forbidden the importation of their manufactures into any part of the empire, which will certainly raise a sedition among the people, unless the magistrates find some way to remedy it: and they say it is already done by the interposition of the States of Holland. The occasion of the emperor's prohibition was their furnishing great sums to the king of France for the payment of his army in Italy. They obliged themselves to remit, after the rate of twelve hundred thousand pounds sterling per annum, divided into so many monthly payments. As the interest was very great, several of the merchants of Lyons, who would not trust their king in their own names, are said to have contributed a great deal under the names of Geneva merchants. The republic fancies itself hardly treated by the emperor, since it is not any action of the state, but a compact among private persons that have furnished out these several remittances. They pretend, however, to have put a stop to them, and by that means are in hopes again to open their commerce into the empire.

From Genoa I travelled to Lausanne, and thence to Fribourg, which is but a mean town for the capital of so large a canton: its situation is so irregular, that they are forced to climb up to several parts of it by staircases of a prodigious ascent. This inconvenience, however, gives them a very great commodity in case a fire breaks out in any part of the town; for by reason of several reservoirs on the tops of these mountains, by the opening of a sluice they con-

vey a river into what part of the town they please: They have four churches, four convents of women, and as many for men. The little chapel called the Salutation, is very neat, and built with a pretty fancy. The college of Jesuits is, they say, the finest in Switzerland. There is a great deal of room in it; and several beautiful views from the different parts of it. They have a collection of pictures representing most of the fathers of their order who have been eminent for their piety or learning. Among the rest, many Englishmen, whom we name rebels, and they martyrs. Henry Garnet's inscription says, that, when the heretics could not prevail with him, either by force or promises, to change his religion, they hanged and quartered him. At the Capuchins I saw the escargatoire, which I took the more notice of, because I do not remember to have met with any thing of the same nature in other countries. It is a square place boarded in, and filled with a vast quantity of large snails, that are esteemed excellent food when they are well dressed. The floor is strewed about half a foot deep with several kinds of plants, among which the snails nestle all the winter season. When Lent arrives they open their magazines, and take out of them the best meagre food in the world; for there is no dish of fish that they reckon comparable to a ragoût of snails.

About two leagues from Fribourg we went to see a hermitage, that is reckoned the greatest curiosity of these parts. It lies in the prettiest solitude imaginable, among woods and rocks, which at first sight dispose a man to be serious. There has lived in it a hermit these five and twenty years, who with his own hands has worked in the rock a pretty chapel, a sacristy, a chamber, kitchen, cellar, and other conveniencies. His chimney is carried up through the whole rock, so that you see the sky through it, notwithstanding the rooms lie very deep. He has cut the side of the rock into a flat for a garden, and by

laying on it the waste earth that he has found in several of the neighbouring parts, has made such a spot of ground of it as furnishes out a kind of luxury for an hermit. As he saw drops of water distilling from several parts of the rock, by following the veins of them, he has made himself two or three fountains in the bowels of the mountain, that serve his table, and water his little garden.

We had very bad ways from hence to Bern, a great part of them through woods of fir-trees. The great quantity of timber they have in this country makes them mend their highways with wood instead of stone. I could not but take notice of the make of several of their barns I here saw. After having laid a frame of wood for the foundation, they place at the four corners of it four huge blocks, cut in such a shape as neither mice, nor any other sort of vermin, can creep up the sides of them, at the same time that they raise the corn above the moisture that might come into it from the ground. The whole weight of the barn is supported by these four blocks.

What pleased me most at Bern was their public walks by the great church. They are raised extremely high, and, that their weight might not break down their walls and pilasters which surround them, they are built upon arches and vaults. Though they are, I believe, as high as most steeples in England from the streets and gardens that lie at the foot of them, yet, about forty years ago, a person in his drink fell down from the very top to the bottom, without doing himself any other hurt than the breaking of an arm. He died about four years ago. There is the noblest summer-prospect in the world from this walk; for you have a full view of a huge range of mountains that lie in the country of the Grisons, and are buried in snow. They are about twenty-five leagues distance from the town, though by reason of their height and their colour they seem much nearer. The cathedral church stands on one side of these walks, and is

perhaps the most magnificent of any protestant church in Europe, out of England. It is a very bold work, and a master-piece in Gothic architecture.

I saw the arsenal of Bern, where they say there are arms for twenty thousand men. There is indeed no great pleasure in visiting these magazines of war after one has seen two or three of them; yet it is very well worth a traveller's while to look into all that lie in his way; for besides the idea it gives him of the forces of a state, it serves to fix in his mind the most considerable parts of its history. Thus in that of Geneva one meets with the ladders, petard, and other utensils, which were made use of in their famous escalade, besides the weapons they took of the Savoyards, Florentines, and French, in the several battles mentioned in their history. In this of Bern you have the figure and armour of the count who founded the town, of the famous Tell, who is represented as shooting at the apple on his son's head. The story is too well known to be repeated in this place. I here likewise saw the figure and armour of him that headed the peasants in the war upon Bern, with the several weapons which were found in the hands of his followers. They show too abundance of arms that they took from the Burgundians in the three great battles which established them in their liberty, and destroyed the great duke of Burgundy himself, with the bravest of his subjects. I saw nothing remarkable in the chambers where the council meet, nor in the fortifications of the town. These last were made on occasion of the peasants' insurrection, to defend the place for the future against the like sudden assaults. In their library I observed a couple of antique figures in metal, of a priest pouring wine between the horns of a bull. The priest is veiled after the manner of the old Roman sacrificers, and is represented in the same action that Virgil describes in the fourth Æneid.

*Ipsa tenens dextra pateram pulcherrima Dido,
Candentis vaccæ media inter cornua fundit.*

v. 60.

The beauteous queen before her altar stands,
And holds the golden goblet in her hands :

A milk-white heifer she with flow'rs adorns,
And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns.

Dryden.

This antiquity was found at Lausanne.

The town of Bern is plentifully furnished with water, there being a great multitude of handsome fountains planted at set distances from one end of the streets to the other. There is indeed no country in the world better supplied with water than the several parts of Switzerland that I travelled through. One meets every where in the roads with fountains continually running into huge troughs that stand underneath them, which is wonderfully commodious in a country that so much abounds with horses and cattle. It has so many springs breaking out of the sides of the hills, and such vast quantities of wood to make pipes of, that it is no wonder they are so well stocked with fountains.

On the road between Bern and Soleurre there is a monument erected by the republic of Bern, which tells us the story of an Englishman, who is not to be met with in any of our own writers. The inscription is in Latin verse on one side of the stone, and in German on the other. I had not time to copy it, but the substance of it is this : “ One Cussinus, an Englishman, to whom the duke of Austria had given his sister in marriage, came to take her from among the Swiss by force of arms ; but, after having ravaged the country for some time, he was here overthrown by the canton of Bern.”

Soleurre is our next considerable town that seemed to me to have a greater air of politeness than any I saw in Switzerland. The French ambassador has his residence in this place. His master contributed a

great sum of money to the jesuits' church, which is not yet quite finished. It is the finest modern building in Switzerland. The old cathedral church stood not far from it. At the ascent that leads to it are a couple of antique pillars, which belonged to an old heathen temple, dedicated to Hermes: they seem Tuscan by their proportion. The whole fortification of Soleurre is faced with marble. But its best fortifications are the high mountains that lie within its neighbourhood, and separate it from the Franche Comté.

The next day's journey carried us through other parts of the canton of Bern to the little town of Meldingen. I was surprised to find, in all my road through Switzerland, the wine that grows in the county of Vaud on the border of the lake of Geneva, which is very cheap, notwithstanding the great distance between the vineyards and the towns that sell the wine. But the navigable rivers of Switzerland are as commodious to them in this respect as the sea is to the English. As soon as the vintage is over, they ship off their wine upon the lake, which furnishes all the towns that lie upon its borders. What they design for other parts of the country they unload at Vevey, and after about half a day's land-carriage convey it into the river Aar, which brings it down the stream to Bern, Soleurre, and, in a word, distributes it through all the richest parts of Switzerland; as it is easy to guess from the first sight of the map, which shews us the natural communication Providence has formed between the many rivers and lakes of a country that is at so great a distance from the sea. The canton of Bern is reckoned as powerful as all the rest together. They can send a hundred thousand men into the field, though the soldiers of the catholic cantons, who are much poorer, and therefore forced to enter oftener into foreign armies, are more esteemed than the protestants.

We lay one night at Meldingen, which is a little

Roman catholic town with one church, and no convent. It is a republic of itself, under the protection of the eight ancient cantons. There are in it a hundred bourgeois, and about a thousand souls. Their government is modelled after the same manner with that of the cantons, as much as so small a community can imitate those of so large an extent. For this reason, though they have very little business to do, they have all the variety of councils and officers that are to be met with in the greater states. They have a town-house to meet in, adorned with the arms of the eight cantons their protectors. They have three councils, the great council of fourteen, the little council of ten, and the privy council of three. The chief of the state are the two avoyers: when I was there the reigning avoyer, or doge, of the commonwealth, was son to the landlord of the inn where I was lodged; his father having enjoyed the same honours before him. His revenue amounts to about thirty pounds a year. The several councils meet every Thursday upon affairs of state, such as the reparation of a trough, the mending of a pavement, or any the like matters of importance. The river that runs through their dominions puts them to the charge of a very large bridge, that is all made of wood, and coped over head, like the rest in Switzerland. Those that travel over it pay a certain due towards the maintenance of this bridge. And as the French ambassador has often occasion to pass this way, his master gives the town a pension of twenty pounds sterling, which makes them extremely industrious to raise all the men they can for his service, and keeps this powerful republic firm to the French interest. You may be sure the preserving of the bridge, with the regulation of the dues arising from it, is the grand affair that cuts out employment for the several councils of state. They have a small village belonging to them, whither they punctually send a bailiff for the distribution of justice; in imitation still of the great can-

tons. There are three other towns that have the same privileges and protectors.

We dined the next day at Zurich, that is prettily situated on the outlet of the lake, and is reckoned the handsomest town in Switzerland. The chief places shown to strangers are the arsenal, the library, and the town-house. This last is but lately finished, and is a very fine pile of building. The frontispiece has pillars of a beautiful black marble streaked with white, which is found in the neighbouring mountains. The chambers for the several councils, with the other apartments, are very neat. The whole building is indeed so well designed, that it would make a good figure even in Italy. It is pity they have spoiled the beauty of the walls with abundance of childish Latin sentences, that consist often in a jingle of words. I have indeed observed in several inscriptions of this country, that your men of learning here are extremely delighted in playing little tricks with words and figures; for your Swiss wits are not yet got out of the anagram and acrostic. The library is a very large room, pretty well filled. Over it is another room furnished with several artificial and natural curiosities. I saw in it a huge map of the whole country of Zurich drawn with a pencil, where they see every particular fountain and hillock in their dominions. I ran over their cabinet of medals, but do not remember to have met with any in it that are extraordinary rare. The arsenal is better than that of Bern, and they say has arms for thirty thousand men. At about a day's journey from Zurich we entered on the territories of the abbot of St. Gaul. They are four hours riding in breadth, and twelve in length. The abbot can raise in it an army of twelve thousand men well armed and exercised. He is sovereign of the whole country, and under the protection of the cantons of Zurich, Lucerne, Glaris, and Switz. He is always chosen out of the abbey of Benedictines at St. Gaul. Every father and brother of the convent has a voice in the election, which must afterwards be

confirmed by the pope. The last abbot was Cardinal Sfondrati, who was advanced to the purple about two years before his death. The abbot takes the advice and consent of his chapter before he enters on any matter of importance, as the levying of a tax, or declaring of a war. His chief lay-officer is the grand maître d'hôtel, or high steward of the household, who is named by the abbot, and has the management of all affairs under him. There are several other judges and distributors of justice appointed for the several parts of his dominions, from whom there always lies an appeal to the prince. His residence is generally at the Benedictine convent at St. Gaul, notwithstanding the town of St. Gaul is a little protestant republic, wholly independent of the abbot, and under the protection of the cantons.

One would wonder to see so many rich bourgeois in the town of St. Gaul, and so very few poor people in a place that has scarce any lands belonging to it, and little or no income but what arises from its trade. But the great support and riches of this little state is in its linen manufacture, which employs almost all ages and conditions of its inhabitants. The whole country about them furnishes them with vast quantities of flax, out of which they are said to make yearly forty thousand pieces of linen cloth, reckoning two hundred ells to the piece. Some of their manufacture is as finely wrought as any that can be met with in Holland; for they have excellent artisans, and great commodities for whitening. All the fields about the town were covered with their manufacture, that coming in the dusk of the evening we mistook them for a lake. They send off their works upon mules into Italy, Spain, Germany, and all the adjacent countries. They reckon in the town of St. Gaul, and in the houses that lie scattered about it, near 10,000 souls, of which there are 1600 bourgeois. They choose their councils and burgomasters out of the body of the bourgeois, as in the other governments of

Switzerland, which are every where of the same nature, the difference lying only in the numbers of such as are employed in state-affairs, which are proportioned to the grandeur of the states that employ them. The abbey and the town bear a great aversion to one another; but in the general diet of the cantons their representatives sit together, and act by concert. The abbot deputed his grand maître d' hôtel, and the town one of its burgo-masters.

About four years ago, the town and abbey would have come to an open rupture, had it not been timely prevented by the interposition of their common protectors. The occasion was this. A Benedictine monk, in one of their annual processions, carried his cross erected through the town, with a train of three or four thousand peasants following him. They had no sooner entered the convent, but the whole town was in a tumult, occasioned by the insolence of the priest, who, contrary to all precedents, had presumed to carry his cross in that manner. The bourgeois immediately put themselves in arms, and drew down four pieces of their cannon to the gates of the convent. The procession, to escape the fury of the citizens, durst not return by the way it came, but, after the devotions of the monks were finished, passed out at a back door of the convent, that immediately led into the abbot's territories. The abbot on his part raises an army, blocks up the town on the side that faces his dominions, and forbids his subjects to furnish it with any of their commodities. While things were just ripe for war, the cantons, their protectors, interposed as umpires in the quarrel, condemning the town that had appeared too forward in the dispute to a fine of two thousand crowns; and enacting at the same time, that as soon as any procession entered their walls, the priest should let the cross hang about his neck without touching it with either hand, until he came within the precincts of the abbey. The citizens could bring into the field near two thousand men well

exercised, and armed to the best advantage, with which they fancy they could make head against twelve or fifteen thousand peasants; for so many the abbot could easily raise in his territories. But the protestant subjects of the abbey, who they say make up a good third of its people, would probably, in case of a war, abandon the cause of their prince for that of their religion. The town of St. Gaul has an arsenal, library, town-houses, and churches proportionable to the bigness of the state. It is well enough fortified to resist any sudden attack, and to give the cantons time to come to their assistance. The abbey is by no means so magnificent as one would expect from its endowments. Their church has one huge nef with a double aisle to it. At each end is a large choir. The one of them is supported by vast pillars of stone, cased over with a composition that looks the most like marble of any thing one can imagine. On the ceiling and walls of the church, are lists of saints, martyrs, popes, cardinals, archbishops, kings, and queens, that have been of the Benedictine order. There are several pictures of such as have been distinguished by their birth, sanctity, or miracles, with inscriptions that let you into the name and history of the persons represented. I have often wished that some traveller would take the pains to gather together all the modern inscriptions which are to be met with in Roman catholic countries, as Gruter and others have copied out the antient heathen monuments. Had we two or three volumes of this nature, without any of the collector's own reflections, I am sure there is nothing in the world could give a truer idea of the Roman catholic religion, nor expose more the pride, vanity, and self-interest of convents, the abuse of indulgencies, the folly and impertinence of votaries, and in short the superstition, credulity, and childishness of the Roman catholic religion. One might fill several sheets at St. Gaul, as there are few considerable convents or churches that would not afford large contributions.

As the king of France distributes his pensions through all the parts of Switzerland, the town and abbey of St. Gaul come in too for their share. To the first he gives five hundred crowns per annum, and to the other a thousand. This pension has not been paid these three years, which they attribute to their not acknowledging the Duke of Anjou for King of Spain. The town and abbey of St. Gaul carry a bear in their arms. The Roman catholics have this bear's memory in very great veneration, and represent him as the first convert their saint made in the country. One of the most learned of the Benedictine monks gave me the following history of him, which he delivered to me with tears of affection in his eyes. "St. Gaul, it seems, whom they call the great apostle of Germany, found all this country little better than a vast desert. As he was walking in it on a very cold day, he chanced to meet a bear in his way. The saint, instead of being startled at the rencounter, ordered the bear to bring him a bundle of wood, and make him a fire. The bear served him to the best of his ability, and at his departure was commanded by the saint to retire into the very depth of the woods, and there to pass the rest of his life without ever hurting man or beast. From this time," says the monk, "the bear lived irreproachably, and observed to his dying day the orders that the saint had given him."

I have often considered, with a great deal of pleasure, the profound peace and tranquillity that reigns in Switzerland and its alliances. It is very wonderful to see such a knot of governments, which are so divided among themselves in matters of religion, maintain so uninterrupted an union and correspondence, that no one of them is for invading the rights of another, but remains content within the bounds of its first establishment. This, I think, must be chiefly ascribed to the nature of the people, and the constitution of their governments. Were the Swiss animated by zeal or ambition, some or other of their states

would immediately break in upon the rest; or were the states so many principalities, they might often have an ambitious sovereign at the head of them, that would embroil his neighbours, and sacrifice the repose of his subjects to his own glory. But as the inhabitants of these countries are naturally of a heavy phlegmatic temper, if any of their leading members have more fire and spirit than comes to their share, it is quickly tempered by the coldness and moderation of the rest who sit at the helm with them. To this we may add, that the Alps is the worst spot of ground in the world to make conquests in, a great part of its governments being so naturally intrenched among woods and mountains. However it be, we find no such disorders among them as one would expect in such a multitude of states; for as soon as any public rupture happens, it is immediately closed up by the moderation and good offices of the rest that interpose.

As all the considerable governments among the Alps are commonwealths, so indeed it is a constitution the most adapted of any other to the poverty and barrenness of these countries. We may see only in a neighbouring government the ill consequence of having a despotic prince, in a state that is most of it composed of rocks and mountains, for notwithstanding there is a vast extent of lands, and many of them better than those of the Swiss and Grisons, the common people among the latter, are much more at their ease, and in a greater affluence of all the conveniencies of life. A prince's court eats too much into the income of a poor state, and generally introduces a kind of luxury and magnificence, that sets every particular person upon making a higher figure in his station than is generally consistent with his revenue.

It is the great endeavour of the several cantons of Switzerland, to banish from among them every thing that looks like pomp or superfluity. To this end the

ministers are always preaching, and the governors putting out edicts, against dancing, gaming, entertainments, and fine clothes. This is become more necessary in some of the governments, since there are so many refugees settled among them; for though the protestants in France affect ordinarily a greater plainness and simplicity of manners than those of the same quality who are of the Roman catholic communion, they have however too much of their country-gallantry for the genius and constitution of Switzerland. Should dressing, feasting, and balls, once get among the cantons, their military roughness would be quickly lost, their tempers would grow too soft for their climate, and their expences out-run their incomes; besides that the materials for their luxury must be brought from other nations, which would immediately ruin a country that has few commodities of its own to export, and is not overstocked with money. Luxury indeed wounds a republic in its very vitals, as its natural consequences are rapine, avarice, and injustice, for the more money a man spends, the more must he endeavour to augment his stock; which at last sets the liberty and votes of a commonwealth to sale, if they find any foreign power that is able to pay the price of them. We see no where the pernicious effects of luxury on a republic more than in that of the ancient Romans, who immediately found itself poor as soon as this vice got footing among them, though they were possessed of all the riches in the world. We find in the beginnings and increases of their commonwealth, strange instances of the contempt of money, because indeed they were utter strangers to the pleasure that might be procured by it; or in other words, because they were wholly ignorant of the arts of luxury. But as soon as they once entered into a taste of pleasure, politeness, and magnificence, they fell into a thousand violences, conspiracies, and divisions, that threw them into all the disorders imaginable, and terminated in the utter subversion of the com-

monwealth. It is no wonder therefore the poor commonwealths of Switzerland are ever labouring at the suppression and prohibition of every thing that may introduce vanity and luxury. Besides the several fines that are set upon plays, games, balls, and feasting, they have many customs among them which very much contribute to the keeping up of their ancient simplicity. The bourgeois, who are at the head of the governments, are obliged to appear at all their public assemblies in a black cloak and a band. The womens dress is very plain, those of the best quality wearing nothing on their heads generally but furs, which are to be met with in their own country. The persons of different qualities in both sexes are indeed allowed their different ornaments; but these are generally such as are by no means costly, being rather designed as marks of distinction than to make a figure. The chief officers of Bern, for example, are known by the crowns of their hats, which are much deeper than those of an inferior character. The peasants are generally clothed in a coarse kind of canvas, that is the manufacture of the country. Their holy-day clothes go from father to son, and are seldom worn out, till the second or third generation: so that it is common enough to see a countryman in the doublet and breeches of his great-grandfather.

Geneva is much politer than Switzerland, or any of its allies, and is therefore looked upon as the court of the Alps, whither the protestant cantons often send their children to improve themselves in language and education. The Genevois have been very much refined, or, as others will have it, corrupted, by the conversation of the French protestants, who make up almost a third of their people. It is certain they have very much forgotten the advice that Calvin gave them in a great council a little before his death, when he recommended to them, above all things, an exemplary modesty and humility, and as great a simplicity in their manners, as in their religion. Whether or no

they have done well, to set up for making another kind of figure, time will witness. There are several that fancy the great sums they have remitted into Italy, though by this means they make their court to the king of France at present, may some time or other give him an inclination to become the master of so wealthy a city.

As this collection of little states abounds more in pasturage than in corn, they are all provided with their public granaries, and have the humanity to furnish one another in public exigencies, when the scarcity is not universal. As the administration of affairs, relating to these public granaries, is not very different in any of the particular governments, I shall content myself to set down the rules observed in it by the little commonwealth of Geneva, in which I had more time to inform myself of the particulars than in any other. There are three of the little council deputed for this office. They are obliged to keep together a provision sufficient to feed the people at least two years, in case of war or famine. They must take care to fill their magazines in times of the greatest plenty, that so they may afford cheaper, and increase the public revenue at a small expence of its members. None of the three managers must, upon any pretence, furnish the granaries from his own fields, that so they may have no temptation to pay too great a price, or put any bad corn upon the public. They must buy up no corn growing within twelve miles of Geneva, that so the filling of their magazines may not prejudice their market, and raise the price of their provisions at home. That such a collection of corn may not spoil in keeping, all the inns and public-houses are obliged to furnish themselves out of it, by which means is raised the most considerable branch of the public revenues; the corn being sold out at a much dearer rate than it is bought up at. So that the greatest income of the commonwealth, which pays the pensions of most of its officers and ministers, is raised on

strangers and travellers, or such of their own body as have money enough to spend at taverns and public-houses.

It is the custom in Geneva and Switzerland, to divide their estates equally among all their children, by which means every one lives at his ease without growing dangerous to the republic; for as soon as an overgrown estate falls into the hands of one that has many children, it is broken into so many portions as render the sharers of it rich enough, without raising them too much above the level of the rest. This is absolutely necessary in these little republics, where the rich merchants live very much within their estates, and by heaping up vast sums from year to year might become formidable to the rest of their fellow-citizens, and break the equality, which is so necessary in these kinds of governments, were there not means found out to distribute their wealth among several members of their republic. At Geneva, for instance, are merchants reckoned worth twenty hundred thousand crowns, though, perhaps, there is not one of them who spends to the value of five hundred pounds a year.

Though the protestants and papists know very well that it is their common interest to keep a steady neutrality in all the wars between the states of Europe, they cannot forbear siding with a party in their discourse. The catholics are zealous for the French king, as the protestants do not a little glory in the riches, power, and good success of the English and Dutch, whom they look upon as the bulwarks of the reformation. The ministers in particular have often preached against such of their fellow-subjects as enter into the troops of the French king; but so long as the Swiss see their interest in it, their poverty will always hold them fast to his service. They have indeed the exercise of their religion, and their ministers with them; which is the more remarkable, because the very same prince refused even those of the church of

England, who followed their master to St. Germain's, the public exercise of their religion.

Before I leave Switzerland, I cannot but observe, that the notion of witchcraft reigns very much in this country. I have often been tired with accounts of this nature from very sensible men that are most of them furnished with matters of fact which have happened, as they pretend, within the compass of their own knowledge. It is certain there have been many executions on this account, as in the canton of Bern there were some put to death during my stay at Geneva. The people are so universally infatuated with the notion, that, if a cow falls sick, it is ten to one but an old woman is clapped up in prison for it; and if the poor creature chance to think herself a witch, the whole country is for hanging her up without mercy. One finds indeed the same humour prevail in most of the rocky barren parts of Europe. Whether it be that poverty and ignorance, which are generally the products of these countries, may really engage a wretch in such dark practices, or whether or no the same principles may not render the people too credulous, and perhaps too easy to get rid of some of their unprofitable members.

A great affair that employs the Swiss politics at present is the prince of Conti's succession to the duchess of Nemours in the government of Neufchatel. The inhabitants of Neufchatel can by no means think of submitting themselves to a prince, who is a Roman catholic, and a subject of France. They were very attentive to his conduct in the principality of Orange, which they did not question but he would rule with all the mildness and moderation imaginable; as it would be the best means in the world to recommend him to Neufchatel. But notwithstanding it was so much his interest to manage his protestant subjects in that country, and the strong assurances he had given them in protesting them in all their privileges, and particularly in the free exercise of their religion, he made

over his principality in a very little time, for a sum of money, to the king of France. It is indeed generally believed the prince of Conti would rather still have kept his title to Orange; but the same respect which induced him to quit this government, might at another time tempt him to give up that of Neufchatel on the like conditions. The king of Prussia lays in his claim for Neufchatel, as he did for the principality of Orange, and it is probable would be more acceptable to the inhabitants than the other: but they are generally disposed to declare themselves a free commonwealth, after the death of the duchess of Nemours, if the Swiss will support them. The protestant cantons seem much inclined to assist them, which they may very well do, in case the duchess dies, whilst the king of France has his hands so full of business on all sides of him. It certainly very much concerns them not to suffer the French king to establish his authority on this side Mount Jura, and on the very borders of their country; but it is not easy to foresee what a round sum of money, or the fear of a rupture with France, may do among a people who have tamely suffered the Franche Compté to be seized on, and a fort to be built within cannon-shot of one of their cantons.

There is a new sect sprung up in Switzerland, which spreads very much in the protestant cantons, the professors of it call themselves Pietists. And as enthusiasm carries men generally to the like extravagancies, they differ but little from several sectaries in other countries. They pretend in general to great refinements, as to what regards the practice of christianity, and to observe the following rules. To retire much from the conversation of the world. To sink themselves into an intire repose and tranquillity of mind. In this state of silence, to attend the secret illapse and flowings in of the Holy Spirit, that may fill their minds with peace and consolation, joys or raptures: to favour all his secret intimations, and give

themselves up intirely to his conduct and direction, so as neither to speak, move, or act, but as they find his impulse on their souls: to retrench themselves within the conveniences and necessities of life: to make a covenant with all their senses, so far as to shun the smell of a rose or violet, and to turn away their eyes from a beautiful prospect, to avoid, as much as is possible, what the world calls innocent pleasures, lest they should have their affections tainted by any sensuality, and diverted from the love of him, who is to be the only comfort, repose, hope, and delight of their whole beings. This sect prevails very much among the protestants of Germany, as well as those of Switzerland, and has occasioned several edicts against it in the duchy of Saxony. The professors of it are accused of all the ill practices, which may seem to be the consequence of their principles; as that they ascribe the worst of actions, which their own vicious tempers throw them upon, to the dictates of the holy spirit; that both sexes, under pretence of devout conversation, visit one another at all hours, and in all places, without any regard to common decency, often making their religion a cover for their immoralities; and that the very best of them are possessed with spiritual pride, and a contempt for all such as are not of their own sect. The Roman catholics, who reproach the protestants for their breaking into such a multitude of religions, have certainly taken the most effectual way in the world for the keeping their flocks together; I do not mean the punishments they inflict on men's persons, which are commonly looked upon as the chief methods by which they deter them from breaking through the pale of the church, though certainly these lay a very great restraint on those of the Roman catholic persuasion. But I take one great cause, why there are so few sects in the church of Rome, to be the multitude of convents, with which they every where abound, that serve as receptacles for all those

fiery zealots who would set the church in a flame, were not they got together in these houses of devotion. All men of dark tempers, according to their degree of melancholy or enthusiasm, may find convents fitted to their humours, and meet with companions as gloomy as themselves. So that what the protestants would call a fanatic, is, in the Roman church, a religious of such or such an order; as I have been told of an English merchant at Lisbon, who, after some great disappointments in the world, was resolved to turn quaker or capuchin: for, in the change of religion, men of ordinary understandings do not so much consider the principles, as the practice of those to whom they go over.

From St. Gaul I took horse to the lake of Constance, which lies at two leagues distance from it, and is formed by the entry of the Rhine. This is the only lake in Europe that disputes for greatness with that of Geneva; it appears more beautiful to the eye, but wants the fruitful fields and vineyards that border upon the other. It receives its name from Constance, the chief town on its banks. When the cantons of Bern and Zurich proposed, at a general diet, the incorporating Geneva in the number of the cantons, the Roman catholic party, fearing the protestant interest might receive by it too great a strengthening; proposed at the same time the incantoning of Constance, as a counterpoise; to which the protestants not consenting, the whole project fell to the ground. We crossed the lake to Lindaw, and in several parts of it observed abundance of little bubbles of air, that came working upward from the very bottom of the lake. The watermen told us, that they are observed always to rise in the same places, from whence they conclude them to be so many springs that break out of the bottom of the lake. Lindaw is an imperial town on a little island that lies at about three hundred paces from the firm land, to which it is joined by a huge bridge of wood. The inhabitants

were all in arms when we passed through it, being under great apprehensions of the duke of Bavaria, after his having fallen upon Ulm and Memminghen. They flatter themselves, that by cutting their bridge they could hold out against his army: but, in all probability, a shower of bombs would quickly reduce the burgeois to surrender. They were formerly bombarded by Gustavus Adolphus. We were advised by our merchants by no means to venture ourselves in the duke of Bavaria's country, so that we had the mortification to lose the sight of Munich, Augsburg, and Ratisbon, and were forced to take our way to Vienna through the Tyrol, where we had very little to entertain us beside the natural face of the country.

After having coasted the Alps for some time, we at last entered them by a passage which leads into the long valley of the Tyrol; and following the course of the river Inn, we came to Inspruck, that receives its name from this river, and is the capital city of the Tyrol.

Inspruck is a handsome town, though not a great one, and was formerly the residence of the arch-dukes, who were counts of Tyrol: the palace where they used to keep their court is rather convenient than magnificent. The great hall is indeed a very noble room; the walls of it are painted in Fresco, and represent the labours of Hercules. Many of them look very finely, though a great part of the work has been cracked by earthquakes, which are very frequent in this country. There is a little wooden palace that borders on the other, whither the court used to retire at the first shake of an earthquake. I saw here the largest menage that I have met with any where else. At one end of it is a great partition designed for an opera. They showed us also a very pretty theatre. The last comedy that was acted on it was designed by the jesuits for the entertainment of the queen of the Romans, who passed this way from Hanover to Vienna.

The compliment, which the fathers made her majesty on this occasion, was very particular, and did not a little expose them to the raillery of the court. For the arms of Hanover being a horse, the fathers thought it a very pretty allusion to represent the queen by Bucephalus, that would let no body get upon him but Alexander the Great. The wooden horse that acted this notable part is still to be seen behind the scenes. In one of the rooms of the palace, which is hung with the pictures of several illustrious persons, they showed us the portrait of Mary queen of Scots, who was beheaded in the reign of queen Elizabeth. The gardens about the house are very large, but ill kept. There is in the middle of them a beautiful statue in brass of an arch-duke Leopold on horseback. There are near it twelve other figures of water-nymphs and river-gods, well cast, and as big as the life. They were designed for the ornaments of a water-work, as one might easily make a great variety of jetteaus, at a small expence, in a garden that has the river Inn running by its walls. The late duke of Lorraine had this palace, and the government of the Tyrol, assigned him by the emperor, and his lady, the queen-dowager of Poland, lived here several years after the death of the duke her husband. There are covered galleries that lead from the palace, to five different churches. I passed through a very long one, which reaches to the church of the Capuchin convent, where the duke of Lorraine used often to assist at their midnight devotions. They showed us in this convent the apartments of Maximilian, who was arch-duke and count of Tyrol about fourscore years ago. This prince, at the same time that he kept the government in his hands, lived in this convent with all the rigour and austerity of a Capuchin. His anti-chamber and room of audience are little square chambers wainscoted. His private lodgings are three or four small rooms faced with a kind of fretwork, that makes them look like little hollow caverns in a

rock. They preserve this apartment of the convent uninhabited, and show in it the altar, bed, and stove, as likewise a picture and a stamp of this devout prince. The church of the Franciscan convent is famous for the monument of the emperor Maximilian the first, which stands in the midst of it. It was erected to him by his grandson Ferdinand the first, who probably looked upon this emperor as the founder of the Austrian greatness. For as by his own marriage he annexed the Low-Countries to the house of Austria, so, by matching his son to Joan of Arragon, he settled on his posterity the kingdom of Spain, and, by the marriage of his grandson Ferdinand, got into his family the kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary. This monument is only honorary; for the ashes of the emperor lie elsewhere. On the top of it is a brazen figure of Maximilian on his knees, and on the sides of it a beautiful bas-relief representing the actions of this prince. His whole history is digested into twenty-four square pannels of sculpture in bas relief. The subject of two of them is, his confederacy with Henry the eighth, and the wars they made together upon France. On each side of this monument is a row of very noble brazen statues much bigger than the life, most of them representing such as were some way or other related to Maximilian. Among the rest is one that the fathers of the convent tell us represents king Arthur, the old British king. But what relation had that Arthur to Maximilian? I do not question therefore but it was designed for Prince Arthur, elder brother of Henry the eighth, who had espoused Catherine, sister of Maximilian, whose divorce afterwards gave occasion to such signal revolutions in England. This church was built by Ferdinand the first. One sees in it a kind of offer at modern architecture; but at the same time that the architect has shown his dislike of the Gothic manner, one may see very well that in that age they were not, at least in this country, arrived at the knowledge of the true

way. The portal, for example, consists of a composite order unknown to the ancients; the ornaments indeed are taken from them, but so put together, that you see the volutes of the Ionic, the foliage of the Corinthian, and uovali of the Doric, mixed without any regularity on the same capital: So the vault of the church, though broad enough, is incumbered with too many little tricks in sculpture. It is indeed supported with single columns, instead of those vast clusters of little pillars that one meets with in Gothic cathedrals; but at the same time these columns are of no regular order, and at least twice too long for their diameter. There are other churches in the town, and two or three palaces, which are of a more modern make, and built with a good fancy. I was shown the little Notre-dame that is handsomely designed, and topped with a cupola. It was made as an offering of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin, for having defended the country of the Tyrol against the victorious arms of Gustavus Adolphus, who could not enter this part of the empire after having over-run most of the rest. This temple was therefore built by the contributions of the whole country. At about half a league's distance from Inspruck stand the castle of Amras, furnished with a prodigious quantity of medals, and many other sorts of rarities both in nature and art, for which I must refer the reader to Monsieur Patin's account in his letter to the duke of Wirtemberg, having myself had neither time nor opportunity to enter into a particular examination of them.

From Inspruck we came to Hall, that lies at a league distance on the same river. This place is particularly famous for its salt-works. There are in the neighbourhood vast mountains of a transparent kind of rock not unlike alum, extremely solid, and as piquant to the tongue as salt itself. Four or five hundred men are always at work in these mountains, where, as soon as they have hewn down any quan-

tities of the rock, they let in their springs and reservoirs among their works. The water eats away and dissolves the particles of salt which are mixed in the stone, and is conveyed by long troughs and canals from the mines to the town of Hall, where it is received in vast cisterns, and boiled off from time to time.

They make after the rate of eight hundred loaves a week, each loaf four hundred pounds weight. This would raise a great revenue to the emperor, were there here such a tax on salt as there is in France. At present he clears but two hundred thousand crowns a year, after having defrayed all the charges of working it. There are in Switzerland, and other parts of the Alps, several of these quarries of salt, that turn to very little account, by reason of the great quantities of wood they consume.

The salt-works at Hall have a great convenience for fuel, which swims down to them on the river Inn. This river during its course through the Tyrol, is generally shut up between a double range of mountains that are most of them covered with woods of fir-trees. Abundance of peasants are employed in the hewing down of the largest of these trees, that, after they are barked and cut into shape, are tumbled down from the mountains into the stream of the river, which carries them off to the salt-works. At Inspruck they take up vast quantities for the convents and public officers, who have a certain portion of it allotted them by the emperor: the rest of it passes on to Hall. There are generally several hundred loads afloat; for they begin to cut above twenty leagues up the river above Hall; and there are other rivers that flow into the Inn, which bring in their contributions. These salt-works, and a mint that is established at the same place, have rendered this town, notwithstanding the neighbourhood of the capital city, almost as populous as Inspruck itself. The design of this mint is to work off part of the metals which are found in the neigh-


bouring mountains; where, as we were told, there are seven thousand men in constant employ. At Hall we took a boat to carry us to Vienna. The first night we lay at Rottenburg, where is a strong castle above the town. Count Serini is still a close prisoner in this castle, who, as they told us in the town, had lost his senses by his long imprisonment and afflictions. The next day we dined at Kuff-stain, where there is a fortress on a high rock, above the town, almost inaccessible on all sides: this being a frontier place on the duchy of Bavaria, where we entered after about an hour's rowing from Kuff-stain. It was the pleasantest voyage in the world, to follow the windings of this river Inn through such a variety of pleasing scenes as the course of it naturally led us. We had sometimes on each side of us a vast extent of naked rocks and mountains, broken into a thousand irregular steeps and precipices; in other places we saw a long forest of fir-trees, so thick set together, that it was impossible to discover any of the soil they grew upon, and rising up so regularly one above another, as to give us the view of a whole wood at once. The time of the year, that had given the leaves of the trees so many different colours, completed the beauty of the prospect. But as the materials of a fine landscape are not always the most profitable to the owner of them, we met with but very little corn or pasturage for the proportion of earth that we passed through, the lands of the Tyrol not being able to feed the inhabitants. This long valley of the Tyrol lies inclosed on all sides by the Alps, though its dominions shoot out into several branches that lie among the breaks and hollows of the mountains. It is governed by three councils residing at Inspruck; one sits upon life and death, the other is for taxes and impositions, and a third for the common distributions of justice. As these courts regulate themselves by the orders they receive from the Imperial courts, so in many cases there are appeals from them to Vienna. The inhabitants of the

Tyrol have many particular privileges above those of the other hereditary countries of the emperor. For as they are naturally well fortified among their mountains, and at the same time border upon many different governments, as the Grisons, Venetians, Swiss, Bavarians, &c. a severe treatment might tempt them to set up for a republic, or at least throw themselves under the milder government of some of their neighbours: besides that, their country is poor, and that the emperor draws considerable incomes out of its mines of salt and metal. They are these mines that fill the country with greater numbers of people than it would be able to bear without the importation of corn from foreign parts. The emperor has forts and citadels at the entrance of all the passes that lead into the Tyrol, which are so advantageously placed upon rocks and mountains, that they command all the valleys and avenues that lie about them. Besides that, the country itself is cut into so many hills and inequalities, as would render it defensible by a very little army against a numerous enemy. It was therefore generally thought the duke of Bavaria would not attempt the cutting off any succours that were sent to Prince Eugene, or the forcing his way through the Tyrol into Italy. The river Inn, that had hitherto been shut up among mountains, passes generally through a wide open country during all its course through Bavaria, which is a voyage of two days, after the rate of twenty leagues a day.

TRAVELS
OF
LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU
IN
EUROPE AND ASIA.

THE ORIGINAL
P R E F A C E,
BY A LADY.

WRITTEN IN 1724.



I WAS going, like common editors, to advertise the reader of the beauties and excellences of the work laid before him. To tell him, that the illustrious author had opportunities that other travellers, whatever their quality or curiosity may have been, cannot obtain; and a genius capable of making the best improvement of every opportunity. But if the reader, after perusing *one* letter only, has not discernment to distinguish that natural elegance, that delicacy of sentiment and observation, that easy gracefulness and lovely simplicity (which is the perfection of writing), in which these letters exceed all that has appeared in this kind, or almost in any other, let him lay the book down, and leave it to those who have.

The noble author had the goodness to lend me her MS. to satisfy my curiosity in some enquiries I had made concerning her travels; and when I had it in my hands, how was it possible to part with it? I once had the vanity to hope I might acquaint the public, that it owed this invaluable treasure to my importunities. But, alas! the most ingenious author has condemned it to obscurity during her life;

and conviction, as well as deference, obliges me to yield to her reasons. However, if these Letters appear hereafter, when I am in my grave, let this attend them, in testimony to posterity, that, among her contemporaries, *one* woman, at least, was just to her merit.

There is not any thing so excellent but some will carp at it; and the rather, because of its excellency. But to such hypercritics I shall not say *****

I confess I am malicious enough to desire that the world should see to how much better purpose the ladies travel than their lords; and that, whilst it is surfeited with *male* travels, all in the same tone, and stuffed with the same trifles, a lady has the skill to strike out a new path, and to embellish a worn-out subject with variety of fresh and elegant entertainment. For besides the vivacity and spirit which enliven every part, and that inimitable beauty which spreads through the whole; besides the purity of the style, for which it may justly be accounted the standard of the English tongue, the reader will find a more true and accurate account of the customs and manners of the several nations with whom this lady conversed, than he can in any other author. But as her ladyship's penetration discovers the inmost follies of the heart, so the candour of her temper passed over them with an air of pity, rather than reproach; treating with the politeness of a court, and the gentleness of a lady, what the severity of her judgment could not but condemn.

In short, let her own sex, at least, do her justice; lay aside diabolical Envy, and its *brother* Malice,* with all their accursed company, sly whispering, cruel backbiting, spiteful detraction, and the rest of

* This fair and elegant prefacer has resolved that malice should be of the masculine gender: I believe it is both masculine and feminine, and I heartily wish it were neuter.

that hideous crew, which, I hope, are very falsely said to attend the *tea-table*, being more apt to think they frequent those public places where virtuous women never come. Let the men malign one another, if they think fit, and strive to pull down merit when they cannot equal it. Let us be better-natured than to give way to any unkind or disrespectful thought of so bright an ornament of our sex, merely because she has better sense; for I doubt not but our hearts will tell us that this is the real and unpardonable offence, whatever may be pretended. Let us be better christians than to look upon her with an evil eye, only because the Giver of all good gifts has entrusted and adorned her with the most excellent talents. Rather let us freely own the superiority of this sublime genius, as I do in the sincerity of my soul; pleased that a *woman* triumphs, and proud to follow in her train. Let us offer her the palm which is so justly her due; and if we pretend to any laurels, lay them willingly at her feet.

December 18, 1724.

M. A.

Charm'd into love of what obscures my fame,
 If I had wit, I'd celebrate her name,
 And all the beauties of her mind proclaim:
 Till Malice, deafen'd with the mighty sound,
 Its ill-concerted calumnies confound;
 Let fall the mask, and with pale Envy meet,
 To ask, and find, their pardon at her feet.

You see, madam, how I lay every thing at your feet. As the tautology shews the poverty of my genius, it likewise shews the extent of your empire over my imagination.

May 31, 1725.

T R A V E L S
OF
LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU
IN
EUROPE AND ASIA.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.*

Rotterdam, Aug. 3, O. S. 1716.

I FLATTER myself, dear sister, that I shall give you some pleasure in letting you know that I have safely passed the sea, though we had the ill fortune of a storm. We were persuaded by the captain of the yacht to set out in a calm, and he pretended there was nothing so easy as to tide it over; but, after two days slowly moving, the wind blew so hard, that none of the sailors could keep their feet, and we were all Sunday night tossed very handsomely. I never saw a man more frightened than the captain.


* Lady Frances Pierrepont, second daughter of Evelyn, first duke of Kingston, married John Ereskine, earl of Mar, who was secretary of state for Scotland in 1705, joined the Pretender in 1715, was attainted in 1716, and died at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1732. George I. confirmed to Lady Mar the jointure on Lord Mar's forfeited estate, to which she was entitled by her marriage settlement, with remainder to her daughter Lady Frances Ereskine. She resided many years at Paris.

For my part, I have been so lucky, neither to suffer from fear nor sea-sickness; though, I confess, I was so impatient to see myself once more upon dry land, that I would not stay till the yacht could get to Rotterdam, but went in the long-boat to Helvoetsluys, where we had voitures to carry us to the Brill.

I was charmed with the neatness of that little town; but my arrival at Rotterdam presented me a new scene of pleasure. All the streets are paved with broad stones, and before many of the meanest artificers' doors are placed seats of various-coloured marbles, so neatly kept, that, I assure you, I walked almost all over the town yesterday, *incognita*, in my slippers, without receiving one spot of dirt; and you may see the Dutch maids washing the pavement of the street with more application than ours do our bed-chambers. The town seems so full of people, with such busy faces, all in motion, that I can hardly fancy it is not some celebrated fair; but I see it is every day the same. 'Tis certain no town can be more advantageously situated for commerce. Here are seven large canals, on which the merchants' ships come up to the very doors of their houses. The shops and warehouses are of a surprising neatness and magnificence, filled with an incredible quantity of fine merchandise, and so much cheaper than what we see in England, that I have much ado to persuade myself I am still so near it. Here is neither dirt nor beggary to be seen. One is not shocked with those loathsome cripples, so common in London, nor teased with the importunity of idle fellows and wenches that choose to be nasty and lazy. The common servants and little shopwomen here are more nicely clean than most of our ladies; and the great variety of neat dresses (every woman dressing her head after her own fashion) is an additional pleasure in seeing the town.

You see hitherto, dear sister, I make no complaints; and if I continue to like travelling as well as I do at present, I shall not repent my project. It

will go a great way in making me satisfied with it, if it affords me an opportunity of entertaining you. But it is not from Holland that you may expect a *disinterested* offer. I can write enough in the style of Rotterdam, to tell you plainly, in one word, that I expect returns of all the London news. You see I have already learnt to make a good bargain; and that it is not for nothing I will so much as tell you, I am your affectionate sister.



TO MRS. SKERRET.*

Hague, Aug. 5, O. S. 1716.

I make haste to tell you, dear madam, that, after all the dreadful fatigues you threatened me with, I am hitherto very well pleased with my journey. We take care to make such short stages every day, that I rather fancy myself upon parties of pleasure than upon the road; and sure nothing can be more agreeable than travelling in Holland. The whole country appears a large garden; the roads are well paved, shaded on each side with rows of trees, and bordered with large canals, full of boats, passing and repassing. Every twenty paces gives you the prospect of some villa, and every four hours that of a large town, so surprisingly neat, I am sure you would be charmed with them. The place I am now at is certainly one of the finest villages in the world. Here are several squares finely built, and (what I think a particular beauty) the whole set with thick large trees. The Vor-hout is, at the same time, the Hyde-park and Mall of the people of quality; for they take the air in it both on foot and in coaches. There are shops for wafers, cool liquors, &c.

* Afterward the second wife of Robert, first Earl of Orford.

I have been to see several of the most celebrated gardens, but I will not teaze you with their descriptions. I dare say you think my letter already long enough. But I must not conclude without begging your pardon for not obeying your commands, in sending the lace you ordered me. Upon my word, I can find none yet that is not dearer than you may buy it at London. If you want any India goods, here are great variety of pennyworths; and I shall follow your orders with great pleasure and exactness; being,

Dear madam, &c. &c.

TO MRS. S. C.

Nimeguen, Aug. 13, O. S. 1716.

I am extremely sorry, my dear S., that your fears of disobliging your relations, and their fears for your health and safety, have hindered me from enjoying the happiness of your company, and you the pleasure of a diverting journey. I receive some degree of mortification from every agreeable novelty or pleasing prospect, by the reflection of your having so unluckily missed the delight which I know it would have given you.

If you were with me in this town, you would be ready to expect to receive visits from your Nottingham friends. No two places were ever more resembling; one has but to give the Maese the name of the Trent, and there is no distinguishing the prospect. The houses, like those of Nottingham, are built one above another, and are intermixed in the same manner with trees and gardens. The tower they call Julius Cæsar's has the same situation with Nottingham Castle; and I cannot help fancying I see from it the Trentfield, Adboulton, &c., places so well known to us. 'Tis true the fortifications make a considerable

difference. All the learned in the art of war bestow great commendations on them; for my part, that know nothing of the matter, I shall content myself with telling you 'tis a very pretty walk on the ramparts, on which there is a tower, very deservedly called the Belvidere, where people go to drink coffee, tea, &c. and enjoy one of the finest prospects in the world. The public walks have no great beauty but the thick shade of the trees, which is solemnly delightful. But I must not forget to take notice of the bridge, which appeared very surprising to me. It is large enough to hold hundreds of men, with horses and carriages. They give the value of an English two-pence to get upon it, and then away they go, bridge and all, to the other side of the river, with so slow a motion, one is hardly sensible of any at all.

I was yesterday at the French church, and stared very much at their manner of service. The parson clapped on a broad-brimmed hat in the first place, which gave him entirely the air of *what d'ye call him*, in Bartholomew fair, which he kept up by extraordinary antic gestures, and preaching much such stuff as the other talked to the puppets. However, the congregation seemed to receive it with great devotion; and I was informed by some of his flock that he is a person of particular fame amongst them. I believe, by this time, you are as much tired with my account of him as I was with his sermon; but I am sure your brother will excuse a digression in favour of the church of England. You know, speaking disrespectfully of the calvinists is the same thing as speaking honourably of the church. Adieu, my dear S. always remember me; and be assured I can never forget you, &c. &c.

TO THE LADY RICH.*

Cologn, Aug. 16, O. S. 1716.

If my Lady Rich could have any notion of the fatigues that I have suffered these two last days, I am sure she would own it a great proof of regard that I now sit down to write to her. We hired horses from Nimeguen hither, not having the conveniency of the post, and found but very indifferent accommodations at Reinberg, our first stage; but that was nothing to what I suffered yesterday. We were in hopes to reach Cologn; our horses tired at Stamel, three hours from it, where I was forced to pass the night in my clothes, in a room not at all better than a hovel; for though I have my own bed with me, I had no mind to undress where the wind came from a thousand places. We left this wretched lodging at day-break, and about six this morning came safe here, where I got immediately into bed. I slept so well for three hours that I found myself perfectly recovered, and have had spirits enough to go and see all that is curious in the town, that is to say, the churches, for here is nothing else worth seeing.

This is a very large town, but the most part of it is old built. The Jesuits' church is the neatest, which was shewed me, in a very complaisant manner, by a handsome young jesuit; who, not knowing who I was, took a liberty in his compliments and raileries, which very much diverted me. Having never before seen any thing of that nature, I could not enough admire the magnificence of the altars, the rich images of the saints (all of massy silver), and the *enchasures* of the relics; though I could not help murmur-

* Lady Rich was the wife of Sir Robert Rich, bart. of London. She was a daughter of Colonel Griffin, and had an appointment about the person of the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline.

ing, in my heart, at the profusion of pearls, diamonds, and rubies, bestowed in the adorning of rotten teeth and dirty rags. I own that I had wickedness enough to covet St. Ursula's pearl necklaces; though perhaps this was no wickedness at all, an image not being certainly one's neighbour; but I went yet farther, and wished she herself converted into dressing-plate. I should also gladly see converted into silver a great St. Christopher, which I imagine would look very well in a cistern.

These were my pious reflections; though I was very well satisfied to see, piled up to the honour of our nation, the skulls of the eleven thousand virgins. I have seen some hundreds of relics here of no less consequence; but I will not imitate the common style of travellers so far as to give you a list of them, being persuaded that you have no manner of curiosity for the titles given to jaw-bones and bits of worm-eaten wood.—Adieu, I am just going to supper, where I shall drink your health in an admirable sort of Lorrain wine, which I am sure is the same you call Burgundy in London, &c. &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.*

Nuremberg, Aug. 22, O. S. 1716.

After five days travelling post, I could not sit down to write on any other occasion than to tell my dear Lady Bristol that I have not forgotten her obliging command, of sending her some account of my travels.

I have already passed a large part of Germany, have seen all that is remarkable in Cologne, Frank-

* Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Felton, bart. of Playford, county of Suffolk, second wife of John Hervey, first earl of Bristol. She died 1741.

fort, Wurzburg, and this place. 'Tis impossible not to observe the difference between the free towns and those under the government of absolute princes, as all the little sovereigns of Germany are. In the first there appears an air of commerce and plenty. The streets are well built, and full of people, neatly and plainly dressed. The shops are loaded with merchandise, and the commonalty are clean and cheerful. In the other you see a sort of shabby finery, a number of dirty people of quality tawdered out; narrow nasty streets out of repair, wretchedly thin of inhabitants, and above half of the common sort asking alms. I cannot help fancying one under the figure of a clean Dutch citizen's wife, and the other like a poor town lady of pleasure, painted and ribboned out in her head-dress, with tarnished silver-laced shoes, a ragged under-petticoat, a miserable mixture of vice and poverty.

They have sumptuary laws in this town which distinguish their rank by their dress, prevent the excess which ruins so many other cities, and has a more agreeable effect to the eye of a stranger than our fashions. I think after the archbishop of Cambray having declared for them, I need not be ashamed to own, that I wish these laws were in force in other parts of the world. When one considers impartially the merit of a rich suit of clothes in most places, the respect and the smiles of favour it procures, not to speak of the envy and the sighs it occasions (which is very often the principal charm to the wearer), one is forced to confess, that there is need of an uncommon understanding to resist the temptation of pleasing friends and mortifying rivals; and that it is natural to young people to fall into a folly, which betrays them to that want of money which is the source of a thousand basenesses. What numbers of men have begun the world with generous inclinations, that have afterwards been the instruments of bringing misery on a whole people, being led by vain expence into debts

that they could clear no other way but by the forfeit of their honour, and which they never could have contracted, if the respect the many pay to habits, was fixed by law, only to a particular colour or cut of plain cloth! These reflections draw after them others that are too melancholy. I will make haste to put them out of your head by the farce of relics, with which I have been entertained in all the Romish churches.

The Lutherans are not quite free from these follies. I have seen here, in the principal church, a large piece of the cross set in jewels, and the point of the spear, which they told me, very gravely, was the same that pierced the side of our Saviour. But I was particularly diverted in a little Roman-catholic church which is permitted here, where the professors of that religion are not very rich, and consequently cannot adorn their images in so rich a manner as their neighbours. For, not to be quite destitute of all finery, they have dressed up an image of our Saviour over the altar, in a fair full-bottomed wig very well powdered. I imagine I see your ladyship stare at this article, of which you very much doubt the veracity; but, upon my word, I have not yet made use of the privilege of a traveller; and my whole account is written with the same plain sincerity of heart with which I assure you that I am, dear madam, yours, &c. &c.



TO MRS. THISTLETHWAYTE.

Ratisbon, Aug. 30, O. S. 1716.

I had the pleasure of receiving yours but the day before I left London. I give you a thousand thanks for your good wishes, and have such an opinion of their efficacy, that I am persuaded I owe in part to them the good luck of having proceeded so far on my

long journey without any ill accident. For I don't reckon it any to have been stopped a few days in this town by a cold, since it has not only given me an opportunity of seeing all that is curious in it, but of making some acquaintance with the ladies, who have all been to see me with great civility, particularly Madame ——, the wife of our king's envoy from Hanover. She has carried me to all the assemblies, and I have been magnificently entertained at her house, which is one of the finest here.

You know that all the nobility of this place are envoys from different states. Here are a great number of them, and they might pass their time agreeably enough, if they were less delicate on the point of ceremony. But instead of joining in the design of making the town as pleasant to one another as they can, and improving their little societies, they amuse themselves no other way than with perpetual quarrels, which they take care to eternize, by leaving them to their successors; and an envoy to Ratisbon receives regularly half a dozen quarrels among the perquisites of his employment.

You may be sure the ladies are not wanting, on their side, in cherishing and improving these important *picques*, which divide the town almost into as many parties as there are families. They choose rather to suffer the mortification of sitting almost alone on their assembly nights, than to recede one jot from their pretensions. I have not been here above a week, and yet I have heard from almost every one of them the whole history of their wrongs, and dreadful complaint of the injustice of their neighbours, in hopes to draw me to their party. But I think it very prudent to remain neuter, though, if I were to stay among them, there would be no possibility of continuing so, their quarrels running so high, that they will not be civil to those that visit their adversaries. The foundation of these everlasting disputes turns entirely upon rank, place, and the title of ex-

cellency, which they all pretend to; and, what is very hard, will give it to nobody. For my part, I could not forbear advising them (for the public good) to give the title of excellency to every body, which would include the receiving it from every body; but the very mention of such a dishonourable peace was received with as much indignation as Mrs. Blackaire did the motion of a reference. And indeed I began to think myself ill-natured to offer to take from them, in a town where there are so few diversions, so entertaining an amusement. I know that my peaceable disposition already gives me a very ill figure, and that it is *publicly* whispered as a piece of impertinent pride in me, that I have hitherto been saucily civil to every body, as if I thought nobody good enough to quarrel with. I should be obliged to change my behaviour, if I did not intend to pursue my journey in a few days.

I have been to see the churches here, and had the permission of touching the relics, which was never suffered in places where I was not known. I had, by this privilege, the opportunity of making an observation, which I doubt not might have been made in all the other churches, that the emeralds and rubies which they shew round their relics and images are most of them false; though they tell you that many of the *crosses* and *Madonas*, set round with these stones, have been the gifts of the emperors and other great princes. I don't doubt, indeed, but they were at first jewels of value; but the good fathers have found it convenient to apply them to other uses, and the people are just as well satisfied with bits of glass. Among these relics they shewed me a prodigious claw set in gold, which they called the claw of a griffin; and I could not forbear asking the reverend priest that shewed it, whether the griffin was a saint? This question almost put him beside his gravity; but he answered, they only kept it as a curiosity. I was very much scandalised at a large sil-

ver image of the *Trinity*, where the *Father* is represented under the figure of a decrepid old man, with a beard down to his knees, and a triple crown on his head, holding in his arms the *Son*, fixed on the cross, and the *Holy Ghost*, in the shape of a dove, hovering over him.

Madam ——— is come this minute to call me to the assembly, and forces me to tell you, very abruptly, that I am ever your, &c. &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Vienna, Sept. 8, O. S. 1716.

I am now, my dear sister, safely arrived at Vienna; and, I thank God, have not at all suffered in my health, nor (what is dearer to me) in that of *my child*,* by all our fatigues.

We travelled by water from Ratisbon, a journey perfectly agreeable, down the Danube, in one of those little vessels that they very properly call wooden houses, having in them all the conveniences of a palace, stoves in the chambers, kitchens, &c. They are rowed by twelve men each, and move with such incredible swiftness, that in the same day you have the pleasure of a vast variety of prospects; and, within the space of a few hours, you have the pleasure of seeing a populous city adorned with magnificent palaces, and the most romantic solitudes, which appear distant from the commerce of mankind, the banks of the Danube being charmingly diversified with woods, rocks, mountains covered with vines, fields of corn, large cities, and ruins of ancient castles. I saw the great towns of Passau and Lintz, famous for the retreat of the imperial court when Vienna was besieged.

* Edward Wortley Montagu, her only son, was born 1713.

This town, which has the honour of being the emperor's residence, did not at all answer my ideas of it, being much less than I expected to find it; the streets are very close, and so narrow, one cannot observe the fine fronts of the palaces, though many of them very well deserve observation, being truly magnificent. They are built of fine white stone, and are excessively high. For as the town is too little for the number of the people that desire to live in it, the builders seem to have projected to repair that misfortune, by clapping one town on the top of another, most of the houses being of five, and some of them six stories. You may easily imagine, that the streets being so narrow, the rooms are extremely dark; and, what is an inconveniency much more intolerable, in my opinion, there is no house that has so few as five or six families in it. The apartments of the greatest ladies, and even of the ministers of state, are divided, but by a partition, from that of a taylor or shoemaker; and I know nobody that has above two floors in any house, one for their own use, and one higher for their servants. Those that have houses of their own, let out the rest of them to whoever will take them; and thus the great stairs (which are all of stone), are as common and as dirty as the street. 'Tis true, when you have once travelled through them, nothing can be more surprisingly magnificent than the apartments. They are commonly a suite of eight or ten large rooms, all inlaid, the doors and windows richly carved and gilt, and the furniture, such as is seldom seen in the palaces of sovereign princes in other countries. Their apartments are adorned with hangings of the finest tapestry of Brussels, prodigious large looking-glasses in silver frames, fine japan tables, beds, chairs, canopies, and window curtains of the richest Genoa damask or velvet, almost covered with gold lace or embroidery. The whole is made gay by pictures,

and vast jars of japan china, and in almost every room large lustres of rock crystal.

I have already had the honour of being invited to dinner by several of the first people of quality; and I must do them the justice to say, the good taste and magnificence of their tables very well answered to that of their furniture. I have been more than once entertained with fifty dishes of meat all served in silver, and well dressed; the desert proportionable, served in the finest china. But the variety and richness of their wines, is what appears the most surprising. The constant way is, to lay a list of their names upon the plates of the guests, along with the napkins; and I have counted several times to the number of eighteen different sorts, all exquisite in their kinds.

I was yesterday at count Schönbrunn,* the vice-chancellor's garden, where I was invited to dinner. I must own, I never saw a place so perfectly delightful as the Fauxburg of Vienna. It is very large, and almost wholly composed of delicious palaces. If the emperor found it proper to permit the gates of the town to be laid open, that the Fauxburg might be joined to it, he would have one of the largest and best-built cities in Europe. Count Schönbrunn's villa is one of the most magnificent; the furniture all rich brocades, so well fancied and fitted up, nothing can look more gay and splendid; not to speak of a gallery, full of rarities of coral, mother of pearl, &c. and, throughout the whole house, a profusion of gilding, carving, fine paintings, the most beautiful porcelain, statues of alabaster and ivory, and vast orange and lemon trees in gilt pots. The

*The palace of Schönbrunn is distant about two miles from Vienna. It was designed by John Bernard Fischers, the Palladio of Germany, in 1696, and was afterwards used as a hunting seat by the emperor and his court.

dinner was perfectly fine and well ordered, and made still more agreeable by the good-humour of the count.

I have not yet been at court, being forced to stay for my gown, without which there is no waiting on the empress; though I am not without great impatience to see a beauty that has been the admiration of so many different nations. When I have had that honour, I will not fail to let you know my real thoughts, always taking a particular pleasure in communicating them to my dear sister.

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TO MR. POPE.*

Vienna, Sept. 14, O. S. 1716.

Perhaps you will laugh at me for thanking you very gravely for all the obliging concern you express for me. 'Tis certain that I may, if I please, take the fine things you say to me for wit and raillery; and, it may be, it would be taking them right. But I never, in my life, was half so well disposed to believe you in earnest as I am at present; and that distance, which makes the continuation of your friendship improbable, has very much increased my faith in it.

I find that I have (as well as the rest of my sex), whatever face I set on't, a strong disposition to believe in miracles. Don't fancy, however, that I am infected by the air of these popish countries; I have,

* In the eighth volume of Pope's Works, are first published thirteen of his letters to lady M. W. M. communicated to Dr. Wharton by the present primate of Iceland. These MSS. are in the possession of the Marquis of Bute. As many are without date, the arrangement of them must be directed by circumstances; and as most of them were written to lady Mary during her absence from England, we shall advert to them, as making a part of this correspondence.

indeed, so far wandered from the discipline of the church of England, as to have been last Sunday at the opera, which was performed in the garden of the Favorita; and I was so much pleased with it, I have not yet repented my seeing it. Nothing of that kind ever was more magnificent; and I can easily believe what I am told, that the decorations and habits cost the emperor thirty thousand pounds sterling. The stage was built over a very large canal, and, at the beginning of the second act, divided into two parts, discovering the water, on which there immediately came, from different parts, two fleets of little gilded vessels, that gave the representation of a naval fight. It is not easy to imagine the beauty of this scene, which I took particular notice of. But all the rest were perfectly fine in their kind. The story of the opera is the enchantment of Alcina, which gives opportunities for a great variety of machines, and changes of the scenes, which are performed with a surprising swiftness. The theatre is so large, that it is hard to carry the eye to the end of it, and the habits in the utmost magnificence, to the number of one hundred and eight. No house could hold such large decorations; but the ladies all sitting in the open air, exposes them to great inconveniences; for there is but one canopy for the imperial family; and the first night it was represented, a shower of rain happening, the opera was broken off, and the company crowded away in such confusion, that I was almost squeezed to death.

But if their operas are thus delightful, their comedies are in as high a degree ridiculous. They have but one playhouse, where I had the curiosity to go to a German comedy, and was very glad it happened to be the story of Amphitrion. As that subject has been already handled by a Latin, French, and English poet, I was curious to see what an Austrian author would make of it. I understand enough of that language to comprehend the greatest part of it;

and besides, I took with me a lady, who had the goodness to explain to me every word. The way is, to take a box, which holds four, for yourself and company. The fixed price is a gold ducat. I thought the house very low and dark ; but I confess, the comedy admirably recompensed that defect. I never laughed so much in my life. It began with Jupiter's falling in love out of a peep-hole in the clouds, and ended with the birth of Hercules. But what was most pleasant, was the use Jupiter made of his metamorphosis ; for you no sooner saw him under the figure of Amphitrión, but, instead of flying to Alcmena, with the raptures Mr. Dryden puts into his mouth, he sends for Amphitrión's taylor, and cheats him of a laced coat, and his banker of a bag of money, a Jew of a diamond ring, and bespeaks a great supper in his name ; and the greatest part of the comedy turns upon poor Amphitrión's being tormented by these people for their debts. Mercury uses Sosia in the same manner. But I could not easily pardon the liberty the poet has taken of larding his play with, not only indecent expressions, but such gross words, as I don't think our mob would suffer from a mountebank. Besides, the two Sosias very fairly let down their breeches in the direct view of the boxes, which were full of people of the first rank, that seemed very well pleased with their entertainment, and assured me this was a celebrated piece.

I shall conclude my letter with this remarkable relation, very well worthy the serious consideration of Mr. Collier.* I won't trouble you with farewell compliments, which I think generally as impertinent as courtesies at leaving the room, when the visit had been too long already.

* Jeremy Collier, an English divine, eminent for his piety and wit. In 1693 he wrote "A short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage, together with the Sense of Antiquity on this Subject," 8vo. This tract excited the resentment of the wits, and engaged him in a controversy with Congreve and Vanburgh.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Vienna, Sept. 14; O. S. 1716.

Though I have so lately troubled you, my dear sister, with a long letter, yet I will keep my promise in giving you an account of my first going to court.

In order to that ceremony, I was squeezed up in a gown, and adorned with a gorget and the other implements thereunto belonging; a dress very inconvenient, but which certainly shows the neck and shape to great advantage. I cannot forbear giving you some description of the fashions here, which are more monstrous, and contrary to all common sense and reason, than 'tis possible for you to imagine. They build certain fabrics of gauze on their heads, about a yard high, consisting of three or four stories, fortified with numberless yards of heavy ribbon. The foundation of this structure is a thing they call a Bourle, which is exactly of the same shape and kind, but about four times as big, as those rolls our prudent milk-maids make use of to fix their pails upon. This machine they cover with their own hair, which they mix with a great deal of false, it being a particular beauty to have their heads too large to go into a moderate tub. Their hair is prodigiously powdered, to conceal the mixture, and set out with three or four rows of bodkins (wonderfully large, that stick out two or three inches from their hair), made of diamonds, pearls, red, green, and yellow stones, that it certainly requires as much art and experience to carry the load upright, as to dance upon May-day with the garland. Their whalebone petticoats outdo ours by several yards circumference, and cover some acres of ground.

You may easily suppose how this extraordinary dress sets off and improves the natural ugliness with which God Almighty has been pleased to endow them, generally speaking. Even the lovely empress herself is obliged to comply, in some degree, with these absurd fashions, which they would not quit for al

the world. I had a private audience (according to ceremony), of half an hour, and then all the other ladies were permitted to come and make their court. I was perfectly charmed with the empress; I cannot however tell you that her features are regular; her eyes are not large, but have a lively look, full of sweetness; her complexion the finest I ever saw; her nose and forehead well made, but her mouth has ten thousand charms, that touch the soul. When she smiles, 'tis with a beauty and sweetness that forces adoration. She has a vast quantity of fine fair hair; but then her person!—one must speak of it poetically to do it rigid justice; all that the poets have said of the mien of Juno, the air of Venus, come not up to the truth. The graces move with her; the famous statue of Medicis was not formed with more delicate proportions; nothing can be added to the beauty of her neck and hands. Till I saw them, I did not believe there were any in nature so perfect, and I was almost sorry that my rank here did not permit me to kiss them; but they are kissed sufficiently; for every body that waits on her pays that homage at their entrance, and when they take leave.

When the ladies were come in she sat down to Quince. I could not play at a game I had never seen before, and she ordered me a seat at her right hand, and had the goodness to talk to me very much, with that grace so natural to her. I expected every moment, when the men were to come in to pay their court; but this drawing-room is very different from that of England; no man enters it but the grand-master, who comes in to advertise the empress of the approach of the emperor. His imperial majesty did me the honour of speaking to me in a very obliging manner; but he never speaks to any of the other ladies; and the whole passes with a gravity and air of ceremony that has something very formal in it.

The empress Amelia, dowager of the late emperor

Joseph, came this evening to wait on the reigning empress, followed by the two archduchesses her daughters, who are very agreeable young princesses. Their imperial majesties rose and went to meet her at the door of the room, after which she was seated in an arm-chair, next the empress, and in the same manner at supper, and there the men had the permission of paying their court. The archduchesses sat on chairs with backs without arms. The table was entirely served, and all the dishes set on, by the empress's maids of honour, which are twelve young ladies of the first quality. They have no salary, but their chamber at court, where they live in a sort of confinement, not being suffered to go to the assemblies or public places in town, except in compliment to the wedding of a sister maid, whom the empress always presents with her picture set in diamonds. The three first of them are called "Ladies of the Key," and wear gold keys by their sides; but what I find most pleasant, is the custom which obliges them, as long as they live, after they have left the empress's service, to make her some present every year on the day of her feast. Her majesty is served by no married women but the grande maitresse, who is generally a widow of the first quality, always very old, and is at the same time groom of the stole, and mother of the maids. The dressers are not at all in the figure they pretend to in England, being looked upon no otherwise than as downright chambermaids.

I had an audience next day of the empress-mother, a princess of great virtue and goodness, but who piques herself too much on a violent devotion. She is perpetually performing extraordinary acts of penance, without having ever done any thing to deserve them. She has the same number of maids of honour, whom she suffers to go in colours; but she herself never quits her mourning; and sure nothing can be more dismal than the mourning here, even for a brother. There is not the least bit of linen to be seen;

all black crape instead of it. The neck; ears, and side of the face, are covered with a plaited piece of the same stuff, and the face that peeps out in the midst of it, looks as if it were pilloried. The widows wear, over and above, a crape forehead cloth; and in this solemn weed go to all the public places of diversion without scruple.

The next day I was to wait on the empress Amelia, who is now at her palace of retirement, half a mile from the town. I had there the pleasure of seeing a diversion wholly new to me, but which is the common amusement of this court. The empress herself was seated on a little throne at the end of the fine alley in the garden, and on each side of her were ranged two parties of her ladies of quality, headed by two young arch-duchesses, all dressed in their hair, full of jewels, with fine light guns in their hands; and at proper distances were placed three oval pictures, which were the marks to be shot at. The first was that of a Cupid, filling a bumper of Burgundy, and the motto, "'Tis easy to be valiant here." The second a Fortune, holding a garland in her hand, the motto, "For her whom fortune favours." The third was a sword, with a laurel wreath on the point, the motto, "Here is no shame to the vanquished."—Near the empress was a gilded trophy wreathed with flowers, and made of little crooks, on which were hung rich Turkish handkerchiefs, tippets, ribbons, laces, &c. for the small prizes. The empress gave the first with her own hand, which was a fine ruby ring set round with diamonds, in a gold snuff-box. There was for the second, a little Cupid set with brilliants: and besides these, a set of fine china for the tea-table encased in gold, japan trunks, fans, and many gallantries of the same nature. All the men of quality at Vienna were spectators; but the ladies only had permission to shoot, and the arch-duchess Amelia carried off the first prize. I was very well pleased with having seen this enter-

tainment, and I do not know but it might make as good a figure as the prize-shooting in the *Æneid*, if I could write as well as Virgil. This is the favourite pleasure of the emperor, and there is rarely a week without some feast of this kind, which makes the young ladies skilful enough to defend a fort. They laughed very much to see me afraid to handle a gun.

My dear sister, you will easily pardon an abrupt conclusion. I believe, by this time, you are ready to fear I shall never conclude at all.



TO THE LADY RICH.

Vienna, Sept. 20, O. S. 1716.

I am extremely pleased, but not at all surprised, at the long delightful letter you have had the goodness to send me. I know that you can think of an absent friend even in the midst of a court, and you love to oblige, where you can have no view of a return; and I expect from you that you should love me, and think of me, when you don't see me.

I have compassion for the mortifications that you tell me befel our little friend, and I pity her much more, since I know that they are only owing to the barbarous customs of our country. Upon my word, if she were here, she would have no other fault but that of being something too young for the fashion, and she has nothing to do but to transplant herself hither about seven years hence, to be again a young and blooming beauty. I can assure you that wrinkles, or a small stoop in the shoulders, nay, even grey hairs, are no objection to the making new conquests. I know you cannot easily figure to yourself a young fellow of five-and-twenty ogling my lady Suffolk with passion, or pressing to hand the countess of Oxford from an opera. But such are the sights I see every day, and I don't perceive any body surprised

at them but myself. A woman, till five-and-thirty, is only looked upon as a raw girl, and can possibly make no noise in the world till about forty. I don't know what your ladyship may think of this matter; but 'tis a considerable comfort to me, to know there is upon earth such a paradise for old women; and I am content to be insignificant at present, in the design of returning when I am fit to appear no where else. I cannot help lamenting on this occasion, the pitiful case of too many good English ladies, long since retired to prudery and ratiſa, whom, if their stars had luckily conducted hither, would shine in the first rank of beauties. Besides, that perplexing word reputation has quite another meaning here than what you give it at London; and getting a lover is so far from losing, that 'tis properly getting reputation; ladies being much more respected in regard to the rank of their lovers, than that of their husbands.

But what you'll think very odd, the two sects that divide our whole nation of petticoats, are utterly unknown in this place. Here are neither coquettes nor prudes. No woman dares appear coquette enough to encourage two lovers at a time. And I have not seen any such prudes as to pretend fidelity to their husbands, who are certainly the best natured set of people in the world, and look upon their wives' gallants as favourably as men do upon their deputies, that take the troublesome part of their business off their hands. They have not however the less to do on that account; for they are generally deputies in another place themselves; in one word, 'tis the established custom for every lady to have two husbands, one that bears the name, and another that performs the duties. And these engagements are so well known, that it would be a downright affront, and publicly resented, if you invited a woman of quality to dinner, without, at the same time, inviting her two attendants of lover and husband, between whom she sits in state with great gravity. The sub-marriages

generally last twenty years together, and the lady often commands the poor lover's estate, even to the utter ruin of his family.

These connections, indeed, are as seldom begun by any real passion as other matches; for a man makes but an ill figure that is not in some commerce of this nature; and a woman looks out for a lover as soon as she's married, as part of her equipage, without which she could not be genteel; and the first article of the treaty is establishing the pension, which remains to the lady, in case the gallant should prove inconstant. This chargeable point of honour I look upon as the real foundation of so many wonderful instances of constancy. I really know some women of the first quality, whose pensions are as well known as their annual rents, and yet nobody esteems them the less; on the contrary, their discretion would be called in question, if they should be suspected to be mistresses for nothing. A great part of their emulation consists in trying who shall get most; and having no intrigue at all, is so far a disgrace, that, I'll assure you, a lady, who is very much my friend here, told me but yesterday, how much I was obliged to her for justifying my conduct in a conversation relating to me, where it was publicly asserted, that I could not possibly have common sense, since I had been in town above a fortnight, and had made no steps towards commencing an amour. My friend pleaded for me, that my stay was uncertain, and she believed that was the cause of my seeming stupidity; and this was all she could find to say in my justification:

But one of the pleasantest adventures I ever met with in my life was last night, and it will give you a just idea in what a delicate manner the belles passions are managed in this country. I was at the assembly of the countess of —, and the young count of — leading me down stairs, asked me how long I was to stay at Vienna? I made answer, that my stay de-

pended on the emperor, and it was not in my power to determine it. Well, madam, (said he), whether your time here is to be long or short, I think you ought to pass it agreeably, and to that end you must engage in a little affair of the heart.——My heart (answered I gravely enough) does not engage very easily, and I have no design of parting with it. I see, madam (said he sighing), by the ill nature of that answer, I am not to hope for it, which is a great mortification to me that am charmed with you. But, however, I am still devoted to your service; and since I am not worthy of entertaining you myself, do me the honour of letting me know whom you like best among us, and I'll engage to manage the affair entirely to your satisfaction. You may judge in what manner I should have received this compliment in my own country; but I was well enough acquainted with the way of this, to know that he really intended me an obligation, and I thanked him with a very grave courtesy for his zeal to serve me, and only assured him I had no occasion to make use of it.

Thus you see, my dear, that gallantry and good-breeding are as different, in different climates, as morality and religion. Who have the rightest notions of both, we shall never know till the day of judgment; for which great day of eclairsissement, I own there is very little impatience in your, &c. &c.

TO MRS. THISTLETHWAYTE.

Vienna, Sept. 26, O. S. 1716.

I was never more agreeably surprised than by your obliging letter. 'Tis a peculiar mark of my esteem that I tell you so; and I can assure you, that if I loved you one grain less than I do, I should be very sorry to see it so diverting as it is. The mortal aversion I have to writing, makes me tremble a the

thoughts of a new correspondent; and I believe I have disobliged no less than a dozen of my London acquaintance by refusing to hear from them, though I did verily think they intended to send me very entertaining letters. But I had rather lose the pleasure of reading several witty things, than be forced to write many stupid ones.

Yet, in spite of these considerations, I am charmed with this proof of your friendship, and beg a continuation of the same goodness, though I fear the dulness of this will make you immediately repent of it. It is not from Austria that one can write with vivacity, and I am already infected with the phlegm of the country. Even their amours and their quarrels are carried on with a surprising temper; and they are never lively but upon points of ceremony. There, I own, they shew all their passions; and 'tis not long since two coaches, meeting in a narrow street at night, the ladies in them not being able to adjust the ceremonial of which should go back, sat there with equal gallantry till two in the morning, and were both so fully determined to die upon the spot, rather than yield in a point of that importance, that the street would never have been cleared till their deaths, if the emperor had not sent his guards to part them; and even then they refused to stir, till the expedient could be found out of taking them both out in chairs, exactly in the same moment. After the ladies were agreed, it was with some difficulty that the *pas* was decided between the two coachmen, no less tenacious of their rank than the ladies. This passion is so omnipotent in the breasts of the women, that even their husbands never die but they are ready to break their hearts, because that fatal hour puts an end to their rank, no widows having any place at Vienna. The men are not much less touched with this point of honour, and they do not only scorn to marry, but even to make love to any woman of a family not as illustrious as their own; and the

pedigree is much more considered by them, than either the complexion or features of their mistresses. Happy are the she's that can number amongst their ancestors counts of the empire; they have neither occasion for beauty, money, nor good conduct, to get them husbands. 'Tis true, as to money, it is seldom any advantage to the man they marry; the laws of Austria confine the woman's portion to two thousand florins (about two hundred pounds English), and whatever they have beside remains in their own possession and disposal. Thus, here are many ladies much richer than their husbands, who are, however, obliged to allow them pin-money agreeably to their quality; and I attribute to this considerable branch of prerogative, the liberty that they take upon other occasions.

I am sure you, that know my laziness, and extreme indifference on this subject, will pity me, entangled amongst all these ceremonies, which are a wonderful burthen to me, though I am the envy of the whole town, having, by their own customs, the *pas* before them all. They indeed so revenge, upon the poor envoys, this great respect shewn to ambassadors, that (with all my indifference) I should be very uneasy to suffer it. Upon days of ceremony they have no entrance at court, and on other days must content themselves with walking after every soul, and being the very last taken notice of. But I must write a volume to let you know all the ceremonies, and I have already said too much on so dull a subject, which, however, employs the whole care of the people here. I need not, after this, tell you how agreeably time slides away with me; you know as well as I do the taste of,

Yours, &c. &c.

TO THE LADY X——.

Vienna, Oct. 1, O. S. 1716.

You desire me, madam, to send you some accounts of the customs here, and at the same time a description of Vienna. I am always willing to obey your commands; but you must, upon this occasion, take the will for the deed. If I should undertake to tell you all the particulars, in which the manners here differ from ours, I must write a whole quire of the dullest stuff that ever was read, or printed without being read. Their dress agrees with the French or English in no one article, but wearing petticoats. They have many fashions peculiar to themselves; they think it indecent for a widow ever to wear green or rose colour, but all the other gayest colours at her own discretion. The assemblies here are the only regular diversion, the operas being always at court, and commonly on some particular occasion. Madam Rabutin has the assembly constantly every night at her house; and the other ladies, whenever they have a mind to display the magnificence of their apartments, or oblige a friend by complimenting them on the day of their saint, they declare, that on such a day the assembly shall be at their house in honour of the feast of the count or countess—— such a one. These days are called days of Gala, and all the friends or relations of the lady, whose saint it is, are obliged to appear in their best clothes, and all their jewels. The mistress of the house takes no particular notice of any body, not returns any body's visit; and whoever pleases may go, without the formality of being presented. The company are entertained with ice in several forms, winter and summer; afterwards they divide into several parties of ombre, piquet, or conversation, all games of hazard being forbidden.

I saw t'other day the gala for count Alheim, the

emperor's favourite, and never in my life saw so many fine clothes ill-fancied. They embroider the richest gold stuffs; and provided they can make their clothes expensive enough, that is all the taste they shew in them. On other days, the general dress is a scarf, and what you please under it.

But now I am speaking of Vienna, I am sure you expect I should say something of the convents; they are of all sorts and sizes, but I am best pleased with that of St. Lawrence, where the ease and neatness they seem to live with, appears to be much more edifying than those stricter orders, where perpetual penance and nastiness must breed discontent and wretchedness. The nuns are all of quality. I think there are to the number of fifty. They have each of them a little cell perfectly clean, the walls of which are covered with pictures more or less fine, according to their quality. A long white stone gallery runs by all of them, furnished with the pictures of exemplary sisters; the chapel is extremely neat, and richly adorned. But I could not forbear laughing at their shewing me a wooden head of our Saviour, which they assured me, spoke during the siege of Vienna; and, as a proof of it, bid me mark his mouth, which had been open ever since. Nothing can be more becoming than the dress of these nuns. It is a white robe, the sleeves of which are turned up with fine white calico, and their head-dress the same, excepting a small veil of black crape that falls behind. They have a lower sort of serving nuns, that wait on them as their chambermaids. They receive all visits of women, and play at ombre in their chambers, with permission of their abbess, which is very easy to be obtained. I never saw an old woman so good-natured; she is near fourscore; and yet shews very little sign of decay, being still lively and cheerful. She caressed me as if I had been her daughter, giving me some pretty things of her own work, and sweetmeats in abundance. The grate

is not of the most rigid; it is not very hard to put a head through, and I don't doubt but a man, a little more slender than ordinary, might squeeze in his whole person. The young count of Salmes came to the grate, while I was there, and the abbess gave him her hand to kiss. But I was surprised to find here, the only beautiful young woman I have seen at Vienna, and not only beautiful but genteel, witty, and agreeable, of a great family, and who had been the admiration of the town. I could not forbear shewing my surprise at seeing a nun like her. She made me a thousand obliging compliments, and desired me to come often. It will be an infinite pleasure to me (said she, sighing), but I avoid, with the greatest care, seeing any of my former acquaintance, and whenever they come to our convent, I lock myself in my cell. I observed tears come into her eyes, which touched me extremely, and I began to talk to her in that strain of tender pity she inspired me with; but she would not own to me that she is not perfectly happy. I have since endeavoured to learn the real cause of her retirement, without being able to get any other account, but that every body was surprised at it and nobody guessed the reason.

I have been several times to see her; but it gives me too much melancholy to see so agreeable a young creature buried alive. I am not surprised that nuns have so often inspired violent passions; the pity one naturally feels for them, when they seem worthy of another destiny, making an easy way for yet more tender sentiments. I never in my life had so little charity for the Roman-catholic religion, as since I see the misery it occasions; so many poor unhappy women! and then the gross superstition of the common people, who are, some or other of them, day and night, offering bits of candle to the wooden figures that are set up almost in every street. The processions I see very often, are a pageantry as offensive, and apparently contradictory to common sense, as

the pagods of China. God knows whether it be the womanly spirit of contradiction that works in me; but there never before was such zeal against popery in the heart of,

Dear madam, &c. &c.

TO MR. POPE.*

Vienna, Oct. 10, O. S. 1716.

I deserve not all the reproaches you make me. If I have been some time without answering your letter, it is not, that I don't know how many thanks are due to you for it; or that I am stupid enough to prefer any amusements to the pleasures of hearing from you; but after the professions of esteem you have so obligingly made me, I cannot help delaying, as long as I can, shewing you that you are mistaken. If you are sincere, when you say you expect to be extremely entertained by my letters, I ought to be mortified at the disappointment that I am sure you will receive, when you hear from me; though I have done my best endeavours to find out something worth writing to you.

I have seen every thing that was to be seen with a very diligent curiosity. Here are some fine villas, particularly the late prince of Litchtenstein's; but the statues are all modern, and the pictures not of the first hands. 'Tis true, the emperor has some of great value. I was yesterday to see the repository, which they call his treasure, where they seem to have been more diligent in amassing a great quantity of things, than in the choice of them. I spent above five hours there, and yet there were very few things that stopped me long to consider them. But the number is prodigious, being a very long gallery filled

* Pope's letter, to which this is in reply, is printed in Warton's edition. vol. VIII. p. 388.

on both sides, and five large rooms. There is a vast quantity of paintings, among which are many fine miniatures; but the most valuable pictures are a few of Corregio, those of Titian being at the Favorita.

The cabinet of jewels did not appear to me so rich as I expected to see it. They shewed me here a cup, about the size of a tea dish, of one entire emerald, which they had so particular a respect for, that only the emperor has the liberty of touching it. There is a large cabinet full of curiosities of clock-work, only one of which I thought worth observing, that was a craw-fish, with all the motions so natural, that it was hard to distinguish it from the life.*

The next cabinet was a large collection of agates, some of them extremely beautiful, and of an uncommon size, and several vases of lapis lazuli. I was surprised to see the cabinet of medals so poorly furnished; I did not remark one of any value, and they are kept in a most ridiculous disorder. As to the antiques, very few of them deserve that name. Upon my saying they were modern, I could not forbear laughing at the answer of the profound antiquary that shewed them, that "they were ancient enough; for, to his knowledge, they had been there these forty years." But the next cabinet diverted me yet better, being nothing else but a parcel of wax babies, and toys in ivory, very well worthy to be presented to children of five years old. Two of the rooms were wholly filled with these trifles of all kinds, set in jewels, amongst which I was desired to observe a crucifix, that they assured me had spoken very wisely to the emperor Leopold. I won't trouble you with a catalogue of the rest of the lumber;

* The imperial cabinet at Vienna has been greatly improved since 1716, by the emperors Joseph and Ferdinand. In the classes of mineralogy, and a collection of medals, it now yields to few others in Europe. See Eckel. *Catal. Musæi Cæsarei Vindobon. Numm. Vet.* fol. 1779, and baron Bornn's *Shells of the Imp. Mus.* at Vienna, fol. 1780.

but I must not forget to mention a small piece of loadstone that held up an anchor of steel too heavy for me to lift. This is what I thought most curious in the whole treasure. There are some few heads of antient statues; but several of them are defaced by modern additions.

I foresee that you will be very little satisfied with this letter, and I dare hardly ask you to be good-natured enough to charge the dulness of it on the barrenness of the subject, and to overlook the stupidity of,

Your, &c. &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Prague, Nov. 17, O. S. 1716.

I hope my dear sister wants no new proofs of my sincere affection for her; but I am sure, if you do, I could not give you a stronger than writing at this time, after three days, or, more properly speaking, three night and days, hard post-travelling.

The kingdom of Bohemia is the most desert of any I have seen in Germany. The villages are so poor, and the post-houses so miserable, that clean straw and fair water are blessings not always to be met with, and better accommodation not to be hoped for. Though I carried my own bed with me, I could not sometimes find a place to set it up in; and I rather chose to travel all night, as cold as it is, wrapped up in my furs, than go into the common stoves, which are filled with a mixture of all sorts of ill scents.

This town was once the royal seat of the Bohemian kings, and is still the capital of the kingdom. There are yet some remains of its former splendour, being one of the largest towns in Germany, but, for the most part, old built, and thinly inhabited, which makes the houses very cheap. Those

people of quality, who cannot easily bear the expence of Vienna, choose to reside here, where they have assemblies, music, and all other diversions (those of a court excepted), at very moderate rates, all things being here in great abundance, especially the best wild-fowl I ever tasted. I have already been visited by some of the most considerable ladies, whose relations I know at Vienna. They are dressed after the fashions there, after the manner that the people at Exeter imitate those of London; that is, their imitation is more excessive than the original. 'Tis not easy to describe what extraordinary figures they make. The person is so much lost between head-dress and petticoat, that they have as much occasion to write upon their backs, "This is a Woman," for the information of travellers, as ever sign-post painter had to write, "This is a Bear."

I will not forget to write to you again from Dresden and Leipzig, being much more solicitous to content your curiosity, than to indulge my own repose.

I am, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Leipzig, Nov. 21, O. S. 1716.

I believe, dear sister, you will easily forgive my not writing to you from Dresden, as I promised, when I tell you, that I never went out of my chaise from Prague to this place.

You may imagine how heartily I was tired with twenty-four hours' post travelling, without sleep or refreshment (for I can never sleep in a coach, however fatigued). We passed by moonshine, the frightful precipices that divide Bohemia from Saxony, at the bottom of which runs the river Elbe; but I cannot say, that I had reason to fear the drowning in it,

being perfectly convinced, that, in case of a tumble, it was utterly impossible to come alive to the bottom. In many places, the road is so narrow, that I could not discern an inch of space between the wheels and the precipice. Yet I was so good a wife, as not to wake Mr. Wortley, who was fast asleep by my side, to make him share in my fears, since the danger was unavoidable, till I perceived, by the bright light of the moon, our postilions nodding on horseback, while the horses were on a full gallop. Then indeed I thought it very convenient to call out to desire them to look where they were going. My calling waked Mr. Wortley, and he was much more surprised than myself at the situation we were in, and assured me, that he passed the Alps five times in different places, without ever having gone a road so dangerous. I have been told since, that it is common to find the bodies of travellers in the Elbe; but, thank God, that was not our destiny; and we came safe to Dresden, so much tired with fear and fatigue, it was not possible for me to compose myself to write.

After passing these dreadful rocks, Dresden appeared to me a wonderfully agreeable situation in a fine large plain on the banks of the Elbe. I was very glad to stay there a day to rest myself. The town is the neatest I have seen in Germany; most of the houses are new built: the elector's palace is very handsome, and his repository full of curiosities of different kinds, with a collection of medals very much esteemed. Sir Robert Sutton, our king's envoy, came to see me here, and madame de L——, whom I knew in London, when her husband was minister to the king of Poland there. She offered me all things in her power to entertain me, and brought some ladies with her, whom she presented to me. The Saxon ladies resemble the Austrian no more than the Chinese do those of London; they are very genteelly dressed, after the English and French modes, and have generally pretty faces, but they are the most de-

terminated "minaudieres" in the whole world. They would think it a mortal sin against good-breeding, if they either spoke or moved in a natural manner. They all affect a little soft lisp, and a pretty pitty-pat step; which female frailties ought, however, to be forgiven them, in favour of their civility and good-nature to strangers, which I have a great deal of reason to praise.

The countess of Cozelle is kept prisoner in a melancholy castle, some leagues from hence; and I cannot forbear telling you what I have heard of her, because it seems to me very extraordinary, though I foresee I shall swell my letter to the size of a paquet.—She was mistress to the king of Poland, elector of Saxony, with so absolute a dominion over him, that never any lady had so much power in that court. They tell a pleasant story of his majesty's first declaration of love, which he made in a visit to her, bringing in one hand a bag of a hundred thousand crowns, and in the other a horse-shoe, which he snapped asunder before her face, leaving her to draw the consequences of such remarkable proofs of strength and liberality. I know not which charmed her most: but she consented to leave her husband, and to give herself up to him entirely, being divorced publicly, in such a manner as, by their laws, permits either party to marry again. God knows whether it was at this time, or in some other fond fit, but it is certain, the king had the weakness to make her a formal contract of marriage; which, though it could signify nothing during the life of the queen, pleased her so well, that she could not be contented, without telling it to all the people she saw, and giving herself the airs of a queen. Men endure every thing while they are in love; but when the excess of passion was cooled by long possession, his majesty began to reflect on the ill consequences of leaving such a paper in her hands, and desired to have it restored to him. But she rather chose to endure all the most violent effects of his anger, than give it

up; and though she is one of the richest and most avaricious ladies of her country, she has refused the offer of the continuation of a large pension, and the security of a vast sum of money she has amassed; and has, at last, provoked the king to confine her person to a castle, where she endures all the terrors of a strait imprisonment, and remains still inflexible, either to threats or promises. Her violent passions have brought her indeed into fits, which it is supposed will soon put an end to her life. I cannot forbear having some compassion for a woman that suffers for a point of honour, however mistaken, especially in a country where points of honour are not over-scrupulously observed among ladies.

I could have wished Mr. Wortley's business had permitted him a longer stay at Dresden.

Perhaps I am partial to a town where they profess the protestant religion; but every thing seemed to me with quite another air of politeness than I have found in other places. Leipzig, where I am at present, is a town very considerable for its trade; and I take this opportunity of buying pages' liveries, gold stuffs for myself, &c. all things of that kind being at least double the price at Vienna; partly because of the excessive customs, and partly through want of genius and industry in the people, who make no one sort of thing there: so that the ladies are obliged to send, even for their shoes, out of Saxony. The fair here is one of the most considerable in Germany, and the resort of all the people of quality, as well as of the merchants. This is also a fortified town, but I avoid ever mentioning fortifications, being sensible that I know not how to speak of them. I am the more easy under my ignorance, when I reflect that I am sure you will willingly forgive the omission; for if I made you the most exact description of all the ravelins and bastions I see in my travels, I dare swear you would ask me, What is a ravelin? and, What is a bastion?

Adieu, my dear sister!

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Brunswick, Nov. 23, O. S. 1716.

I am just come to Brunswick, a very old town, but which has the advantage of being the capital of the duke of Wolfenbottle's dominions, a family (not to speak of its ancient honours) illustrious, by having its younger branch on the throne of England, and having given two empresses to Germany. I have not forgotten to drink your health here in mum, which I think very well deserves its reputation of being the best in the world. This letter is the third I have written to you during my journey; and I declare to you that if you don't send me immediately a full and true account of all the changes and chances among our London acquaintance, I will not write you any description of Hanover (where I hope to be to-night,) though I know you have more curiosity to hear of that place than any other.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.

Hanover, Nov. 25, O. S. 1716.

I received your ladyship's letter but the day before I left Vienna, though, by the date, I ought to have had it much sooner: but nothing was ever worse regulated than the post in most parts of Germany. I can assure you, the packet at Prague was behind my chaise, and in that manner conveyed to Dresden, so that the secrets of half the country were at my mercy, if I had had any curiosity for them. I would not longer delay my thanks for yours, though the number of my acquaintances here, and my duty of attending at court, leave me hardly any time to dispose of. I am extremely pleased that I can tell you, without flattery

or partiality, that our young prince* has all the accomplishments that it is possible to have at his age, with an air of sprightliness and understanding, and something so very engaging and easy in his behaviour, that he needs not the advantage of his rank to appear charming. I had the honour of a long conversation with him last night, before the king came in. His governor retired on purpose (as he told me afterwards) that I might make some judgment of his genius, by hearing him speak without constraint; and I was surprised at the quickness and politeness that appeared in every thing he said; joined to a person perfectly agreeable, and the fine fair hair of the princess.

This town is neither large nor handsome; but the palace is capable of holding a much greater court than that of St. James's. The king has had the goodness to appoint us a lodging in one part of it, without which we should have been very ill accommodated; for the vast number of English crowds the town so much, it is very good luck to get one sorry room in a miserable tavern. I dined to-day with the Portuguese ambassador, who thinks himself very happy to have two wretched parlours in an inn. I have now made the tour of Germany, and cannot help observing a considerable difference between travelling here and in England. One sees none of those fine seats of noblemen, so common amongst us, nor any thing like a country gentleman's house, though they have many situations perfectly fine. But the whole people are divided into absolute sovereignties, where all the riches and magnificence are at court, or into communities of merchants, such as Nuremburg and Frankfort, where they live always in town for the convenience of trade. The king's company of French comedians play here every night. They are very well dressed, and some of them not ill actors. His majesty

* The father of his present majesty.

dines and sups constantly in public. The court is very numerous, and his affability and goodness make it one of the most agreeable places in the world.

Dear madam, your, &c. &c.

TO THE LADY RICH.

Hanover, Oct. 1, O. S. 1716.

I am very glad, my dear lady Rich, that you have been so well pleased, as you tell me, at the report of my returning to England; though, like other pleasures, I can assure you it has no real foundation. I hope you know me enough to take my word against any report concerning me. 'Tis true, as to distance of place, I am much nearer to London than I was some weeks ago; but as to the thoughts of a return, I never was farther off in my life. I own, I could with great joy indulge the pleasing hopes of seeing you, and the very few others that share my esteem; but while Mr. Wortley is determined to proceed in his design, I am determined to follow him.

I am running on upon my own affairs, that is to say, I am going to write very dully, as most people do when they write of themselves. I will make haste to change the disagreeable subject, by telling you, that I am now got into the region of beauty. All the women have literally rosy cheeks, snowy foreheads and bosoms, jet eye-brows, and scarlet lips, to which they generally add coal-black hair. Those perfections never leave them, till the hour of their deaths, and have a very fine effect by candle light; but I could wish they were handsome with a little more variety. They resemble one another as much as Mrs. Salmon's court of Great Britain, and are in as much danger of melting away, by too nearly approaching the fire, which they for that reason carefully avoid, though it is now such excessively cold weather, that I

believe they suffer extremely by that piece of self-denial.

The snow is already very deep, and the people begin to slide about in their traineaux. This is a favourite diversion all over Germany. They are little machines fixed upon a sledge, that hold a lady and gentleman, and are drawn by one horse. The gentleman has the honour of driving, and they move with a prodigious swiftness. The lady, the horse, and the traineau, are all as fine as they can be made; and when there are many of them together, it is a very agreeable show. At Vienna, where all pieces of magnificence are carried to excess, there are sometimes machines of this kind, that cost five or six hundred pounds English.

The duke of Wolfenbuttle is now at this court; you know he is nearly related to our king, and uncle to the reigning empress, who is, I believe, the most beautiful princess upon earth. She is now with child, which is all the consolation of the imperial court, for the loss of the arch-duke. I took my leave of her the day before I left Vienna, and she began to speak to me with so much grief and tenderness, of the death of that young prince, I had much ado to withhold my tears. You know that I am not at all partial to people for their titles; but I own, that I love that charming princess (if I may use so familiar an expression); and if I had not, I should have been very much moved at the tragical end of an only son, born after being so long desired, and at length killed by want of good management, weaning him in the beginning of the winter.

Adieu, dear lady Rich: continue to write to me, and believe none of your goodness is lost upon,

Your, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Blankenburg, Oct. 17, O. S. 1716.

I received yours, dear sister, the very day I left Hanover. You may easily imagine I was then in too great a hurry to answer it: but you see I take the first opportunity of doing myself that pleasure.

I came here the 15th, very late at night, after a terrible journey, in the worst roads and weather that ever poor traveller suffered. I have taken this little fatigue merely to oblige the reigning empress, and carry a message from her imperial majesty to the duchess of Blankenburg, her mother, who is a princess of great address and good-breeding, and may be still called a fine woman. It was so late when I came to this town, I did not think it proper to disturb the duke and duchess with the news of my arrival; so I took up my quarters in a miserable inn; but as soon as I had sent my compliments to their highnesses, they immediately sent me their own coach and six horses, which had however enough to do to draw us up the very high hill on which the castle is situated. The duchess is extremely obliging to me, and this little court is not without its diversions. The duke taillys at basset every night; and the duchess tells me, she is so well pleased with my company, that it makes her play less than she used to do. I should find it very difficult to steal time to write, if she was not now at church, where I cannot wait on her, not understanding the language enough to pay my devotions in it.

You will not forgive me, if I do not say something of Hanover; I cannot tell you that the town is either large or magnificent. The opera-house, which was built by the late elector, is much finer than that of Vienna. I was very sorry that the ill weather did not permit me to see Hernhausen in all its beauty; but, in spite of the snow, I thought the gardens very fine. I was particularly surprised at the vast number

of orange-trees, much larger than any I have ever seen in England, though this climate is certainly colder. But I had more reason to wonder that night at the king's table, to see a present from a gentleman of this country, of two large baskets full of ripe oranges and lemons of different sorts, many of which were quite new to me; and, what I thought worth all the rest, two ripe ananas, which, to my taste, are a fruit perfectly delicious. You know they are naturally the growth of Brazil, and I could not imagine how they came here, but by enchantment. Upon enquiry, I learnt that they have brought their stoves to such perfection, they lengthen their summer as long as they please, giving to every plant the degree of heat it would receive from the sun in its native soil. The effect is very nearly the same; I am surprised we do not practice in England so useful an invention.

This reflection leads me to consider our obstinacy in shaking with cold five months in the year, rather than make use of stoves, which are certainly one of the greatest conveniences of life. Besides they are so far from spoiling the form of a room, that they add very much to the magnificence of it, when they are painted and gilt, as they are at Vienna, or at Dresden, where they are often in the shapes of china jars, statues, or fine cabinets, so naturally represented, that they are not to be distinguished. If ever I return, in defiance to the fashion, you shall certainly see one in the chamber of,

Dear sister, your, &c.

I will write often, since you desire it; but I must beg you to be a little more particular in yours; you fancy me at forty miles distance, and forget, that after so long an absence, I cannot understand hints.

TO THE LADY RICH.

Vienna, Jan. 1, O. S. 1717.

I have just received here at Vienna, your ladyship's compliments on my return to England, sent me from Hanover.

You see, madam, all things that are asserted with confidence are not absolutely true; and that you have no sort of reason to complain of me for making my designed return a mystery to you, when you say, all the world are informed of it. You may tell all the world in my name, that they are never so well informed of my affairs as I am myself: that I am very positive I am at this time at Vienna, where the carnival is begun, and all sorts of diversions are carried to the greatest height, except that of masquing, which is never permitted during a war with the Turks. The balls are in public places, where the men pay a gold ducat* at entrance, but the ladies nothing. I am told, that these houses get sometimes a thousand ducats in a night. They are very magnificently furnished, and the music good, if they had not that detestable custom of mixing hunting horns with it, that almost deafen the company. But that noise is so agreeable here, they never make a concert without them. The ball always concludes with English country dances, to the number of thirty or forty couple, and so ill danced, that there is very little pleasure in them. They know but half a dozen, and they have danced them over and over these fifty years: I would fain have taught them some new ones, but I found it would be some months labour to make them comprehend them.

Last night there was an Italian comedy acted at court. The scenes were pretty, but the comedy itself such intolerably low farce, without either wit or

* About nine shillings.

humour, that I was surprised how all the court could sit there attentively for four hours together. No women are suffered to act on the stage, and the men dressed like them were such awkward figures, they very much added to the ridicule of the spectacle. What completed the diversion, was the excessive cold, which was so great, I thought I should have died there.

It is now the very extremity of the winter here; the Danube is entirely frozen, and the weather not to be supported without stoves and furs; but, however, the air so clear, almost every body is well, and colds not half so common as in England. I am persuaded there cannot be a purer air, nor more wholesome, than that of Vienna. The plenty and excellence of all sorts of provisions are greater here than in any place I ever was before, and it is not very expensive to keep a splendid table. It is really a pleasure to pass through the markets, and see the abundance of what we should think rarities, of fowls and venison, that are daily brought in from Hungary and Bohemia. They want nothing but shell-fish, and are so fond of oysters, that they have them sent from Venice, and eat them very greedily, stink or not stink.

Thus I obey your commands, madam, in giving you an account of Vienna, though I know you will not be satisfied with it. You chide me for my laziness, in not telling you a thousand agreeable and surprising things that you say you are sure I have seen and heard. Upon my word, madam, it is my regard to truth, and not laziness, that I do not entertain you with as many prodigies as other travellers use to divert their readers with. I might easily pick up wonders in every town I pass through, or tell you a long series of popish miracles; but I cannot fancy, that there is any thing new in letting you know that priests will lie, and the mob believe, all the world over. Then as for news, that you are so inquisitive about,

how can it be entertaining to you (that don't know the people) that the prince of —— has forsaken the countess of ——? or that the prince such a one has an intrigue with the countess such a one? Would you have me write novels like the countess of D'——? and is it not better to tell you a plain truth,

That I am, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Vienna, Jan. 16, O. S. 1717.

I am now, dear sister, to take leave of you for a long time, and of Vienna for ever; designing tomorrow to begin my journey through Hungary, in spite of the excessive cold, and deep snows, which are enough to damp a greater courage than I am mistress of. But my principles of *passive obedience* carry me through every thing.

I have had my audience of leave of the empress. His imperial majesty was pleased to be present when I waited on the reigning empress; and after a very obliging conversation, both their imperial majesties invited me to take Vienna in my road back; but I have no thoughts of enduring over again, so great a fatigue. I delivered a letter from the duchess of Blankenburg. I staid but a few days at that court, though her highness pressed me very much to stay; and when I left her, engaged me to write to her.

I wrote to you a long letter from thence, which I hope you have received, though you don't mention it; but I believe I forgot to tell you one curiosity in all the German courts, which I cannot forbear taking notice of: all the princes keep favourite dwarfs. The emperor and empress have two of these little monsters, as ugly as devils, especially the female; but they are all bedaubed with diamonds, and stand

at her majesty's elbow in all public places. The duke of Wolfenbuttle has one, and the duchess of Blankenburg is not without her's, but indeed the most proportionable I ever saw. I am told the king of Denmark has so far improved upon this fashion, that his dwarf is his chief minister. I can assign no reason for their fondness for these pieces of deformity, but the opinion all the absolute princes have, that it is below them to converse with the rest of mankind; and, not to be quite alone, they are forced to seek their companions among the refuse of human nature, these creatures being the only part of their court privileged to talk freely to them.

I am at present confined to my chamber by a sore throat; and am really glad of the excuse, to avoid seeing people that I love well enough to be very much mortified when I think I am going to part with them for ever. It is true the Austrians are not commonly the most polite people in the world, nor the most agreeable. But Vienna is inhabited by all nations, and I had formed to myself a little society of such as were perfectly to my own taste. And though the number was not very great, I could never pick up, in any other place, such a number of reasonable, agreeable people. We were almost always together, and you know I have ever been of opinion, that a chosen conversation, composed of a few that one esteems, is the greatest happiness of life.

Here are some Spaniards of both sexes, that have all the vivacity and generosity of sentiments anciently ascribed to their nation; and could I believe that the whole kingdom were like them, I would wish nothing more than to end my days there. The ladies of my acquaintance have so much goodness for me, they cry whenever they see me, since I have determined to undertake this journey. And, indeed, I am not very easy when I reflect on what I am going to suffer. Almost every body I see frights me with some new difficulty. Prince Eugene has been so good as to say

all the things he could to persuade me to stay till the Danube is thawed, that I may have the conveniency of going by water; assuring me that the houses in Hungary are such as are no defence against the weather; and that I shall be obliged to travel three or four days between Buda and Essek, without finding any house at all, through desert plains covered with snow; where the cold is so violent many have been killed by it. I own these terrors have made a very deep impression on my mind, because I believe he tells me things truly as they are, and nobody can be better informed of them.

Now I have named that great man, I am sure you expect I should say something particular of him, having the advantage of seeing him very often; but I am as unwilling to speak of him at Vienna, as I should be to talk of Hercules in the court of Omphale, if I had seen him there. I don't know what comfort other people find in considering the weakness of great men (because, perhaps, it brings them nearer to their level), but 'tis always a mortification to me to observe, that there is no perfection in humanity. The young prince of Portugal is the admiration of the whole court; he is handsome and polite, with a great vivacity. All the officers tell wonders of his gallantry the last campaign. He is lodged at court with all the honours due to his rank.—Adieu, dear sister: this is the last account you will have from me of Vienna. If I survive my journey you shall hear from me again. I can say with great truth, in the words of Moneses, “I have long learnt to hold myself as nothing;” but when I think of the fatigue my poor infant must suffer, I have all a mother's fondness in my eyes, and all her tender passions in my heart.

P. S. I have written a letter to my Lady —, that I believe she won't like; and, upon cooler reflection, I think I had done better to have let it alone; but I was downright peevish at all her ques-

tions, and her ridiculous imagination, that I have certainly seen abundance of wonders, which I keep to myself out of mere malice. She is very angry that I won't lie like other travellers. I verily believe she expects I should tell her of the Anthropophagi, men whose heads grow below their shoulders; however, pray say something to pacify her.

TO MR. POPE.

Vienna, Jan. 16, O. S. 1717.

I have not time to answer your letter, being in the hurry of preparing for my journey; but, I think, I ought to bid adieu to my friends with the same solemnity as if I was going to mount a breach, at least, if I am to believe the information of the people here, who denounce all sorts of terrors to me; and, indeed, the weather is at present such as very few ever set out in. I am threatened, at the same time, with being frozen to death, buried in the snow, and taken by the Tartars, who ravage that part of Hungary I am to pass. 'Tis true we shall have a considerable *escorte*, so that possibly I may be diverted with a new scene, by finding myself in the midst of a battle.

How my adventures will conclude I leave entirely to Providence; if comically, you shall hear of them. — Pray be so good as to tell Mr. Congreve I have received his letter. Make him my adieus; if I live I will answer it. The same compliment to my Lady Rich.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Peterwaradin, Jan. 30, O. S. 1717.

At length, dear sister, I am safely arrived, with all my family, in good health, at Peterwaradin; having

suffered so little from the rigor of the season (against which we were well provided by furs), and found such tolerable accommodation every where, by the care of sending before, that I can hardly forbear laughing, when I recollect all the frightful ideas that were given me of this journey. These, I see, were wholly owing to the tenderness of my Vienna friends, and their desire of keeping me with them for this winter.

Perhaps it will not be disagreeable to you to give a short journal of my journey, being through a country entirely unknown to you, and very little passed, even by the Hungarians themselves, who generally choose to take the conveniency of going down the Danube. We have had the blessing of being favoured with finer weather than is common at this time of the year; though the snow was so deep, we were obliged to have our own coaches fixed upon traineaux, which move so swift and so easily, 'tis by far the most agreeable manner of travelling post. We came to Raab (the second day from Vienna) on the 17th instant, where Mr. Wortley sending word of our arrival to the governor, the best house in the town was provided for us, the garrison put under arms, a guard ordered at our door, and all other honours paid to us. The governor, and all other officers, immediately waited on Mr. Wortley, to know if there was any thing to be done for his service. The bishop of Temeswar came to visit us, with great civility, earnestly pressing us to dine with him next day; which we refusing, as being resolved to pursue our journey, he sent us several baskets of winter fruit, and a great variety of Hungarian wines, with a young hind just killed. This is a prelate of great power in this country, of the ancient family of Nadasti, so considerable for many ages in this kingdom. He is a very polite, agreeable, cheerful old man, wearing the Hungarian habit, with a venerable white beard down to his girdle.

Raab is a strong town, well garrisoned and forti-

fied, and was a long time the frontier town between the Turkish and German empires. It has its name from the river Rab, on which it is situated, just on its meeting with the Danube, in an open champaign country. It was first taken by the Turks, under the command of Pashá Sinan, in the reign of Sultan Amurath III., in the year 1594. The governor, being supposed to have betrayed it, was afterwards beheaded by the emperor's command. The counts of Swartzenburg and Palfi retook it by surprise, 1598; since which time it has remained in the hands of the Germans, though the Turks once more attempted to gain it by stratagem in 1642. The cathedral is large and well built, which is all I saw remarkable in the town.

Leaving Comora on the other side of the river, we went, the 18th, to Nosmuhl, a small village, where, however, we made shift to find tolerable accommodation. We continued two days travelling between this place and Buda, through the finest plains in the world, as even as if they were paved, and extremely fruitful; but for the most part desert and uncultivated, laid waste by the long wars between the Turk and the emperor, and the more cruel civil war occasioned by the barbarous persecution of the protestant religion by the emperor Leopold. That prince has left behind him the character of an extraordinary piety, and was naturally of a mild merciful temper; but putting his conscience into the hands of a jesuit, he was more cruel and treacherous to his poor Hungarian subjects than ever the Turk has been to the christians; breaking, without scruple, his coronation oath, and his faith, solemnly given in many public treaties. Indeed nothing can be more melancholy than in travelling through Hungary, to reflect on the former flourishing state of that kingdom, and to see such a noble spot of earth almost uninhabited. Such are also the present circumstances of Buda (where we arrived very early the 22d), once the royal

seat of the Hungarian kings, whose palace was reckoned one of the most beautiful buildings of the age, now wholly destroyed, no part of the town having been repaired since the last siege, but the fortifications and the castle, which is the present residence of the governor-general Ragule, an officer of great merit. He came immediately to see us, and carried us in his coach to his house, where I was received by his lady with all possible civility, and magnificently entertained.

This city is situated upon a little hill on the south side of the Danube. The castle is much higher than the town, and from it the prospect is very noble. Without the walls lie a vast number of little houses, or rather huts, that they call the Rascian town, being altogether inhabited by that people. The governor assured me it would furnish twelve thousand fighting men. These towns look very odd; their houses stand in rows, many thousands of them so close together, that they appear, at a little distance, like old-fashioned thatched tents. They consist, every one of them, of one hovel above, and another under ground; these are their summer and winter apartments. Buda was first taken by Solyman the Magnificent, in 1526, and lost the following year to Ferdinand I., king of Bohemia. Solyman regained it by the treachery of the garrison, and voluntarily gave it into the hands of King John of Hungary; after whose death, his son being an infant, Ferdinand laid siege to it, and the queen mother was forced to call Solyman to her aid. He indeed raised the siege, but left a Turkish garrison in the town, and commanded her to remove her court from thence, which she was forced to submit to in 1541. It resisted afterwards the sieges laid to it by the Marquis of Brandenburg, in the year 1542; Count Schwartzenburg, in 1598; General Rosworm, in 1602; and the duke of Lorraine, commander of the emperor's forces, in 1684, to whom it yielded in 1686, after an obstinate defence, Apti Bassa, the governor,

being killed, fighting in the breach with a Roman bravery. The loss of this town was so important, and so much resented by the Turks, that it occasioned the deposing of their Emperor Mahomet IV. the year following.

We did not proceed in our journey till the 23d, when we passed through Adam and Todowar, both considerable towns when in the hands of the Turks, but now quite ruined. The remains, however, of some Turkish towns, shew something of what they have been. This part of the country is very much overgrown with wood, and little frequented. 'Tis incredible what vast numbers of wild-fowl we saw, which often live here to a good old age; and, *undisturb'd by guns, in quiet sleep.*—We came the 25th to Mohatch, and were shewed the field near it, where Lewis, the young king of Hungary, lost his army and his life, being drowned in a ditch, trying to fly from Balybeus, general of Solyman the Magnificent. This battle opened the first passage for the Turks into the heart of Hungary.—I don't name to you the little villages, of which I can say nothing remarkable; but I'll assure you, I have always found a warm stove, and great plenty, particularly of wild boar, venison, and all kinds of *gibier*. The few people that inhabit Hungary live easily enough; they have no money, but the woods and plains afford them provision in great abundance: they were ordered to give us all things necessary, even what horses we pleased to demand, *gratis*; but Mr. Wortley would not oppress the poor country people by making use of this order, and always paid them to the full worth of what we had. They were so surprised at this unexpected generosity, which they are very little used to, that they always pressed upon us, at parting, a dozen of fat pheasants, or something of that sort, for a present. Their dress is very primitive, being only a plain sheep's skin, and a cap and boots of the same stuff. You may easily imagine this lasts them many

winters; and thus they have very little occasion for money.

The 26th we passed over the frozen Danube, with all our equipage and carriages. We met on the other side General Veterani, who invited us, with great civility, to pass the night at a little castle of his, a few miles off, assuring us we should have a very hard day's journey to reach Essek. This we found but too true, the woods being very dangerous, and scarcely passable, from the vast quantity of wolves that hoard in them. We came, however, safe, though late, to Essek, where we staid a day to dispatch a courier with letters to the pashá of Belgrade; and I took that opportunity of seeing the town, which is not very large, but fair built, and well fortified. This was a town of great trade, very rich and populous, when in the hands of the Turks. It is situated on the Drave, which runs into the Danube. The bridge was esteemed one of the most extraordinary in the world, being eight thousand paces long, and all built of oak. It was burnt, and the city laid in ashes, by Count Lesly, 1685; but was again repaired and fortified by the Turks, who, however, abandoned it in 1687. General Dunningwalt then took possession of it for the emperor, in whose hands it has remained ever since, and is esteemed one of the bulwarks of Hungary.

The 28th we went to Bocowar, a very large Rascian town, all built after the manner I have described to you. We were met there by Colonel —, who would not suffer us to go any where but to his quarters, where I found his wife, a very agreeable Hungarian lady, and his niece and daughter, two pretty young women, crowded into three or four Rascian houses cast into one, and made as neat and convenient as those places are capable of being made. The Hungarian ladies are much handsomer than those of Austria. All the Vienna beauties are of that country; they are generally very fair and well-shaped, and their dress, I think, is extremely becoming. This

lady was in a gown of scarlet velvet, lined and faced with sables, made exact to her shape, and the skirt falling to her feet. The sleeves are strait to their arms, and the stays buttoned before, with two rows of little buttons of gold, pearl, or diamonds. On their heads they wear a tassel of gold, that hangs low on one side, lined with sable, or some other fine fur.—They gave us a handsome dinner, and I thought the conversation very polite and agreeable. They would accompany us part of our way.

The 29th we arrived here, where we were met by the commanding officer, at the head of all the officers of the garrison. We are lodged in the best apartment of the governor's house, and entertained in a very splendid manner by the emperor's order. We wait here till all points are adjusted concerning our reception on the Turkish frontiers. Mr. Wortley's courier, which he sent from Essek, returned this morning, with the pashá's answer in a purse of scarlet satin, which the interpreter here has translated. It is to promise him to be honourably received. I desired him to appoint where he would be met by the Turkish convoy.—He has dispatched the courier back, naming Betsko, a village in the midway between Peterwaradin and Belgrade. We shall stay here till we receive his answer.

Thus, dear sister, I have given you a very particular, and (I am afraid you'll think) a tedious account, of this part of my travels. It was not an affectation of shewing my reading that has made me tell you some little scraps of the history of the towns I have passed through; I have always avoided any thing of that kind, when I spoke of places that I believe you knew the story of as well as myself. But Hungary being a part of the world which, I believe, is quite new to you, I thought you might read with some pleasure an account of it, which I have been very solicitous to get from the best hands. However,

if you don't like it, 'tis in your power to forbear reading it. I am, dear sister, &c.

I am promised to have this letter carefully sent to Vienna.

TO MR. POPE.

Belgrade, Feb. 12, O. S. 1717.

I did verily intend to write you a long letter from Peterwaradin, where I expected to stay three or four days; but the pashá here was in such haste to see us; that he dispatched the courier back (which Mr. Wortley had sent to know the time he would send the convoy to meet us), without suffering him to pull off his boots.

My letters were not thought important enough to stop our journey; and we left Peterwaradin the next day, being waited on by the chief officers of the garrison, and a considerable convoy of Germans and Rascians. The emperor has several regiments of these people; but, to say the truth, they are rather plunderers than soldiers; having no pay, and being obliged to furnish their own arms and horses; they rather look like vagabond gipsies, or stout beggars, than regular troops.

I cannot forbear speaking a word of this race of creatures, who are very numerous all over Hungary. They have a patriarch of their own at Grand Cairo, and are really of the Greek church; but their extreme ignorance gives their priests occasion to impose several new notions upon them. These fellows, letting their hair and beard grow inviolate, make exactly the figure of the Indian bramins. They are heirs-general to all the money of the laity; for which, in return, they give them formal passports signed and sealed for heaven; and the wives and children

only inherit the house and cattle. In most other points they follow the Greek church.

This little digression has interrupted my telling you we passed over the fields of Carlowitz, where the last great victory was obtained by Prince Eugene over the Turks. The marks of that glorious bloody day are yet recent, the field being yet strewed with the skulls and carcasses of unburied men, horses, and camels. I could not look, without horror, on such numbers of mangled human bodies, nor without reflecting on the injustice of war, that makes murder not only necessary but meritorious. Nothing seems to be a plainer proof of the *irrationality* of mankind (whatever fine claims we pretend to reason) than the rage with which they contest for a small spot of ground, when such vast parts of fruitful earth lie quite uninhabited. It is true, custom has now made it unavoidable; but can there be a greater demonstration of want of reason than a custom being firmly established, so plainly contrary to the interest of man in general? I am a good deal inclined to believe Mr. Hobbes, that the *state of nature* is a *state of war*; but thence I conclude human nature not rational, if the word reason means common sense, as I suppose it does. I have a great many admirable arguments to support this reflection; I won't, however, trouble you with them, but return, in a plain style, to the history of my travels.

We were met at Betsko (a village in the midway, between Belgrade and Peterwaradin) by an aga of the janisaries, with a body of Turks, exceeding the Germans by one hundred men, though the pashá had engaged to send exactly the same number. You may judge by this of their fears. I am really persuaded that they hardly thought the odds of one hundred men set them even with the Germans: however, I was very uneasy till they were parted, fearing some quarrel might arise, notwithstanding the parole given.

We came late to Belgrade, the deep snows making

the ascent to it very difficult. It seems a strong city, fortified on the east side by the Danube, and on the south by the river Save, and was formerly the barrier of Hungary. It was first taken by Solyman the Magnificent, and since by the emperor's forces, led by the elector of Bavaria. The emperor held it only two years, it being retaken by the grand vizier. It is now fortified with the utmost care and skill the Turks are capable of, and strengthened by a very numerous garrison of their bravest janisaries, commanded by a pashá seraskiér (*i. e.* general), though this last expression is not very just; for, to say truth, the seraskiér is commanded by the janisaries. These troops have an absolute authority here, and their conduct carries much more the aspect of rebellion than the appearance of subordination. You may judge of this by the following story, which, at the same time, will give you an idea of the *admirable* intelligence of the governor of Peterwaradin, though so few hours distant. We were told by him at Peterwaradin, that the garrison and inhabitants of Belgrade were so weary of the war, they had killed their pashá about two months ago, in a mutiny, because he had suffered himself to be prevailed upon, by a bribe of five purses (five hundred pounds sterling) to give permission to the Tartars to ravage the German frontiers. We were very well pleased to hear of such favourable dispositions in the people; but when we came hither we found the governor had been ill-informed, and the real truth of the story to be this. The late pashá fell under the displeasure of his soldiers, for no other reason but restraining their incursions on the Germans. They took it into their heads, from that mildness, that he had intelligence with the enemy, and sent such information to the grand signior at Adrianople; but redress not coming quick enough from thence, they assembled themselves in a tumultuous manner, and by force dragged their pashá before the cadi and mufti, and there demanded justice in

a mutinous way; one crying out, Why he protected the infidels? Another, Why he squeezed them of their money? The pashá easily guessing their purpose, calmly replied to them, that they asked him too many questions, and that he had but one life, which must answer for all. They then immediately fell upon him with their scimitars (without waiting the sentence of their heads of the law), and in a few moments cut him in pieces. The present pashá has not cared to punish the murder; on the contrary, he affected to applaud the actors of it, as brave fellows, that knew to do themselves justice. He takes all pretences of throwing money among the garrison, and suffers them to make little excursions into Hungary, where they burn some poor Rascian houses.

You may imagine I cannot be very easy in a town which is really under the government of an insolent soldiery. — We expected to be immediately dismissed, after a night's lodging here; but the pashá detains us till he receives orders from Adrianople, which may possibly be a month a-coming. In the mean time we are lodged in one of the best houses, belonging to a very considerable man amongst them, and have a whole chamber of janisaries to guard us. My only diversion is the conversation of our host, Achmet Bey, a title something like that of count in Germany. His father was a great pashá, and he has been educated in the most polite eastern learning, being perfectly skilled in the Arabic and Persian languages, and an extraordinary scribe, which they call *effendi*. This accomplishment makes way to the greatest preferments; but he has had the good sense to prefer an easy, quiet, secure life, to all the dangerous honours of the Porte. He sups with us every night, and drinks wine very freely. You cannot imagine how much he is delighted with the liberty of conversing with me. He has explained to me many pieces of Arabian poetry, which, I observe, are in numbers

not unlike ours, generally of an alternate verse, and of a very musical sound. Their expressions of love are very passionate and lively. I am so much pleased with them, I really believe I should learn to read Arabic, if I was to stay here a few months. He has a very good library of their books of all kinds; and, as he tells me, spends the greatest part of his life there. I pass for a great scholar with him, by relating to him some of the Persian tales, which I find are genuine.* At first he believed I understood Persian. I have frequent disputes with him concerning the difference of our customs, particularly the confinement of women. He assures me there is nothing at all in it; only, says he, we have the advantage, that when our wives cheat us nobody knows it. He has wit, and is more polite than many christian men of quality. I am very much entertained with him. He has had the curiosity to make one of our servants set him an alphabet of our letters, and can already write a good Roman hand,

But these amusements do not hinder my wishing heartily to be out of this place, though the weather is colder than, I believe, it ever was any-where, but in Greenland. We have a very large stove constantly kept hot, and yet the windows of the room are frozen on the inside.—God knows when I may have an opportunity of sending this letter: but I have written it for the discharge of my own conscience; and you cannot now reproach me that one of yours makes ten of mine. Adieu.

* The Persian Tales appeared first in Europe as a translation, by Monsieur Petit de la Croix; and what are called the Arabian Nights, in a similar manner, by Monsieur Galland. The Tales of the Genii, said in the title-page to have been translated by Sir Charles Morell, were, in fact, entirely composed by James Ridley, Esq.

TO HER R. H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.*

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I have now, madam, finished a journey that has not been undertaken by any christian since the time of the Greek emperors; and I shall not regret all the fatigues I have suffered in it, if it gives me an opportunity of amusing your royal highness by an account of places utterly unknown amongst us; the emperor's ambassadors, and those few English that have come hither, always going on the Danube to Nicopolis. But the river was now frozen, and Mr. Wortley was so zealous for the service of his majesty, that he would not defer his journey to wait for the conveniency of that passage.

We crossed the deserts of Servia, almost quite overgrown with wood, through a country naturally fertile. The inhabitants are industrious; but the oppression of the peasants is so great, they are forced to abandon their houses, and neglect their tillage, all they have being a prey to the janisaries, whenever they please to seize upon it. We had a guard of five hundred of them, and I was almost in tears every day, to see their insolencies in the poor villages through which we passed.

After seven days travelling through thick woods, we came to Nissa, once the capital of Servia, situated in a fine plain on the river Nissava, in a very good air, and so fruitful a soil, that the great plenty is hardly credible. I was certainly assured that the quantity of wine last vintage was so prodigious, that they were forced to dig holes in the earth to put it in, not having vessels enough in the town to hold it. The happiness of this plenty is scarcely perceived by the oppressed people. I saw here a new occasion for

* The late Queen Caroline.

my compassion. The wretches that had provided twenty waggons for our baggage from Belgrade hither for a certain hire, being all sent back without payment, some of their horses lamed, and others killed, without any satisfaction made for them. The poor fellows came round the house weeping and tearing their hair and beards in a most pitiful manner, without getting any thing but drubs from the insolent soldiers. I cannot express to your royal highness how much I was moved at this scene. I would have paid them the money out of my own pocket with all my heart, but it would only have been giving so much to the aga, who would have taken it from them without any remorse.

After four days journey from this place over the mountains, we came to Sophia, situated in a large, beautiful plain on the river Isca, and surrounded with distant mountains. It is hardly possible to see a more agreeable landscape. The city itself is very large, and extremely populous. Here are hot baths, very famous for their medicinal virtues.—Four days journey from hence we arrived at Philippopolis, after having passed the ridges between the mountains of Hæmus and Rhodope, which are always covered with snow. This town is situated on a rising ground, near the river Hebrus, and is almost wholly inhabited by Greeks: here are still some ancient christian churches. They have a bishop, and several of the richest Greeks live here; but they are forced to conceal their wealth with great care, the appearance of poverty (which includes part of its inconveniences) being all their security against feeling it in earnest. The country from hence to Adrianople is the finest in the world. Vines grow wild on all the hills; and the perpetual spring they enjoy makes every thing gay and flourishing. But this climate, happy as it seems, can never be preferred to England, with all its frosts and snows, while we are blessed with an easy government, under a king who makes his own happiness consist in the liberty

his people, and chooses rather to be looked upon as their father than their master.

This theme would carry me very far, and I am sensible I have already tired out your royal highness's patience. But my letter is in your hands, and you may make it as short as you please, by throwing it into the fire when weary of reading it.

I am, madam,

With the greatest respect, &c.

TO THE LADY RICH.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I am now got into a new world, where every thing I see appears to me a change of scene; and I write to your ladyship with some content of mind, hoping, at least, that you will find the charms of novelty in my letters, and no longer reproach me that I tell you nothing extraordinary.

I won't trouble you with a relation of our tedious journey; but must not omit what I saw remarkable at Sophia, one of the most beautiful towns in the Turkish empire, and famous for its hot-baths, that are resorted to both for diversion and health. I stopped here one day on purpose to see them; and, designing to go *incognito*, I hired a Turkish coach. These voitures are not at all like ours, but much more convenient for the country, the heat being so great that glasses would be very troublesome. They are made a good deal in the manner of the Dutch stage-coaches, having wooden lattices painted and gilded; the inside being also painted with baskets and nosegays of flowers, intermixed commonly with little poetical mottos. They are covered all over with scarlet cloth, lined with silk, and very often richly embroidered and fringed. This covering entirely hides the persons in them, but may be thrown back

at pleasure, and thus permits the ladies to peep through the lattices. They hold four people very conveniently, seated on cushions, but not raised.

In one of these covered waggons I went to the bagnio, about ten o'clock. It was already full of women. It is built of stone, in the shape of a dome, with no windows but in the roof, which gives light enough. There were five of these domes joined together, the outmost being less than the rest, and serving only as a hall, where the portress stood at the door. Ladies of quality generally give this woman a crown or ten shillings; and I did not forget that ceremony. The next room is a very large one paved with marble, and all round it are two raised sofas of marble, one above another. There were four fountains of cold water in this room, falling first into marble basons, and then running on the floor in little channels made for that purpose, which carried the streams into the next room, something less than this, with the same sort of marble sofas, but so hot with steams of sulphur proceeding from the baths joining to it, it was impossible to stay there with one's clothes on. The two other domes were the hot baths, one of which had cocks of cold water turning into it, to temper it to what degree of warmth the bathers pleased to have.

I was in my travelling habit, which is a riding dress, and certainly appeared very extraordinary to them. Yet there was not one of them that shewed the least surprise or impertinent curiosity, but received me with all the obliging civility possible. I know no European court where the ladies would have behaved themselves in so polite a manner to such a stranger. I believe, upon the whole, there were two hundred women, and yet none of those disdainful smiles and satirical whispers, that never fail in our assemblies, when any body appears that is not dressed exactly in the fashion. They repeated over and over to me: "Guzél, pék guzél," which is nothing but

Charming, very charming.—The first sofas were covered with cushions and rich carpets, on which sat the ladies; and on the second their slaves behind them, but without any distinction of rank by their dress, all being in the state of nature, that is, in plain English, stark naked, without any beauty or defect concealed. Yet there was not the least wanton smile or immodest gesture amongst them. They walked and moved with the same majestic grace which Milton describes our general mother with. There were many amongst them as exactly proportioned as ever any goddess was drawn by the pencil of a Guido or Titian; and most of their skins shinningly white, only adorned by their beautiful hair divided into many tresses, hanging on their shoulders, braided either with pearl or ribbon, perfectly representing the figures of the Graces.

I was here convinced of the truth of a reflection I have often made, *That if it were the fashion to go naked, the face would be hardly observed.* I perceived that the ladies of the most delicate skins and finest shapes had the greatest share of my admiration, though their faces were sometimes less beautiful than those of their companions. To tell you the truth, I had wickedness enough to wish secretly that Mr. Jervas* could have been there invisible. I fancy it would have very much improved his art to see so many fine women naked, in different postures, some in conversation, some working, others drinking coffee or sherbet, and many negligently lying on their cushions, while their slaves (generally pretty girls of seventeen or eighteen) were employed in braiding their hair in several pretty fancies. In short, it is the women's coffee-house, where all the news of the

* Charles Jervas was a pupil of Sir Godfrey Kneller. He was the friend of Pope, and much celebrated for his portraits of females. The beauties of his day were proud to be painted by his hand, after Pope had published his celebrated epistle to him, in which he is complimented as "selling a thousand years of bloom."

town is told, scandal invented, &c.—They generally take this diversion once a week, and stay there at least four or five hours, without getting cold by immediately coming out of the hot bath into the cold room, which was very surprising to me. The lady that seemed the most considerable among them entreated me to sit by her, and would fain have undressed me for the bath. I excused myself with some difficulty. They being, however, all so earnest in persuading me, I was at last forced to open my shirt, and shew them my stays, which satisfied them very well; for I saw they believed I was locked up in that machine, and that it was not in my own power to open it, which contrivance they attributed to my husband.—I was charmed with their civility and beauty, and should have been very glad to pass more time with them; but Mr. Wortley resolving to pursue his journey next morning early, I was in haste to see the ruins of Justinian's church, which did not afford me so agreeable a prospect as I had left, being little more than a heap of stones.

Adieu, madam: I am sure I have now entertained you with an account of such a sight as you never saw in your life, and what no book of travels could inform you of, as it is no less than death for a man to be found in one of these places.

TO THE ABBOT ———.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

You see that I am very exact in keeping the promise you engaged me to, make. I know not, however, whether your curiosity will be satisfied with the accounts I shall give you, though I can assure you, the desire I have to oblige you to the utmost of my power has made me very diligent in my enquiries and observations. It is certain we have but very im-

perfect accounts of the manners and religion of these people; this part of the world being seldom visited but by merchants, who mind little but their own affairs; or travellers, who make too short a stay to be able to report any thing exactly of their own knowledge. The Turks are too proud to converse familiarly with merchants, who can only pick up some confused informations, which are generally false; and can give no better account of the ways here than a French refugee, lodging in a garret in Greek-street, could write of the court of England.

The journey we have made from Belgrade hither, cannot possibly be passed by any out of a public character. The desert woods of Servia are the common refuge of thieves, who rob fifty in a company, so that we had need of all our guards to secure us; and the villages are so poor, that only force could extort from them necessary provisions. Indeed the janisaries had no mercy on their poverty, killing all the poultry and sheep they could find, without asking to whom they belonged; while the wretched owners durst not put in their claim, for fear of being beaten. Lambs just fallen, geese and turkies big with egg, all massacred without distinction! I fancied I heard the complaints of Melibeus for the hope of his flock. When the pashás travel it is yet worse. These oppressors are not content with eating all that is to be eaten belonging to the peasants; after they have crammed themselves and their numerous retinue, they have the impudence to exact what they call *teeth money*, a contribution for the use of their teeth, worn with doing them the honour of devouring their meat. This is literally and exactly true, however extravagant it may seem; and such is the natural corruption of a military government, their religion not allowing of this barbarity any more than ours does.

I had the advantage of lodging three weeks at Belgrade, with a principal effendi, that is to say, a scho-

lar. This set of men are equally capable of preferments in the law or the church, these two sciences being cast into one, and a lawyer and a priest being the same word in the Turkish language. They are the only men really considerable in the empire; all the profitable employments and church revenues are in their hands. The grand signior, though general heir to his people, never presumes to touch their lands or money, which go, in an uninterrupted succession, to their children. It is true they lose this privilege by accepting a place at court, or the title of pashá; but there are few examples of such fools among them. You may easily judge of the power of these men, who have engrossed all the learning, and almost all the wealth, of the empire. They are the real authors, though the soldiers are the actors, of revolutions. They deposed the late Sultan Mustapha; and their power is so well known, that it is the emperor's interest to flatter them.

This is a long digression. I was going to tell you, that an intimate daily conversation with the effendi Achmet Bey, gave me an opportunity of knowing their religion and morals in a more particular manner than perhaps any christian ever did. I explained to him the difference between the religion of England and Rome; and he was pleased to hear there were christians that did not worship images, or adore the Virgin Mary. The ridicule of transubstantiation appeared very strong to him.—Upon comparing our creeds together, I am convinced that if our friend Dr. ——— had free liberty of preaching here, it would be very easy to persuade the generality to christianity, whose notions are very little different from his. Mr. Whiston would make a very good apostle here. I don't doubt but his zeal will be much fired, if you communicate this account to him; but tell him, he must first have the gift of tongues, before he can possibly be of any use.

Mahometism is divided into as many sects as christi-

anity; and the first institution as much neglected and obscured by interpretations. I cannot here forbear reflecting on the natural inclination of mankind to make mysteries and novelties.—The zeidi, kudi, jabari, &c. put me in mind of the catholics, lutherans, and calvinists, and are equally zealous against one another. But the most prevailing opinion, if you search into the secret of the effendis, is plain deism. This is indeed kept from the people, who are amused with a thousand different notions, according to the different interest of their preachers.—There are very few amongst them (Achmet Bey denied there were any) so absurd, as to set up for wit by declaring they believe no God at all. And Sir Paul Rycant is mistaken (as he commonly is) in calling the sect *muterin** (i. e. *the secret with us*), atheists, they being deists, whose impiety consists in making a jest of their prophet. Achmet Bey did not own to me that he was of this opinion; but made no scruple of deviating from some part of Mahomet's law, by drinking wine with the same freedom we did. When I asked him how he came to allow himself that liberty? He made answer, that all the creatures of God are good, and designed for the use of man; however, that the prohibition of wine was a very wise maxim, and meant for the common people, being the source of all disorders among them; but that the prophet never designed to confine those that knew how to use it with moderation: nevertheless, he said, that scandal ought to be avoided, and that he never drank it in public. This is the general way of thinking among them, and very few forbear drinking wine that are able to afford it. He assured me, that if I understood Arabic, I should be very well pleased with reading the Alcoran, which is so far from the non-

* See D'Ohsson, *Tableau Général de l'Empire Othoman*, 5 vols. 8vo. 1791, in which the religious code of the mahomedans, and of each sect, is very satisfactorily detailed.

sense we charge it with, that it is the purest morality, delivered in the very best language. I have since heard impartial christians speak of it in the same manner; and I don't doubt but that all our translations are from copies got from the Greek priests, who would not fail to falsify it with the extremity of inalice. No body of men ever were more ignorant or more corrupt: yet they differ so little from the Romish church, that, I confess, nothing gives me a greater abhorrence of the cruelty of your clergy than the barbarous persecution of them, whenever they have been their masters, for no other reason than their not acknowledging the pope. The dissenting in that one article has got them the titles of heretics and schismatics; and, what is worse, the same treatment. I found at Philippopolis a sect of christians that call themselves paulines. They shew an old church, where, they say, St. Paul preached; and he is their favourite saint, after the same manner that St. Peter is at Rome; neither do they forget to give him the same preference over the rest of the apostles.

But of all the religions I have seen, that of the Arnaöuts seems to me the most particular. They are natives of Arnaöutlich, the ancient Macedonia, and still retain the courage and hardiness, though they have lost the name, of Macedonians, being the best militia in the Turkish empire, and the only check upon the janisaries. They are foot soldiers; we had a guard of them, relieved in every considerable town we passed: they are all clothed and armed at their own expence, dressed in clean white coarse cloth, carrying guns of a prodigious length, which they run with upon their shoulders as if they did not feel the weight of them, the leader singing a sort of rude tune, not unpleasant, and the rest making up the chorus. These people, living between christians and mahometans, and not being skilled in controversy, declare, that they are utterly unable to judge which

religion is best; but, to be certain of not entirely rejecting the truth, they very prudently follow both. They go to the mosques on Fridays, and to the church on Sundays, saying for their excuse, that at the day of judgment they are sure of protection from the true prophet; but which that is they are not able to determine in this world. I believe there is no other race of mankind who have so modest an opinion of their own capacity.

These are the remarks I have made on the diversity of religions I have seen. I don't ask your pardon for the liberty I have taken in speaking of the Roman. I know you equally condemn the quackery of all churches, as much as you revere the sacred truths in which we both agree.

You will expect I should say something to you of the antiquities of this country; but there are few remains of ancient Greece. We passed near the piece of an arch, which is commonly called Trajan's Gate, from a supposition that he made it to shut up the passage over the mountains, between Sophia and Philippopolis. But I rather believe it the remains of some triumphal arch (though I could not see any inscription); for if that passage had been shut up, there are many others that would serve for the march of an army; and notwithstanding the story of Baldwin earl of Flanders being overthrown in these straits, after he won Constantinople, I don't fancy the Germans would find themselves stopped by them at this day. It is true, the road is now made (with great industry) as commodious as possible for the march of the Turkish army; there is not one ditch or puddle between this place and Belgrade that has not a large strong bridge of planks built over it; but the precipices are not so terrible as I had heard them represented. At these mountains we lay at the little village Kiskoi, wholly inhabited by christians, as all the peasants of Bulgaria are. Their houses are nothing but little huts, raised of dirt baked in the sun; and they leave them, and

fly into the mountains, some months before the march of the Turkish army, who would else entirely ruin them, by driving away their whole flocks. This precaution secures them in a sort of plenty; for such vast tracts of land lying in common, they have the liberty of sowing what they please, and are generally very industrious husbandmen. I drank here several sorts of delicious wine. The women dress themselves in a great variety of coloured glass beads, and are not ugly, but of a tawny complexion.

I have now told you all that is worth telling you, and perhaps more, relating to my journey. When I am at Constantinople, I'll try to pick up some curiosities, and then you shall hear again from,

Yours, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.

Adrianople; April 1, O.S. 1717.

As I never can forget the smallest of your ladyship's commands, my first business here has been to enquire after the stuffs you ordered me to look for, without being able to find what you would like. The difference of the dress here and at London is so great, the same sort of things are not proper for *castans* and *manteaus*. However, I will not give over my search, but renew it again at Constantinople, though I have reason to believe there is nothing finer than what is to be found here, as this place is at present the residence of the court. The grand signior's eldest daughter was married some few days before I came hither; and, upon that occasion, the Turkish ladies display all their magnificence. The bride was conducted to her husband's house in very great splendor. She is widow of the late vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin, though that ought rather to be called a contract than a marriage, since she never has

lived with him; however, the greatest part of his wealth is her's. He had the permission of visiting her in the seraglio; and, being one of the handsomest men in the empire, had very much engaged her affections.—When she saw this second husband, who is at least fifty, she could not forbear bursting into tears. He is indeed a man of merit, and the declared favourite of the sultan (which they call *mo-sayp*), but that is not enough to make him pleasing in the eyes of a girl of thirteen.

The government here is entirely in the hands of the army: the grand signior, with all his absolute power, is as much a slave as any of his subjects, and trembles at a janisary's frown. Here is, indeed, a much greater appearance of subjection than among us: a minister of state is not spoken to but upon the knee; should a reflection on his conduct be dropped in a coffee-house (for they have spies every-where), the house would be rased to the ground, and perhaps the whole company put to the torture. No *huzzaing mobs, senseless pamphlets, and tavern disputes about politics*;

A consequential ill that freedom draws;
A bad effect, but from a noble cause.

None of our harmless calling names! but when a minister here displeases the people, in three hours' time he is dragged even from his master's arms. They cut off hands, head, and feet, and throw them before the palace gate, with all the respect in the world; while the sultan (to whom they all profess an unlimited adoration) sits trembling in his apartment, and dare neither defend nor revenge his favourite. This is the blessed condition of the most absolute monarch upon earth, who owns no *law* but his *will*.

I cannot help wishing, in the loyalty of my heart, that the parliament would send hither a ship-load of your passive-obedient men, that they might see arbitrary government in its clearest and strongest light,

where it is hard to judge whether the prince, people, or ministers, are most miserable. I could make many reflections on this subject; but I know, madam, your own good sense has already furnished you with better than I am capable of.

I went yesterday along with the French ambassadress to see the grand signior* in his passage to the mosque. He was preceded by a numerous guard of janisaries, with vast white feathers on their heads, as also by the *spahis* and *bostangees* (these are foot and horse guards), and the royal gardeners, which are a very considerable body of men, dressed in different habits of fine lively colours, so that, at a distance, they appeared like a parterre of tulips. After them the aga of the janisaries, in a robe of purple velvet, lined with silver tissue, his horse led by two slaves richly dressed. Next to him the *kyslár-aga* (your ladyship knows this is the chief guardian of the seraglio ladies) in a deep yellow cloth (which suited very well to his black face), lined with sables. Last came his sublimity himself, arrayed in green, lined with the fur of a black Moscovite fox, which is supposed worth a thousand pounds sterling, and mounted on a fine horse, with furniture embroidered with jewels. Six more horses richly caparisoned were led after him; and two of his principal courtiers bore, one his gold, and the other his silver coffee-pot, on a staff; another carried a silver stool on his head for him to sit on.

It would be too tedious to tell your ladyship the various dresses and turbans by which their rank is distinguished; but they were all extremely rich and gay, to the number of some thousands; so that, perhaps, there cannot be seen a more beautiful proces-

* Achmet III. who reigned from 1703 to 1730, recovered the Morea from the Venetians, but lost Belgrade, Peterwaradin, and Temesvar, to the Imperialists. He preferred his palace at Adrianople to the Ottoman Porte, which lost him the favour of the janisaries.

sion. The sultan appeared to us a handsome man of about forty, with something, however, severe in his countenance, and his eyes very full and black. He happened to stop under the window where we stood, and (I suppose being told who we were) looked upon us very attentively, so that we had full leisure to consider him. The French embassadress agreed with me as to his good mien: I see that lady very often; she is young, and her conversation would be a great relief to me, if I could persuade her to live without those forms and ceremonies that make life so formal and tiresome. But she is so delighted with her guards, her four-and-twenty footmen, gentlemen ushers, &c. that she would rather die than make me a visit without them; not to reckon a coachful of attending damsels yclep'd maids of honour. What vexes me is, that as long as she will visit me with a troublesome equipage, I am obliged to do the same; however, our mutual interests makes us much together.

I went with her the other day all round the town, in an open gilt chariot, with our joint train of attendants, preceded by our guards, who might have summoned the people to see what they had never seen, nor ever perhaps would see again, two young christian embassadresses at the same time. Your ladyship may easily imagine we drew a vast crowd of spectators, but all silent as death. If any of them had taken the liberties of our mobs upon any strange sight, our janisaries had made no scruple of falling on them with their scimitars, without danger for so doing, being above law.

These people, however (I mean the janisaries), have some good qualities; they are very zealous and faithful where they serve, and look upon it as their business to fight for you on all occasions. Of this I had a very pleasant instance in a village on this side Philippopolis, where we were met by our domestic guards. I happened to bespeak pigeons for supper,

upon which one of my janisaries went immediately to the *cadi* (the chief civil officer of town), and ordered him to send in some dozens. The poor man answered, that he had already sent about but could get none. My janisary, in the height of his zeal for my service, immediately locked him up prisoner in his room, telling him he deserved death for his impudence, in offering to excuse his not obeying my command; but, out of respect to me, he would not punish him but by my order. Accordingly, he came very gravely to me to ask what should be done to him; adding, by way of compliment, that if I pleased he would bring me his head.—This may give you some idea of the unlimited power of these fellows, who are all sworn brothers, and bound to revenge the injuries done to one another, whether at Cairo, Aleppo, or any part of the world. This inviolable league makes them so powerful, that the greatest man at court never speaks to them but in a flattering tone; and in Asia, any man that is rich is forced to enrol himself a janisary, to secure his estate.

But I have already said enough; and I dare swear, dear madam, that, by this time, 'tis a very comfortable reflection to you, that there is no possibility of your receiving such a tedious letter but once in six months; 'tis that consideration has given me the assurance of entertaining you so long, and will, I hope, plead the excuse of, dear madam,

Yours, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I wish to God, dear sister, that you were as regular in letting me know what passes on your side of the globe, as I am careful in endeavouring to amuse you by the account of all I see here that I think worth

your notice. You content yourself with telling me over and over, that the town is very dull: it may possibly be dull to you, when every day does not present you with something new: but for me that am in arrears at least two months' news, all that seems very stale with you would be very fresh and sweet here. Pray let me in to more particulars, and I will try to awaken your gratitude, by giving you a full and true relation of the novelties of this place, none of which would surprise you more than a sight of my person, as I am now in my Turkish habit, though I believe you would be of my opinion, that 'tis admirably becoming.——I intend to send you my picture; in the mean time accept of it here.

The first part of my dress is a pair of drawers, very full, that reach to my shoes, and conceal the legs more modestly than your petticoats. They are of a thin rose-coloured damask, brocaded with silver flowers. My shoes are of white kid leather, embroidered with gold. Over this hangs my smock, of a fine white silk gauze, edged with embroidery. This smock has wide sleeves; hanging half way down the arm, and is closed at the neck with a diamond button; but the shape and colour of the bosom are very well to be distinguished through it. The *antery* is a waistcoat, made close to the shape, of white and gold damask, with very long sleeves falling back, and fringed with deep gold fringe, and should have diamond or pearl buttons. My *caftan*, of the same stuff with my drawers, is a robe exactly fitted to my shape, and reaching to my feet, with very long strait falling sleeves. Over this is my girdle, of about four fingers broad, which all that can afford it have entirely of diamonds or other precious stones; those who will not be at that expence, have it of exquisite embroidery on satin; but it must be fastened before with a clasp of diamonds. The *curdee* is a loose robe they throw off or put on according to the weather, being of a rich brocade (mine is green and gold,) either lined with ermine or sables; the

sleeves reach very little below the shoulders. The head dress is composed of a cap, called *talpock*, which is in winter of fine velvet embroidered with pearls or diamonds, and in summer of a light shining silver stuff. This is fixed on one side of the head, hanging a little way down with a gold tassel, and bound on, either with a circle of diamonds (as I have seen several) or a rich embroidered handkerchief. On the other side of the head, the hair is laid flat; and here the ladies are at liberty to shew their fancies; some putting flowers, others a plume of heron's feathers, and in short, what their please; but the most general fashion is a large *bouquet* of jewels, made like natural flowers; that is, the buds, of pearl; the roses, of different coloured rubies; the jessamines, of diamonds; the jonquils of topazes, &c. so well set and enamelled, 'tis hard to imagine any thing of that kind so beautiful. The hair hangs at its full length behind, divided into tresses braided with pearl or ribbon, which is always in great quantity.

I never saw in my life so many fine heads of hair: In one lady's, I have counted a hundred and ten of the tresses, all natural; but it must be owned, that every kind of beauty is more common here than with us. 'Tis surprising to see a young woman that is not very handsome. They have naturally the most beautiful complexion in the world, and generally large black eyes. I can assure you with great truth, that the court of England (though I believe it the fairest in Christendom) does not contain so many beauties as are under our protection here. They generally shape their eyebrows, and both Greeks and Turks have the custom of putting round their eyes a black tincture, that, at a distance, or by candle-light, adds very much to the blackness of them. I fancy many of our ladies would be overjoyed to know this secret; but 'tis too visible by day. They dye their nails a rose colour; but I own, I cannot

enough accustom myself to this fashion to find any beauty in it.

As to their morality or good conduct, I can say, like Harlequin, that it is just as it is with you; and the Turkish ladies don't commit one sin the less for not being Christians. Now that I am a little acquainted with their ways, I cannot forbear admiring, either the exemplary discretion or extreme stupidity of all the writers that have given accounts of them. 'Tis very easy to see, they have in reality more liberty than we have. No woman, of what rank soever, is permitted to go into the streets without two *murlins*; one that covers her face all but her eyes, and another that hides the whole dress of her head, and hangs half way down her back. Their shapes are also wholly concealed, by a thing they call a *ferigee*, which no woman of any sort appears without; this has straight sleeves, that reach to their fingers-ends, and it laps all round them, not unlike a riding-hood. In winter 'tis of cloth, and in summer of plain stuff or silk. You may guess, then, how effectually this disguises them, so that there is no distinguishing the great lady from her slave. 'Tis impossible for the most jealous husband to know his wife when he meets her; and no man dare touch or follow a woman in the street.

This perpetual masquerade gives them entire liberty of following their inclinations without danger of discovery. The most usual method of intrigue is, to send an appointment to the lover to meet the lady at a Jew's shop, which are as notoriously convenient as our Indian-houses; and yet, even those who don't make use of them, do not scruple to go to buy pennyworths, and tumble over rich goods, which are chiefly to be found amongst that sort of people. The great ladies seldom let their gallants know who they are; and 'tis so difficult to find it out, that they can very seldom guess at her name, whom they have corresponded with for above half a year together. You may easily imagine the number of faithful wives

very small in a country where they have nothing to fear from a lover's indiscretion, since we see so many have the courage to expose themselves to that in this world, and all the threatened punishment of the next, which is never preached to the Turkish damsels. Neither have they much to apprehend from the resentment of their husbands; those ladies that are rich having all their money in their own hands.

Upon the whole, I look upon the Turkish women as the only free people in the empire: the very divan pays respect to them; and the grand-signior himself, when a pashá is executed, never violates the privileges of the *harém* (or woman's apartment), which remains unsearched and entire to the widow. They are queens of their slaves, whom the husband has no permission so much as to look upon, except it be an old woman or two that his lady chooses. 'Tis true their law permits them four wives; but there is no instance of a man of quality that makes use of this liberty, or of a woman of rank that would suffer it. When a husband happens to be inconstant (as those things will happen), he keeps his mistress in a house apart, and visits her as privately as he can, just as it is with you. Amongst all the great men here, I only know the *tefterdar* (*i. e.* treasurer) that keeps a number of she slaves for his own use (that is, on his own side of the house; for a slave once given to serve a lady is entirely at her disposal), and he is spoken of as a libertine, or what we should call a rake, and his wife won't see him, though she continues to live in his house.

Thus you see, dear sister, the manners of mankind do not differ so widely as our voyage-writers would make us believe. Perhaps it would be more entertaining to add a few surprising customs of my own invention; but nothing seems to me so agreeable as truth, and I believe nothing so acceptable to you. I conclude therefore with repeating the great truth of my being,

Dear sister, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

Vienna, Sept. 14, O. S. 1717.

I dare say you expect at least something very new in this letter, after I have gone a journey not undertaken by any Christian for some hundred years. The most remarkable accident that happened to me, was my being very near overturned into the Hebrus; and, if I had much regard for the glories that one's name enjoys after death, I should certainly be sorry for having missed the romantic conclusion of swimming down the same river in which the musical head of Orpheus repeated verses so many ages since;

“*Caput a cervice revulsum,*

“*Gurgite cum medio, portans Oeagrius Hebrus*

“*Volveret, Eurydicen vox ipsa, et frigida lingua,*

“*Ah! miseram Eurydicen! anima fugiente vocabat,*

“*Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.*”

Who knows but some of your bright wits might have found it a subject affording many poetical turns, and have told the world, in an heroic elegy, that,

As equal were our souls, so equal were our fates!

I despair of ever hearing so many fine things said of me, as so extraordinary a death would have given occasion for.

I am at this present moment writing in a house situated on the banks of the Hebrus, which runs under my chamber window. My garden is full of all cypress trees, upon the branches of which several couple of true turtles are saying soft things to one another from morning till night. How naturally do boughs and vows come into my mind at this minute! and must not you confess, to my praise, that 'tis more than an ordinary discretion that can resist the wicked suggestions of poetry, in a place where truth, for once, furnishes all the ideas of pastoral. The summer is already far advanced in this part of the world; and, for some miles round Adrianople, the

whole ground is laid out in gardens, and the banks of the rivers are set with rows of fruit-trees, under which all the most considerable Turks divert themselves every evening; not with walking, that is not one of their pleasures, but a set party of them choose out a green spot, where the shade is very thick, and there they spread a carpet, on which they sit drinking their coffee, and are generally attended by some slave with a fine voice, or that plays on some instrument. Every twenty paces you may see one of these little companies listening to the dashing of the river; and this taste is so universal, that the very gardeners are not without it. I have often seen them and their children sitting on the banks of the river, and playing on a rural instrument, perfectly answering the description of the ancient fistula, being composed of unequal reeds, with a simple but agreeable softness in the sound.

Mr. Addison might here make the experiment he speaks of in his travels; there not being one instrument of music among the Greek or Roman statues, that is not to be found in the hands of the people of this country. The young lads generally divert themselves with making garlands for their favourite lambs, which I have often seen painted and adorned with flowers lying at their feet while they sung or played. It is not that they ever read romances, but these are the ancient amusements here, and as natural to them as cudgel-playing and foot-ball to our British swains; the softness and warmth of the climate forbidding all rough exercises, which were never so much as heard of amongst them, and naturally inspiring a laziness and aversion to labour, which the great plenty indulges. These gardeners are the only happy race of country people in Turkey. They furnish all the city with fruits and herbs, and seem to live very easily. They are most of them Greeks, and have little houses in the midst of their gardens, where their wives and daughters take a liberty not permitted in the town,

I mean, to go unveiled. These wenches are very neat and handsome, and pass their time at their looms under the shade of the trees.

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer; he has only given a plain image of the way of life amongst the peasants of his country; who, before oppression had reduced them to want, were, I suppose, all employed as the better sort of them are now. I don't doubt, had he been born a Briton, but his Idylliums had been filled with descriptions of threshing and churning, both which are unknown here, the corn being all trodden out by oxen; and butter (I speak it with sorrow) unheard of.

I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained, that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs, and much of the dress, then in fashion being yet retained. I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant, than is to be found in any other country, the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners as has been generally practised by other nations, that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face, is still fashionable; and I never see half a dozen of old bashaws (as I do very often), with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good king Priam and his counsellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is sung to have danced on the banks

of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and, if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to lead; these are the Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different.

I should have told you, in the first place, that the Eastern manners give a great light into many scripture passages that appear odd to us, their phrases being commonly what we should call scripture language. The vulgar Turk is very different from what is spoken at court, or amongst the people of figure, who always mix so much Arabic and Persian in their discourse, that it may very well be called another language. And 'tis as ridiculous to make use of the expressions commonly used, in speaking to a great man or lady, as it would be to speak broad Yorkshire or Somersetshire in the drawing-room. Besides this distinction, they have what they call the sublime, that is, a style proper for poetry, and which is the exact scripture style. I believe you will be pleased to see a genuine example of this; and I am very glad I have it in my power to satisfy your curiosity, by sending you a faithful copy of the verses that Ibrahim Pashá, the reigning favourite, has made for the young princess, his contracted wife, whom he is not yet permitted to visit without witnesses, though she is gone home to his house. He is a man of wit and learning; and whether or no he is capable of writing good verse, you may be sure, that, on such an occasion, he would not want the assistance of the best poets in the empire. Thus the verses may be looked upon as a sample of their finest poetry; and I don't doubt you'll be of my mind, that it is most wonder-

fully resembling *The Song of Solomon*, which was also addressed to a royal bride.

Turkish Verses addressed to the Sultana, eldest daughter of Sultan Achmet III.

STANZA I.

1. The nightingale now wanders in the vines :
Her passion is to seek roses,
2. I went down to admire the beauty of the vines :
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul,
3. Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.*

STANZA II.

1. The wished possession is delayed from day to day ;
The cruel sultan Achmet will not permit me
To see those cheeks, more vermilion than roses.
2. I dare not snatch one of your kisses ;
The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul,
3. Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.

STANZA III.

1. The wretched Ibrahim sighs in these verses :
One dart from your eyes has pierc'd thro' my heart.
2. Ah ! when will the hour of possession arrive ?
Must I yet wait a long time ?
The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.
3. Ah ! Sultana ! stag-ey'd—an angel amongst angels !
I desire,—and, my desire remains unsatisfied.—
Can you take delight to prey upon my heart ?

STANZA IV.

1. My cries pierce the heavens !
My eyes are without sleep !
Turn to me, Sultana—let me gaze on thy beauty.
2. Adieu—I go down to the grave.
If you call me—I return.
My heart is—hot as sulphur ;—sigh, and it will flame.

* Sir W. Jones, in the preface to his *Persian Grammar*, objects to this translation. The expression is merely analogous to the "Βένις" of Homer.

3. Crown of my life ! fair light of my eyes !

My Sultana ! my princess !

I rub my face against the earth ;—I am drown'd in
scalding tears—I rave !

Have you no compassion ? Will you not turn to look
upon me ?

I have taken abundance of pains to get these verses in a literal translation ; and if you were acquainted with my interpreters, I might spare myself the trouble of assuring you, that they have received no poetical touches from their hands. In my opinion (allowing for the inevitable faults of a prose translation into a language so very different) there is a good deal of beauty in them. The epithet of *stag-ey'd* (though the sound is not very agreeable in English) pleases me extremely ; and I think it a very lively image of the fire and indifference in his mistress's eyes. Monsieur Boileau has very justly observed, that we are never to judge of the elevation of an expression in an ancient author by the sound it carries with us ; since it may be extremely fine with them, when, at the same time, it appears low or uncouth to us. You are so well acquainted with Homer, you cannot but have observed the same thing, and you must have the same indulgence for all oriental poetry.

The repetitions at the end of the two first stanzas are meant for a sort of chorus, and are agreeable to the ancient manner of writing. The music of the verses apparently changes in the third stanza, where the burden is altered ; and I think he very artfully seems more passionate at the conclusion, as 'tis natural for people to warm themselves by their own discourse, especially on a subject in which one is deeply concerned ; 'tis certainly far more touching than our modern custom of concluding a song of passion with a turn which is inconsistent with it. The first verse is a description of the season of the year ; all the country now being full of nightingales, whose amours with roses is an Arabian fable, as well known here as any part of

Ovid amongst us, and is much the same as if an English poem should begin, by saying—"Now Philomela sings." Or what if I turned the whole into the style of English poetry, to see how it would look?

STANZA I.

"Now Philomel renews her tender strain,
 "Indulging all the night her pleasing pain:
 "I sought the groves to hear the wanton sing,
 "There saw a face more beauteous than the spring.
 "Your large stag-eyes, where thousand glories play,
 "As bright, as lively, but as wild as they.

STANZA II.

"In vain I'm promis'd such a heav'nly prize;
 "Ah! cruel Sultan! who delay'st my joys!
 "While piercing charms transfix my am'rous heart,
 "I dare not snatch one kiss to ease the smart.
 "Those eyes! like, &c.

STANZA III.

"Your wretched lover in these lines complains;
 "From those dear beauties rise his killing pains.
 "When will the hour of wish'd for bliss arrive?
 "Must I wait longer?—Can I wait and live?
 "Ah! bright sultana! maid divinely fair!
 "Can you, unpitying, see the pains I bear?

STANZA IV.

"The heavens relenting, hear my piercing cries,
 "I loathe the light, and sleep forsakes my eyes;
 "Turn thee, sultana, ere thy lover dies:
 "Sinking to earth, I sigh the last adieu;
 "Call me, my goddess, and my life renew.
 "My queen! my angel! my fond heart's desire!
 "I rave—my bosom burns with heav'nly fire!
 "Pity that passion which thy charms inspire."

I have taken the liberty, in the second verse, of following what I suppose the true sense of the author, though not literally expressed. By his saying, "He went down to admire the beauty of the vines, and her charms ravished his soul," I understand a poetical fiction, of having first seen her in a garden, where he was admiring the beauty of the spring.

But I could not forbear retaining the comparison of her eyes with those of a stag, though, perhaps, the novelty of it may give it a burlesque sound in our language. I cannot determine upon the whole how well I have succeeded in the translation, neither do I think our English proper to express such violence of passion, which is very seldom felt amongst us. We want also those compound words which are very frequent and strong in the Turkish language.

You see I am pretty far gone in Oriental learning; and, to say truth, I study very hard. I wish my studies may give me an occasion of entertaining your curiosity, which will be the utmost advantage hoped for from them by,

Your's, &c.

TO MRS. S. C.

Adrianople, April, 1, O. S.

In my opinion, dear S. I ought rather to quarrel with you for not answering my Nimeguen letter of August till December, than to excuse my not writing again till now. I am sure there is on my side a very good excuse for silence, having gone such tiresome land-journeys, though I don't find the conclusion of them so bad as you seem to imagine. I am very easy here, and not in the solitude you fancy me. The great number of Greeks, French, English, and Italians, that are under our protection, make their court to me from morning till night; and I'll assure you, are many of them very fine ladies; for there is no possibility for a Christian to live easily under this government but by the protection of an ambassador—and the richer they are, the greater is their danger.

Those dreadful stories you have heard of the *plague* have very little foundation in truth. I own I have much ado to reconcile myself to the sound of a word

which has always given me such terrible ideas, though I am convinced there is little more in it than in a fever. As a proof of this, let me tell you that we passed through two or three towns most violently infected. In the very next house where we lay (in one of those places) two persons died of it. Luckily for me I was so well deceived that I knew nothing of the matter; and I was made believe, that our second cook had only a great cold. However, we left our doctor to take care of him, and yesterday they both arrived here in good health; and I am now let into the secret that he has had the *plague*. There are many that escape it; neither is the air ever infected. I am persuaded that it would be as easy a matter to root it out here as out of Italy and France; but it does so little mischief, they are not very solicitous about it, and are content to suffer this distemper instead of our variety which they are utterly unacquainted with.

A propos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of ingrafting, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox: they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins.

The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark; and in eight day's time they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them, not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occasion admire the heroism in the heart of your friend, &c. &c.

TO MRS. THISTLETHWAYTE.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1718.

I can now tell dear Mrs. Thistlethwayte that I am safely arrived at the end of my very long journey. I will not tire you with the account of the many fatigues I have suffered. You would rather be informed of the strange things that are to be seen here; and a letter out of Turkey that has nothing extraordinary in it, would be as great a disappointment as my visitors will receive at Loudon if I return thither without any rarities to shew them.

What shall I tell you of?—You never saw camels in your life; and, perhaps, the description of them will appear new to you: I can assure you the first sight of them was so to me; and, though I have seen hundreds of pictures of those animals, I never saw any that was resembling enough to give a true idea of them. I am going to make a bold observation, and possibly a false one, because nobody has ever made it before me; but I do take them to be of the stag kind; their legs, bodies, and necks, are exactly shaped like them, and their colour very near the same. 'Tis true they are much larger, being a great deal higher than a horse; and so swift, that, after the defeat of Peterwaradin, they far outran the swiftest horses, and brought the first news of the loss of the battle to Belgrade. They are never thoroughly tamed; the drivers take care to tie them one to another with strong ropes, fifty in a string, led by an ass, on which the driver rides. I have seen three hundred in one caravan. They carry the third part more than any horse; but 'tis a particular art to load them, because of the bunch on their backs. They seem to me very ugly creatures; their heads being ill-formed and disproportioned to their bodies. They carry all the burthens; and the beasts destined to the

plough are buffaloes, an animal you are also unacquainted with. They are larger and more clumsy than an ox; they have short, thick, black horns close to their heads, which grow turning backwards. They say this horn looks very beautiful when 'tis well polished. They are all black, with very short hair on their hides, and have extremely little white eyes, that make them look like devils. The country people dye their tales and the hair of their forehead red, by way of ornament.

Horses are not put here to any laborious work, nor are they at all fit for it. They are beautiful and full of spirit, but generally little, and not strong, as the breed of colder countries; very gentle, however, with all their vivacity, and also swift and sure-footed. I have a little white favourite that I would not part with on any terms; he prances under me with so much fire, you would think that I had a great deal of courage to dare to mount him; yet, I'll assure you, I never rid a horse so much at my command in my life. My side-saddle is the first that was ever seen in this part of the world, and is gazed at with as much wonder as the ship of Columbus in the first discovery of America. Here are some little birds held in a sort of religious reverence, and, for that reason, multiply prodigiously; turtles, on the account of their innocence; and storks, because they are supposed to make every winter the pilgrimage to Mecca. To say truth, they are the happiest subjects under the Turkish government, and are so sensible of their privileges, that they walk the streets without fear, and generally build in the low parts of houses. Happy are those whose houses are so distinguished, as the vulgar Turks are perfectly persuaded that they will not be that year attacked either by fire or pestilence. I have the happiness of one of their sacred nests under my chamber-window.

Now I am talking of my chamber, I remember the description of the houses here will be as new to you

as any of the birds or beasts. I suppose you have read in most of our accounts of Turkey, that their houses are the most miserable pieces of building in the world. I can speak very learnedly on that subject, having been in so many of them; and, I assure you, 'tis no such thing. We are now lodged in a palace belonging to the grand signior. I really think the manner of building here very agreeable, and proper for the country. 'Tis true they are not at all solicitous to beautify the outsides of their houses, and they are generally built of wood, which I own is the cause of many inconveniences; but this is not to be charged on the ill taste of the people, but on the oppression of the government. Every house at the death of its master is at the grand signior's disposal; and, therefore, no man cares to make a great expence, which he is not sure his family will be the better for.* All their design is to build a house commodious, and that will last their lives; and they are very indifferent if it falls down the year after.

Every house, great and small, is divided into two distinct parts, which only join together by a narrow passage. The first house has a large court before it, and open galleries all round it, which is to me a thing very agreeable. This gallery leads to all the chambers, which are commonly large, and with two rows of windows, the first being of painted glass: they seldom build above two stories, each of which has galleries. The stairs are broad, and not often above thirty steps. This is the house belonging to the lord, and the adjoining one is called the *haram*, that is, the ladies' apartment (for the name of *seraglio* is peculiar to the grand signior); it has also a gallery running round it towards the garden, to which all the windows are turned, and the same number of chambers as the other, but more gay and splendid, both in

* If it be not put into "vacuf;" that is, annexed to some mosque or fountain.

painting and furniture. The second row of windows is very low, with grates like those of convents; the rooms are all spread with Persian carpets, and raised at one end of them (my chambers are raised at both ends) about two feet. This is the sofa, which is laid with a richer sort of carpet, and all round it a sort of couch, raised half a foot, covered with rich silk, according to the fancy or magnificence of the owner. Mine is of scarlet cloth, with a gold fringe; round about this are placed, standing against the wall, two rows of cushions, the first very large, and the next little ones; and here the Turks display their greatest magnificence. They are generally brocade, or embroidery of gold wire upon white satin;—nothing can look more gay and splendid. These seats are also so convenient and easy, that I believe I shall never endure chairs as long as I live. The rooms are low, which I think no fault, and the cieling is always of wood, generally inlaid or painted with flowers. They open in many places with folding-doors, and serve for cabinets, I think, more conveniently than ours. Between the windows are little arches to set pots of perfume, or baskets of flowers. But what pleases me best, is the fashion of having marble fountains in the lower part of the room, which throw up several spouts of water, giving at the same time an agreeable coolness, and a pleasant dashing sound, falling from one basin to another. Some of these are very magnificent. Each house has a bagnio, which consists generally in two or three little rooms, leaded on the top, paved with marble, with basins, cocks of water, and all conveniences for either hot or cold baths.

You will perhaps be surprised at an account so different from what you have been entertained with by the common voyage-writers, who are very fond of speaking of what they don't know. It must be under a very particular character, or on some extraordinary occasion, that a christian is admitted into the house.

of a man of quality; and their *harams* are always forbidden ground. Thus they can only speak of the outside, which makes no great appearance; and the women's apartments are always built backward, removed from sight, and have no other prospect than the gardens, which are inclosed with very high walls. There are none of our parterres in them; but they are planted with high trees, which give an agreeable shade, and, to my fancy, a pleasing view. In the midst of the garden is the *chiosk*, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and inclosed with gilded lattices, round which vines, jessamines, and honeysuckles, make a sort of green wall. Large trees are planted round this place, which is the scene of their greatest pleasures, and where the ladies spend most of their hours, employed by their music or embroidery. In the public gardens there are public *chiosks*, where people go that are not so well accommodated at home, and drink their coffee, sherbet, &c. Neither are they ignorant of a more durable manner of building: their mosques are all of freestone, and the public *hanns*, or inns, extremely magnificent, many of them taking up a large square, built round with shops under stone arches, where poor artificers are lodged *gratis*. They have always a mosque joining to them, and the body of the *hann* is a most noble hall, capable of holding three or four hundred persons, the court extremely spacious, and cloisters round it, that give it the air of our colleges. I own I think it a more reasonable piece of charity than the founding of convents.

I think I have now told you a great deal for once. If you don't like my choice of subjects, tell me what you would have me write upon; there is nobody more desirous to entertain you than, dear Mrs. Thistlethwayte,

Yours, &c. &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Adrianople, April 18, O. S. 1717.

I wrote to you, dear sister, and to all my other English correspondents, by the last ship, and only Heaven can tell when I shall have another opportunity of sending to you; but I cannot forbear to write again, though perhaps my letter may lie upon my hands these two months. To confess the truth, my head is so full of my entertainment yesterday, that 'tis absolutely necessary for my own repose to give it some vent. Without farther preface I will then begin my story.

I was invited to dine with the grand vizier's lady,* and it was with a great deal of pleasure I prepared myself for an entertainment which was never before given to any christian. I thought I should very little satisfy her curiosity (which I did not doubt was a considerable motive to the invitation) by going in a dress she was used to see, and therefore dressed myself in the court habit of Vienna, which is much more magnificent than our's. However, I chose to go *incognito*, to avoid any disputes about ceremony, and went in a Turkish coach, only attended by my woman that held up my train, and the Greek lady who was my interpretest. I was met at the court door by her black eunuch, who helped me out of the coach with great respect, and conducted me through several rooms, where her she-slaves, finely dressed, were ranged on each side. In the innermost I found the lady sitting on her sofa, in a sable vest. She advanced to meet me, and presented me half a dozen of her friends with great civility. She seemed a very good-looking woman, near fifty years old. I was

* This was the sultana Hafitén, the favourite and widow of the sultan Mustapha II., who died in 1703.

surprised to observe so little magnificence in her house, the furniture being all very moderate; and, except the habits and number of her slaves, nothing about her appeared expensive. She guessed at my thoughts, and told me she was no longer of an age to spend either her time or money in superfluities; that her whole expence was in charity, and her whole employment praying to God. There was no affectation in this speech; both she and her husband are entirely given up to devotion. He never looks upon any other woman; and, what is much more extraordinary, touches no bribes, notwithstanding the example of all his predecessors. He is so scrupulous on this point, he would not accept Mr. Wortley's present, till he had been assured over and over that it was a settled perquisite of his place at the entrance of every ambassador.

She entertained me with all kind of civility till dinner came in, which was served, one dish at a time, to a vast number, all finely dressed after their manner, which I don't think so bad as you have perhaps heard it represented. I am a very good judge of their eating, having lived three weeks in the house of an *effendi* at Belgrade, who gave us very magnificent dinners, dressed by his own cooks. The first week they pleased me extremely; but I own I then began to grow weary of their table, and desired our own cook might add a dish or two after our manuer. But I attribute this to custom, and am very much inclined to believe that an Indian, who had never tasted of either, would prefer their cookery to our's. Their sauces are very high, all the roast very much done. They use a great deal of very rich spice. The soup is served for the last dish; and they have at least as great a variety of ragouts as we have. I was very sorry I could not eat of as many as the good lady would have had me, who was very earnest in serving me of every thing. The treat concluded with coffee and perfumes, which is a high mark of respect; two slaves kneeling

censed my hair, clothes, and handkerchief. After this ceremony she commanded her slaves to play and dance, which they did with their guitars in their hands, and she excused to me their want of skill, saying she took no care to accomplish them in that art.

I returned her thanks, and soon after took my leave. I was conducted back in the same manner I entered, and would have gone straight to my own house; but the Greek lady with me earnestly solicited me to visit the *küyâya's** lady, saying, he was the second officer in the empire, and ought indeed to be looked upon as the first, the grand vizier having only the name, while he exercised the authority. I had found so little diversion in the vizier's *harém*, † that I had no mind to go into another. But her importunity prevailed with me, and I am extremely glad I was so complaisant.

All things here were with quite another air than at the grand vizier's; and the very house confessed the difference between an old devotee and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and magnificent. I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I was sorry that decency did not permit me to stop to consider them nearer. But that thought was lost upon my entrance into a large room, or rather pavilion, built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. The jessamines and honeysuckles that twisted round their trunks, shed a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water in the lower part

* *Kyhaïâ*, lieutenant. The deputy to the grand vizier.

† *Harém*, literally "the forbidden," the apartment sacredly appropriate to females, into which every man in Turkey, but the master of the house, is interdicted from entering.

of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down. On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the kiyàya's lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair Fatima (for that is her name), so much her beauty effaced every thing I have seen, nay, all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany. I must own that I never saw any thing so gloriously beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand to her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration, that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features! that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art! the unutterable enchantment of her smile!—But her eyes!—large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue! every turn of her face discovering some new grace.

After my first surprise was over, I endeavoured, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection, without any fruit of my search, but my being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion, that a face exactly proportioned, and perfectly beautiful, would not be agreeable; nature having done for her with more success, what Apelles is said to have essayed, by a collection of the most

exact features, to form a perfect face. Add to all this a behaviour so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded, could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne of Europe, no body would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

She was dressed in a *caftán* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and shewing to admiration the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink, her waistcoat green and silver, her slippers white satin, finely embroidered: her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds, and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, and I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it a virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy: The gravest writers have spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of Heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and, I think, has a much better claim to our praise. For my part, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima, than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

She told me the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though she appeared too young to be their mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa, to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the

pictures of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty. She made them a sign to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play some soft airs on instruments, between a lute and a guitar, which they accompanied with their voices, while the others danced by turns. This dance was very different from what I had seen before. Nothing could be more artful, or more proper to raise *certain ideas*. The tunes so soft!—the motions so languishing!—accompanied with pauses and dying eyes! half-falling back, and then recovering themselves in so artful a manner, that I am very positive the coldest and most rigid prude upon earth could not have looked upon them without thinking of *something not to be spoken of*. I suppose you may have read that the Turks have no music but what is shocking to the ears; but this account is from those who never heard any but what is played in the streets, and is just as reasonable as if a foreigner should take his ideas of English music from the *bladder* and *string*, or the *marrow-bones* and *cleavers*. I can assure you that the music is extremely pathetic; 'tis true I am inclined to prefer the Italian, but perhaps I am partial. I am acquainted with a Greek lady who sings better than Mrs. Robinson, and is very well skilled in both, who gives the preference to the Turkish. 'Tis certain they have very fine natural voices; these were very agreeable. When the dance was over, four fair slaves came into the room with silver censers in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloes-wood, and other scents. After this they served me coffee upon their knees in the finest japan china, with *soucups* of silver, gilt. The lovely Fatima entertained me all this while in the most polite agreeable manner, calling me often *Guzél sultanum*, or the beautiful sultana, and desiring my friendship with the best grace in the world, lamenting that she could not entertain me in my own language.

When I took my leave, two maids brought in a

fine silver basket of embroidered handkerchiefs; she begged I would wear the richest for her sake, and gave the others to my woman and interpretest. I retired through the same ceremonies as before, and could not help thinking I had been some time in Mahomet's paradise, so much was I charmed with what I had seen. I know not how the relation of it appears to you. I wish it may give you part of my pleasure; for I would have my dear sister share in all the diversions of,

Yours, &c.

TO THE ABBOT OF ———.

Adrianople, May 17, O. S.

I am going to leave Adrianople, and I would not do it without giving you some account of all that is curious in it, which I have taken a great deal of pains to see.

I will not trouble you with wise dissertations, whether or no this is the same city that was anciently called Orestesit, or Oreste, which you know better than I do. It is now called from the emperor Adrian, and was the first European seat of the Turkish empire, and has been the favourite residence of many sultans. Mahomet the fourth, and Mustapha, the brother of the reigning emperor, were so fond of it that they wholly abandoned Constantinople; which humour so far exasperated the janisaries, that it was a considerable motive to the rebellions that deposed them. Yet this man seems to love to keep his court here. I can give you no reason for this partiality. 'Tis true the situation is fine, and the country all round very beautiful; but the air is extremely bad, and the seraglio itself is not free from the ill effect of it. The town is said to be eight miles in compass, I suppose they reckon in the gardens. There are some

good houses in it, I mean large ones; for the architecture of their palaces never makes any great show. It is now very full of people, but they are most of them such as follow the court or camp; and when they are removed, I am told, 'tis no populous city. The river Maritza (anciently the Hebrus), on which it is situated, is dried up every summer, which contributes very much to make it unwholesome. It is now a very pleasant stream. There are two noble bridges built over it.

I had the curiosity to go to see the Exchange in my Turkish dress, which is disguise sufficient. Yet I own I was not very easy when I saw it crowded with janisaries; but they dare not be rude to a woman, and made way for me with as much respect as if I had been in my own figure. It is half a mile in length, the roof arched, and kept extremely neat. It holds three hundred and sixty-five shops, furnished with all sorts of rich goods, exposed to sale in the same manner as at the New Exchange* in London. But the pavement is kept much neater; and the shops are all so clean, they seem just new painted. Idle people of all sorts walk here for their diversion, or amuse themselves with drinking coffee or sherbet, which is cried about as oranges and sweet-meats are in our play-houses.

I observed most of the rich tradesmen were Jews. That people are in incredible power in this country. They have many privileges above all the natural Turks themselves, and have formed a very considerable commonwealth here, being judged by their own laws. They have drawn the whole trade of the empire into their hands, partly by the firm union among themselves, and partly by the idle temper and want of industry in the Turks. Every pashá has his Jew, who is his *homme d'affaires*; he is let into all his secrets, and does all his business. No bargain is made,

* Exeter 'Change.

no bribe received, no merchandise disposed of, but what passes through their hands. They are the physicians, the stewards, and the interpreters, of all the great men.

You may judge how advantageous this is to a people who never fail to make use of the smallest advantages. They have found the secret of making themselves so necessary, that they are certain of the protection of the court, whatever ministry is in power. Even the English, French, and Italian merchants, who are sensible of their artifices, are, however, forced to trust their affairs to their negotiation, nothing of trade being managed without them, and the meanest among them being too important to be dis-obliged, since the whole body take care of his interests with as much vigour as they would those of the most considerable of their members. There are many of them vastly rich, but take care to make little public show of it, though they live in their houses in the utmost luxury and magnificence.—This copious subject has drawn me from my description of the Exchange, founded by Ali Pashá, whose name it bears. Near it is the *tchartshi*, a street of a mile in length, full of shops of all kinds of fine merchandise, but excessively dear, nothing being made here. It is covered on the top with boards, to keep out the rain, that merchants may meet conveniently in all weathers. The *bessiten* near it is another exchange, built upon pillars, where all sorts of horse-furniture are sold: glittering every where with gold, rich embroidery, and jewels, it makes a very agreeable show.

From this place I went, in my Turkish coach, to the camp, which is to move in a few days to the frontiers. The sultan is already gone to his tents, and all his court; the appearance of them is, indeed, very magnificent. Those of the great men are rather like palaces than tents, taking up a great compass of ground, and being divided into a vast number of apartments. They are all of green, and the *pashas* of

three tails have those ensigns of their power placed in a very conspicuous manner before their tents, which are adorned on the top with gilded balls, more or less according to their different ranks. The ladies go in coaches to see the camp, as eagerly as ours did to that of Hyde-park : but it is very easy to observe, that the soldiers do not begin the campaign with any great cheerfulness. The war is a general grievance upon the people, but particularly hard upon the tradesmen, now that the grand-signior is resolved to lead his army in person. Every company of them is obliged, upon this occasion, to make a present according to their ability.

I took the pains of rising at six in the morning to see the ceremony, which did not, however, begin till eight. The grand-signior was at the seraglio window, to see the procession, which passed through the principal streets. It was preceded by an *effendi*, mounted on a camel, richly furnished, reading aloud the Alcoran, finely bound, laid upon a cushion. He was surrounded by a parcel of boys, in white, singing some verses of it, followed by a man dressed in green boughs, representing a clean husbandman sowing seed. After him several reapers, with garlands of ears of corn, as Ceres is pictured, with scythes in their hands, seeming to mow. Then a little machine drawn by oxen, in which was a windmill, and boys employed in grinding corn, followed by another machine, drawn by buffaloes, carrying an oven, and two more boys, one employed in kneading the bread, and another in drawing it out of the oven. These boys threw little cakes on both sides among the crowd, and were followed by the whole company of bakers, marching on foot, two by two, in their best clothes, with cakes, loaves, pasties, and pies of all sorts, on their heads, and after them two buffoons, or jack-puddings, with their faces and clothes smeared with meal, who diverted the mob with their antic gestures. In the same manner followed all the companies of trade in

the empire; the nobler sort, such as jewellers, mercers, &c. finely mounted, and many of the pageants that represent their trades, perfectly magnificent: among which, that of the furriers made one of the best figures, being a very large machine, set round with the skins of ermines, foxes, &c. so well stuffed, that the animals seemed to be alive, and followed by music and dancers. I believe there were, upon the whole, twenty thousand men, all ready to follow his highness if he commanded them. The rear was closed by the volunteers, who came to beg the honour of dying in his service. This part of the show seemed to me so barbarous, that I removed from the window upon the first appearance of it. They were all naked to the middle. Some had their arms pierced through with arrows, left sticking in them. Others had them sticking in their heads, the blood trickling down their faces. Some slashed their arms with sharp knives, making the blood spring out upon those that stood there: and this is looked upon as an expression of their zeal for glory. I am told that some make use of it to advance their love; and, when they are near the window where their mistress stands (all the women in town being veiled to see this spectacle), they stick another arrow for her sake, who gives some sign of approbation and encouragement to this gallantry. The whole show lasted for near eight hours, to my great sorrow, who was heartily tired, though I was in the house of the widow of the captain-pashá (admiral), who refreshed me with coffee, sweetmeats, sherbet, &c. with all possible civility.

I went two days after, to see the mosque of sultan Selim I.* which is a building very well worth the cu-

* The same sultan, between the years 1552 and 1556, constructed another mosque at Constantinople, which bears his name. The architecture exactly resembles this, and forms a perfect square of seventy-five feet, with a flat cupola rising from the side walls.

riosity of a traveller. I was dressed in my Turkish habit, and admitted without a scruple; though I believe they guessed who I was, by the extreme officiousness of the door-keeper to shew me every part of it. It is situated very advantageously in the midst of the city, and in the highest part of it, making a very noble show. The first court has four gates, and the innermost three. They are both of them surrounded with cloisters, with marble pillars of the Ionic order, finely polished, and of very lively colours; the whole pavement is of white marble, and the roof of the cloisters divided into several cupolas or domes, headed with gilt balls on the top. In the midst of each court are fine fountains of white marble; and, before the great gate of the mosque, a portico, with green marble pillars, which has five gates, the body of the mosque being one prodigious dome.

I understand so little of architecture, I dare not pretend to speak of the proportions. It seemed to me very regular; this I am sure of, it is vastly high, and I thought it the noblest building I ever saw. It has two rows of marble galleries on pillars, with marble balusters; the pavement is also marble, covered with Persian carpets. In my opinion, it is a great addition to its beauty, that it is not divided into pews, and incumbered with forms and benches like our churches; nor the pillars (which are most of them red and white marble) disfigured by the little tawdry images and pictures, that give Roman-catholic churches the air of toy-shops. The walls seemed to be inlaid with such very lively colours, in small flowers, that I could not imagine what stones had been made use of. But going nearer, I saw they were crusted with japan china, which has a very beautiful effect. In the midst hung a vast lamp of silver, gilt; besides which, I do verily believe, there were at least two thousand of a lesser size. This must look very glorious when they are all lighted; but being at night, no women are suffered to enter. Under the large lamp is a great

pulpit of carved wood, gilt; and just by, a fountain to wash, which, you know, is an essential part of their devotion. In one corner is a little gallery, inclosed with gilded lattices, for the grand-signior. At the upper end, a large niche, vold brocade, and raised two steps, covered with grey, like an altar, standing before it, two silver gilt candlesticks, the height of a man, and in them white wax candles, as thick as a man's waist. The outside of the mosque is adorned with towers, vastly high, gilt on the top, from whence the *imaums* call the people to prayers. I had the curiosity to go up one of them, which is contrived so artfully, as to give surprise to all that see it. There is but one door, which leads to three different staircases, going to the three different stories of the tower, in such a manner, that three priests may ascend, rounding, without ever meeting each other; a contrivance very much admired.

Behind the mosque is an exchange full of shops, where poor artificers are lodged *gratis*. I saw several dervises at their prayers here. They are dressed in a plain piece of woollen, with their arms bare, and a woollen cap on their heads, like a high-crowned hat without brims. I went to see some other mosques, built much after the same manner, but not comparable in point of magnificence to this I have described, which is infinitely beyond any church in Germany or England; I won't talk of other countries I have not seen. The seraglio does not seem a very magnificent palace. But the gardens are very large, plentifully supplied with water, and full of trees; which is all I know of them, having never been in them.

I tell you nothing of the order of Mr. Wortley's entry, and his audience. These things are always the same, and have been so often described, I won't trouble you with the repetition. The young prince, about eleven years old, sits near his father, when he gives audience: he is a handsome boy; but, probably, will not immediately succeed the sultan, there being two

sons of Sultan Mustapha (his eldest brother) remaining; the eldest about twenty years old, on whom the hopes of the people are fixed. This reign has been bloody and avaricious. I am apt to believe they are very impatient to see the end of it.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c.

P. S. I will write to you again from Constantinople.

TO THE ABBOT ———.

Constantinople, May 29, O. S. 1717.

I have had the advantage of very fine weather all my journey; and, as the summer is now in its beauty, I enjoyed the pleasure of fine prospects; and the meadows being full of all sorts of garden flowers, and sweet herbs, my berlin perfumed the air as it pressed them. The grand signior furnished us with thirty covered waggons for our baggage, and five coaches of the country for my women. We found the road full of the great spahis and their equipages coming out of Asia to the war. They always travel with tents; but I chose to lie in houses all the way.

I will not trouble you with the names of the villages we passed, in which there was nothing remarkable, but at Tchiorlú, where there was a *conac*, or little seraglio, built for the use of the grand signior when he goes this road. I had the curiosity to view all the apartments destined for the ladies of his court. They were in the midst of a thick grove of trees, made fresh by fountains; but I was most surprised to see the walls almost covered with little distiches of Turkish verse, wrote with pencils. I made my interpreter explain them to me, and I found several of them very well turned; though I easily believed him, that they had lost much of their beauty in the translation. One was literally thus in English:

We come into this world ; we lodge, and we depart ;
He never goes that's lodged within my heart.

The rest of our journey was through fine painted meadows, by the side of the sea of Marmora, the ancient Propontis. We lay the next night at Selivrea, anciently a noble town. It is now a good sea-port, and neatly built enough, and has a bridge of thirty-two arches. Here is a famous Greek church. I had given one of my coaches to a Greek lady, who desired the conveniency of travelling with me ; she designed to pay her devotions, and I was glad of the opportunity of going with her. I found it an ill-built edifice, set out with the same sort of ornaments, but less rich, as the Roman-catholic churches. They shewed me a saint's body, where I threw a piece of money ; and a picture of the Virgin Mary, drawn by the hand of St. Luke, very little to the credit of his painting ; but, however, the finest Madona of Italy is not more famous for her miracles. The Greeks have a monstrous taste in their pictures, which, for more finery, are always drawn upon a gold ground. You may imagine what a good air this has ; but they have no notion either of shade or proportion. They have a bishop here, who officiated in his purple robe, and sent me a candle almost as big as myself for a present, when I was at my lodging.

We lay that night at a town called Bujuk Checkmedji, or Great Bridge ; and the night following at Kujuk Checkmedji, or Little Bridge ; in a very pleasant lodging, formerly a monastery of dervises, having before it a large court, encompassed with marble cloisters, with a good fountain in the middle. The prospect from this place, and the gardens round it, is the most agreeable I have seen ; and shews that monks of all religions know how to choose their retirements. 'Tis now belonging to a *hogia*, or schoolmaster, who teaches boys here. I asked him to shew me his own apartment, and was surpris'd to see him point to a

tall cypress-tree in the garden, on the top of which was a place for a bed for himself, and a little lower, one for his wife and two children, who slept there every night. I was so much diverted with the fancy, I resolved to examine his nest nearer; but after going up fifty steps, I found I had still fifty to go up, and then I must climb from branch to branch, with some hazard of my neck. I thought it therefore the best way to come down again.

We arrived the next day at Constantinople; but I can yet tell you very little of it, all my time having been taken up with receiving visits, which are, at least, a very good entertainment to the eyes, the young women being all beauties, and their beauty highly improved by the high taste of their dress. Our palace is in Pera, which is no more a suburb of Constantinople than Westminster is a suburb to London. All the ambassadors are lodged very near each other. One part of our house shews us the port, the city, and the seraglio, and the distant hills of Asia; perhaps, altogether, the most beautiful prospect in the world.

A certain French author says, Constantinople is twice as big as Paris. Mr. Wortley is unwilling to own it is bigger than London, though I confess it appears to me to be so; but I don't believe it is so populous. The burying-fields about it are certainly much larger than the whole city. It is surprising what a vast deal of land is lost this way in Turkey. Sometimes I have seen burying-places of several miles, belonging to very inconsiderable villages, which were formerly great towns, and retain no other mark of their ancient grandeur than this dismal one. On no occasion do they ever remove a stone that serves for a monument. Some of them are costly enough, being of very fine marble. They set up a pillar, with a carved turbant on the top of it, to the memory of a man; and as the turbants, by their different shapes, shew the quality or profession, 'tis in a

manner putting up the arms of the deceased ; besides, the pillar commonly bears an inscription in gold letters. The ladies have a simple pillar, without other ornament, except those that die unmarried, who have a rose on the top of their monument. The sepulchres of particular families are railed in, and planted round with trees. Those of the sultans, and some great men, have lamps constantly burning in them.

When I spoke of their religion, I forgot to mention two particularities ; one of which I have read of, but it seemed so odd to me, I could not believe it, yet 'tis certainly true : that when a man has divorced his wife in the most solemn manner, he can take her again, upon no other terms than permitting another man to pass a night with her ; and there are some examples of those who have submitted to this law, rather than not have back their beloved. The other point of doctrine is very extraordinary. Any woman that dies unmarried is looked upon to die in a state of reprobation. To confirm this belief, they reason, that the end of the creation of woman is to increase and multiply ; and that she is only properly employed in the works of her calling when she is bringing forth children, or taking care of them, which are all the virtues that God expects from her. And, indeed, their way of life, which shuts them out of all public commerce, does not permit them any other. Our vulgar notion, that they don't own women to have any souls, is a mistake. 'Tis true, they say they are not of so elevated a kind, and therefore must not hope to be admitted into the paradise appointed for the men, who are to be entertained by celestial beauties. But there is a place of happiness destined for souls of the inferior order, where all good women are to be in eternal bliss. Many of them are very superstitious, and will not remain widows ten days, for fear of dying in the reprobate state of an useless creature. But those that like their liberty, and are not slaves to their religion, content themselves with mar-

rying when they are afraid of dying. This is a piece of theology very different from that which teaches nothing to be more acceptable to God than a vow of perpetual virginity : which divinity is most rational, I leave you to determine.

I have already made some progress in a collection of Greek medals. Here are several professed antiquaries who are ready to serve any body that desires them. But you cannot imagine how they stare in my face when I enquire about them, as if nobody was permitted to seek after medals till they were grown a piece of antiquity themselves. I have got some very valuable ones of the Macedonian kings, particularly one of Perseus, so lively, I fancy I can see all his ill qualities in his face. I have a porphyry head finely cut, of the true Greek sculpture ; but who it represents, is to be guessed at by the learned when I return. For you are not to suppose these antiquaries (who are all Greeks) know any thing. Their trade is only to sell ; they have correspondents at Aleppo, Grand Cairo, in Arabia, and Palestine, who send them all they can find, and very often great heaps that are only fit to melt into pans and kettles. They get the best price they can for them, without knowing those that are valuable from those that are not. Those that pretend to skill generally find out the image of some saint in the medals of the Greek cities. One of them shewing me the figure of a Pallas, with a victory in her hand on a reverse, assured me it was the Virgin holding a crucifix. The same man offered me the head of a Socrates on a sardonyx ; and, to enhance the value, gave him the title of Saint Augustine.

I have bespoken a mummy, which I hope will come safe to my hands, notwithstanding the misfortune that befel a very fine one, designed for the king of Sweden. He gave a great price for it, and the Turks took it into their heads that he must have some considerable project depending upon it. They fancied it

the body of God knows who; and that the state of their empire mystically depended on the conversation of it. Some old prophecies were remembered upon this occasion, and the mummy was committed prisoner to the Seven Towers, where it has remained under close confinement ever since: I dare not try my interest in so considerable a point as the release of it; but I hope mine will pass without examination.

I can tell you nothing more at present of this famous city. When I have looked a little about me you shall hear from me again. I am, Sir,
Yours, &c. &c.

TO MR. POPE.

Belgrade Village, June 17, O. S. 1717.

I hope before this time you have received two or three of my letters. I had yours but yesterday, though dated the 3d of February, in which you suppose me to be dead and buried. I have already let you know that I am still alive; but, to say truth, I look upon my present circumstances to be exactly the same with those of departed spirits.

The heats of Constantinople have driven me to this place, which perfectly answers the description of the Elysian fields. I am in the middle of a wood, consisting chiefly of fruit-trees, watered by a vast number of fountains, famous for the excellency of their water, and divided into many shady walks, upon short grass, that seems to me artificial, but, I am assured, the pure work of nature; and within view of the Black Sea, from whence we perpetually enjoy the refreshment of cool breezes, that make us insensible of the heat of the summer. The village is only inhabited by the richest among the christians, who meet every night at a fountain, forty paces from my house, to sing and dance. The beauty and dress of the wo-

men exactly resemble the ideas of the ancient nymphs, as they are given us by the representations of the poets and painters. But what persuades me more fully of my decease, is the situation of my own mind, the profound ignorance I am in of what passes among the living (which only comes to me by chance), and the great calmness with which I receive it. Yet I have still a hankering after my friends and acquaintances left in the world, according to the authority of that admirable author,

That spirits departed are wondrous kind
To friends and relations left behind :
Which nobody can deny.

Of which solemn truth I am a *dead* instance. I think Virgil is of the same opinion, that in human souls there will still be some remains of human passions.

—Curæ non ipsæ in morte relinquunt.

And 'tis very necessary to make a perfect elysium, that there should be a river Lethe, which I am not so happy as to find.

To say truth, I am sometimes very weary of the singing and dancing, and sunshine, and wish for the smoke and impertinencies in which you toil, though I endeavour to persuade myself that I live in a more agreeable variety than you do; and that Monday, setting of partridges—Tuesday, reading English—Wednesday, studying in the Turkish language (in which, by the way, I am already very learned)—Thursday, classical authors—Friday, spent in writing—Saturday, at my needle—and Sunday, admitting of visits, and hearing of music, is a better way of disposing of the week, than Monday, at the drawing-room—Tuesday, Lady Mohun's—Wednesday, at the opera—Thursday, the play—Friday, Mrs. Chetwynd's, &c. a perpetual round of hearing the same scandal, and seeing the same follies acted over and over, which here affect me no more than they do

other dead people. I can now hear of displeasing things with pity, and without indignation. The reflection on the great gulph between you and me cools all news that come hither. I can neither be sensibly touched with joy nor grief, when I consider that possibly the cause of either is removed before the letter comes to my hands. But (as I said before) this indolence does not extend to my few friendships; I am still warmly sensible of yours and Mr. Congreve's, and desire to live in your remembrance, though dead to all the world beside.

I am, &c. &c.



TO THE LADY RICH.

Belgrade Village, June 17, O. S.

I heartily beg your ladyship's pardon; but I really could not forbear laughing heartily at your letter, and the commissions you are pleased to honour me with.

You desire me to buy you a Greek slave, who is to be mistress of a thousand good qualities. The Greeks are subjects, and not slaves. Those who are to be bought in that manner, are either such as are taken in war, or stolen by the Tartars from Russia, Circassia, or Georgia, and are such miserable, awkward, poor wretches, you would not think any of them worthy to be your house-maids. 'Tis true that many thousands were taken in the Morea; but they have been, most of them, redeemed by the charitable contributions of the christians, or ransomed by their own relations at Venice. The fine slaves that wait upon the great ladies, or serve the pleasures of the great men, are all bought at the age of eight or nine years old, and educated with great care, to accomplish them in singing, dancing, embroidery, &c. They are commonly Circassians, and their patron never

sells them, except it is as a punishment for some very great fault. If ever they grow weary of them, they either present them to a friend, or give them their freedom. Those that are exposed to sale at the markets are always either guilty of some crime, or so entirely worthless that they are of no use at all. I am afraid you will doubt the truth of this account, which I own is very different from our common notions in England; but it is no less truth for all that.

Your whole letter is full of mistakes from one end to the other. I see you have taken your ideas of Turkey from that worthy author Dumont, who has wrote with equal ignorance and confidence. 'Tis a particular pleasure to me here to read the voyages to the Levant, which are generally so far removed from truth, and so full of absurdities, I am very well diverted with them. They never fail giving you an account of the women, whom, 'tis certain, they never saw, and talking very wisely of the genius of the men, into whose company they are never admitted; and very often describe mosques, which they dare not even peep into. The Turks are very proud, and will not converse with a stranger they are not assured is considerable in his own country. I speak of the men of distinction; for, as to the ordinary fellows, you may imagine what ideas their conversation can give of the general genius of the people.

As to the balm of Mecca, I will certainly send you some; but it is not so easily got as you suppose it, and I cannot, in conscience, advise you to make use of it. I know not how it comes to have such universal applause. All the ladies of my acquaintance at London and Vienna have begged of me to send pots of it to them. I have had a present of a small quantity (which, I'll assure you, is very valuable) of the best sort, and with great joy applied it to my face, expecting some wonderful effect to my advantage. The next morning the change indeed was

wonderful ; my face was swelled to a very extraordinary size, and all over as red as my Lady H——'s. It remained in this lamentable state three days, during which you may be sure I passed my time very ill. I believed it would never be otherways ; and, to add to my mortification, Mr. Wortley reproached my indiscretion without ceasing. However, my face is since *in statu quo* ; nay, I am told by the ladies here, that it is much mended by the operation, which I confess I cannot perceive in my looking-glass. Indeed, if one were to form an opinion of this balm from their faces, one should think very well of it. They all make use of it, and have the loveliest bloom in the world. For my part I never intend to endure the pain of it again ; let my complexion take its natural course, and decay in its own due time. I have very little esteem for medicines of this nature ; but do as you please, madam ; only remember before you use it, that your face will not be such as you will care to shew in the drawing-room for some days after.

If one was to believe the women in this country, there is a surer way of making one's self beloved than by becoming handsome, though you know that's our method. But they pretend to the knowledge of secrets that, by way of enchantment, give them the entire empire over whom they please. For me, who am not very apt to believe in wonders, I cannot find faith for this. I disputed the point last night with a lady, who really talks very sensibly on any other subject ; but she was downright angry with me, in that she did not perceive she had persuaded me of the truth of forty stories she told me of this kind ; and at last mentioned several ridiculous marriages, that there could be no other reason assigned for. I assured her, that in England, where we were entirely ignorant of all magic, where the climate is not half so warm, nor the women half so handsome, we were not without our ridiculous marriages ; and that we

did not look upon it as any thing supernatural when a man played the fool for the sake of a woman. But my arguments could not convince her against (as she said) her certain knowledge. To this she added, that she scrupled making use of *charms* herself; but that she could do it whenever she pleased; and, staring me in the face, said (with a very learned air), that no enchantments would have their effects upon me; and that there were some people exempt from their power, but very few. You may imagine how I laughed at this discourse; but all the women are of the same opinion. They don't pretend to any commerce with the devil; but only that there are certain compositions adapted to inspire love. If one could send over a ship-load of them, I fancy it would be a very quick way of raising an estate. What would not some ladies of our acquaintance give for such merchandise?

Adieu, my dear Lady Rich, I cannot conclude my letter with a subject that affords more delightful scenes to the imagination. I leave you to figure to yourself the extreme court that will be made to me, at my return, if my travels should furnish me with such a useful piece of learning.

I am, dear madam, yours, &c. &c.

TO MRS. THISTLETHWAYTE.

Pera of Constantinople, Jan. 4, O. S. 1716-1717.

I am infinitely obliged to you, dear Mrs. Thistlethwayte, for your entertaining letter. You are the only one of my correspondents that have judged right enough, to think I would gladly be informed of the news among you. All the rest of them tell me (almost in the same words), that they suppose I know every thing. Why they are pleased to suppose in this manner I can guess no reason, except they are persuaded that the breed of Mahomet's pigeon still sub-

sists in this country, and that I receive supernatural intelligence.

I wish I could return your goodness with some diverting accounts from hence. But I know not what part of the scenes here would gratify your curiosity, or whether you have any curiosity at all for things so far distant. To say the truth, I am, at this present writing, not very much turned for the recollection of what is diverting, my head being wholly filled with the preparations necessary for the increase of my family, which I expect every day. You may easily guess at my uneasy situation. But I am, however, comforted, in some degree, by the glory that accrues to me from it, and a reflection on the contempt I should otherwise fall under. You won't know what to make of this speech; but, in this country, it is more despicable to be married and not fruitful, than it is with us to be fruitful before marriage. They have a notion, that whenever a woman leaves off bringing forth children, it is because she is too old for that business, whatever her face says to the contrary. This opinion makes the ladies here so ready to make proofs of their youth (which is as necessary, in order to be a *received beauty*, as it is to shew the proofs of nobility, to be admitted *knights of Malta*), that they do not content themselves with using the natural means, but fly to all sorts of quackeries, to avoid the scandal of being past child-bearing, and often kill themselves by them. Without any exaggeration, all the women of my acquaintance have twelve or thirteen children; and the old ones boast of having had five-and-twenty or thirty a-piece, and are respected according to the number they have produced. When they are with child, it is their common expression to say, *They hope God will be so merciful as to send them two this time*; and when I have asked them sometimes, How they expected to provide for such a flock as they desire? They answered, That the plague will certainly kill half of them; which, indeed, gene-

rally happens, without much concern to the parents, who are satisfied with the vanity of having brought forth so plentifully.

The French embassadress is forced to comply with this fashion as well as myself. She has not been here much above a year, and has lain in once, and is big again. What is most wonderful, is, the exemption they seem to enjoy from the curse entailed on the sex. They see all company on the day of their delivery; and, at the fortnight's end, return visits, set out in their jewels and new clothes. I wish I may find the influence of the climate in this particular. But I fear I shall continue an Englishwoman in that affair, as well as I do in my dread of fire and plague, which are two things very little feared here. Most families have had their houses burnt down once or twice, occasioned by their extraordinary way of warming themselves, which is neither by chimneys nor stoves, but by a certain machine called a *tendour*, the height of two feet, in the form of a table, covered with a fine carpet or embroidery. This is made only of wood, and they put into it a small quantity of hot ashes, and sit with their legs under the carpet. At this table they work, read, and very often sleep; and, if they chance to dream, kick down the *tendour*, and the hot ashes commonly set the house on fire. There were five hundred houses burnt in this manner about a fortnight ago, and I have seen several of the owners since, who seem not at all moved at so common a misfortune. They put their goods into a *bark*, and see their houses burn with great philosophy, their persons being very seldom endangered, having no stairs to descend.

But, having entertained you with things I don't like, it is but just I should tell you something that pleases me. The climate is delightful in the extremest degree. I am now sitting, this present 4th of January, with the windows open, enjoying the warm shine of the sun, while you are freezing over a sad

sea-coal fire; and my chamber is set out with carnations, roses, and jonquils, fresh from my garden. I am also charmed with many points of the Turkish law, to our shame be it spoken, better designed and better executed than ours; particularly the punishment of convicted liars (triumphant criminals in our country, God knows): they are burnt in the forehead with a hot iron, when they are proved the authors of any notorious falsehoods. How many white foreheads should we see disfigured, how many fine gentlemen would be forced to wear their wigs as low as their eye-brows, were this law in practice with us! I should go on to tell you many other parts of justice, but I must send for my midwife.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Pera of Constantinople, March 10, O. S. 1717.

I have not written to you, dear sister, these many months:—a great piece of self-denial. But I know not where to direct, or what part of the world you are in. I have received no letter from you since that short note of April last, in which you tell me, that you are on the point of leaving England, and promise me a direction for the place you stay in; but I have in vain expected it till now; and now I only learn from the gazette that you are returned, which induces me to venture this letter to your house at London. I had rather ten of my letters should be lost than you imagine I don't write; and I think it is hard fortune if one in ten don't reach you. However, I am resolved to keep the copies, as testimonies of my inclination, to give you, to the utmost of my power, all the diverting part of my travels, while you are exempt from all the fatigues and inconveniences.

In the first place, then, I wish you joy of your

niece; for I was brought to bed of a daughter* five weeks ago. I don't mention this as one of my diverting adventures; though I must own that it is not half so mortifying here as in England, there being as much difference as there is between a little cold in the head, which sometimes happens here, and the consumption cough, so common in London. Nobody keeps their house a month for lying-in; and I am not so fond of any of our customs, as to retain them when they are not necessary. I returned my visits at three weeks end; and, about four days ago, crossed the sea, which divides this place from Constantinople, to make a new one, where I had the good fortune to pick up many curiosities.

I went to see the Sultana Hafiten, favourite of the late Emperor Mustapha, who, you know (or perhaps you don't know), was deposed by his brother, the reigning sultan, and died a few weeks after, being poisoned, as it was generally believed. This lady was, immediately after his death, saluted with an absolute order to leave the seraglio, and choose herself a husband among the great men at the Porte. I suppose you may imagine her overjoyed at this proposal.—Quite the contrary.—These women, who are called, and esteem themselves, queens, look upon this liberty as the greatest disgrace and affront that can happen to them. She threw herself at the sultan's feet, and begged him to poinard her, rather than use his brother's widow with that contempt. She represented to him, in agonies of sorrow, that she was privileged from this misfortune, by having brought five princes into the Ottoman family; but all the boys being dead, and only one girl surviving, this excuse was not received, and she was compelled to make her choice. She chose Bekir Effendi, then secretary of state, and above fourscore years old, to convince the world that she firmly intended to keep the vow she

* Mary, late countess of Bute.

had made, of never suffering a second husband to approach her bed; and since she must honour some subject so far as to be called his wife, she would choose him as a mark of her gratitude, since it was he that had presented her, at the age of ten years, to her last lord. But she never permitted him to pay her one visit; though it is now fifteen years she has been in his house, where she passes her time in uninterrupted mourning, with a constancy very little known in Christendom, especially in a widow of one-and-twenty, for she is now but thirty-six. She has no black eunuchs for her guard, her husband; being obliged to respect her as a queen, and not to enquire at all into what is done in her apartment.

I was led into a large room, with a sofa the whole length of it, adorned with white marble pillars like a *ruelle*, covered with pale blue figured velvet on a silver ground, with cushions of the same, where I was desired to repose till the sultana appeared, who had contrived this manner of reception to avoid rising up at my entrance, though she made me an inclination of her head when I rose up to her. I was very glad to observe a lady that had been distinguished by the favour of an emperor, to whom beauties were, every day, presented from all parts of the world. But she did not seem to me to have ever been half so beautiful as the fair Fatima I saw at Adrianople, though she had the remains of a fine face, more decayed by sorrow than time. But her dress was something so surprisingly rich, that I cannot forbear describing it to you. She wore a vest called *donalmá*, which differs from a *cajtán* by longer sleeves, and folding over at the bottom. It was of purple cloth, strait to her shape, and thick set, on each side, down to her feet, and round the sleeves, with pearls of the best water, of the same size as their buttons commonly are. You must not suppose that I mean as large as those of my Lord ———, but about the bigness of a pea; and to these buttons large loops of diamonds, in the form of

those gold loops so common on birth-day coats. This habit was tied, at the waist, with two large tassels of smaller pearls, and round the arms embroidered with large diamonds. Her shift was fastened at the bottom with a great diamond, shaped like a lozenge; her girdle as broad as the broadest English ribband, entirely covered with diamonds. Round her neck she wore three chains, which reached to her knees: one of large pearl, at the bottom of which hung a fine coloured emerald, as big as a turkey-egg; another, consisting of two hundred emeralds, closely joined together, of the most lively green, perfectly matched, every one as large as a half-crown piece, and as thick as three crown pieces; and another of small emeralds, perfectly round. But her ear-rings eclipsed all the rest. They were two diamonds, shaped exactly like pears, as large as a big hazle-nut. Round her *kalpác* she had four strings of pearl, the whitest and most perfect in the world, at least enough to make four necklaces, every one as large as the duchess of Marlborough's, and of the same shape, fastened with two roses, consisting of a large ruby for the middle stone, and round them twenty drops of clean diamonds to each. Besides this, her head-dress was covered with bodkins of emeralds and diamonds. She wore large diamond bracelets, and had five rings on her fingers (except Mr. Pitt's), the largest I ever saw in my life. It is for jewellers to compute the value of these things; but, according to the common estimation of jewels, in our part of the world, her whole dress must be worth a hundred thousand pounds sterling. This I am sure of, that no European queen has half the quantity; and the empress's jewels, though very fine, would look very mean near hers.

She gave me a dinner of fifty dishes of meat, which (after their fashion) were placed on the table but one at a time, and was extremely tedious. But the magnificence of her table answered very well to

that of her dress. The knives were of gold, and the hafts set with diamonds. But the piece of luxury which grieved my eyes was the table-cloth and napkins, which were all tiffany, embroidered with silk and gold, in the finest manner, in natural flowers. It was with the utmost regret that I made use of these costly napkins, which were as finely wrought as the finest handkerchiefs that ever came out of this country. You may be sure that they were entirely spoiled before dinner was over. The sherbet (which is the liquor they drink at meals) was served in china bowls; but the covers and salvers massy gold. After dinner, water was brought in gold basous, and towels of the same kind with the napkins, which I very unwillingly wiped my hands upon; and coffee was served in china with gold *soucups*.*

The sultana seemed in a very good humour, and talked to me with the utmost civility. I did not omit this opportunity of learning all that I possibly could of the seraglio, which is so entirely unknown among us. She assured me that the story of the sultan's *throwing a handkerchief* is altogether fabulous; and the manner, upon that occasion, no other than this: he sends the *kyslár agá* to signify to the lady the honour he intends her. She is immediately complimented upon it by the others, and led to the bath, where she is perfumed and dressed in the most magnificent and becoming manner. The emperor precedes his visit by a royal present, and then comes into her apartment: neither is there any such thing as her creeping in at the bed's foot. She said, that the first he made choice of was always afterward the first in rank, and not the mother of the eldest son, as other writers would make us believe. Sometimes the sultan diverts himself in the company of all his ladies, who stand in a circle round him. And she confessed they were ready to die with envy and jealousy of the *happy she*

* Saucers.

that he distinguished by any appearance of preference. But this seemed to me neither better nor worse than the circles in most courts, where the glance of the monarch is watched, and every smile is waited for with impatience, and envied by those who cannot obtain it.

She never mentioned the sultan without tears in her eyes, yet she seemed very fond of the discourse. "My past happiness," said she, "appears a dream to me. Yet I cannot forget that I was beloved by the greatest and most lovely of mankind. I was chosen from all the rest to make all his campaigns with him; and I would not survive him, if I was not passionately fond of the princess my daughter. Yet all my tenderness for her was hardly enough to make me preserve my life. When I left him, I passed a whole twelvemonth without seeing the light. Time hath softened my despair; yet I now pass some days every week in tears, devoted to the memory of my sultan."

There was no affectation in these words. It was easy to see she was in a deep melancholy, though her good humour made her willing to divert me.

She asked me to walk in her garden, and one of her slaves immediately brought her a *pellice* of rich brocade lined with sables. I waited on her into the garden, which had nothing in it remarkable but the fountains; and from thence she shewed me all her apartments. In her bed-chamber her toilet was displayed, consisting of two looking-glasses, the frames covered with pearls, and her night *talpoche* set with bodkins of jewels, and near it three vests of fine sables, every one of which is, at least, worth a thousand dollars (two hundred pounds English money). I don't doubt but these rich habits were purposely placed in sight, though they seemed negligently thrown on the sofa. When I took my leave of her I was complimented with perfumes, as at the grand vizier's, and presented with a very fine embroidered handker-

chief. Her slaves were to the number of thirty, beside ten little ones, the eldest not above seven years old. These were the most beautiful girls I ever saw, all richly dressed; and I observed that the sultana took a great deal of pleasure in these lovely children, which is a vast expence; for there is not a handsome girl of that age to be bought under a hundred pounds sterling. They wore little garlands of flowers, and their own hair braided, which was all their head-dress; but their habits were all of gold stuffs. These served her coffee kneeling; brought water when she washed, &c. It is a great part of the work of the elder slaves to take care of these young girls, to learn them to embroider, and to serve them as carefully as if they were children of the family.

Now, do you imagine I have entertained you, all this while, with a relation that has, at least, received many embellishments from my hand? This, you will say, is but too like the Arabian tales: these embroidered napkins! and a jewel as large as a Turkey's egg.—You forget, dear sister, those very tales were written by an author of this country, and (excepting the enchantments) are a real representation of the manners here. We travellers are in very hard circumstances: if we say nothing but what has been said before us, *we are dull, and we have observed nothing*. If we tell any thing new, we are laughed at as *fabulous and romantic*, not allowing either for the difference of ranks, which affords difference of company, or more curiosity, or the change of customs, that happen every twenty years in every country. But the truth is, people judge of travellers exactly with the same candour, good-nature, and impartiality; they judge of their neighbours upon all occasions. For my part, if I live to return amongst you, I am so well acquainted with the morals of all my dear friends and acquaintances, that I am resolved to tell them nothing at all, to avoid the imputation (which their charity would certainly incline them to) of my

telling too much. But I depend upon your knowing me enough to believe whatever I seriously assert for truth, though I give you leave to be surprised at an account so new to you.

But what would you say if I told you that I have been in a harém, where the winter apartment was wainscoted with inlaid work of mother-of-pearl, ivory of different colours, and olive wood, exactly like the little boxes you have seen brought out of this country; and in whose rooms designed for summer, the walls are all crusted with japan china, the roofs gilt, and the floors spread with the finest Persian carpets? Yet there is nothing more true; such is the palace of my lovely friend, the fair Fatima, whom I was acquainted with at Adrianople. I went to visit her yesterday; and, if possible, she appeared to me handsomer than before. She met me at the door of her chamber, and, giving me her hand with the best grace in the world:—"You christian ladies," said she, with a smile that made her as beautiful as an angel, "have the reputation of inconstancy, and I did not expect, whatever goodness you expressed for me at Adrianople, that I should ever see you again. But I am now convinced that I have really the happiness of pleasing you; and if you knew how I speak of you amongst our ladies, you would be assured that you do me justice in making me your friend." She placed me in the corner of the sofa, and I spent the afternoon in her conversation, with the greatest pleasure in the world.

The Sultana Hafitén is what one would naturally expect to find a Turkish lady, willing to oblige, but not knowing how to go about it; and it is easy to see in her manner that she has lived excluded from the world. But Fatima has all the politeness and good-breeding of a court, with an air that inspires, at once, respect and tenderness; and now that I understand her language, I find her wit as agreeable as her beauty. She is very curious after the manners of

other countries, and has not the partiality for her own, so common in little minds. A Greek that I carried with me, who had never seen her before (nor could have been admitted now, if she had not been in my train), shewed that surprise at her beauty and manners which is unavoidable at the first sight, and said to me in Italian, "This is no Turkish lady, she is certainly some christian." Fatima guessed she spoke of her, and asked what she said. I would not have told her, thinking she would have been no better pleased with the compliment than one of our court beauties to be told she had the air of a Turk: but the Greek lady told it to her, and she smiled, saying, "It is not the first time I have heard so: my mother was a Poloneze, taken at the siege of Caminiec; and my father used to rally me, saying, he believed his christian wife had found some gallant; for that I had not the air of a Turkish girl." I assured her, that if all the Turkish ladies were like her, it was absolutely necessary to confine them from public view, for the repose of mankind; and proceeded to tell her what a noise such a face as hers would make in London or Paris. "I can't believe you," replied she agreeably, "if beauty was so much valued in your country, as you say, they would never have suffered you to leave it." Perhaps, dear sister, you laugh at my vanity in repeating this compliment; but I only do it as I think it very well turned, and give it you as an instance of the spirit of her conversation.

Her house was magnificently furnished, and very well fancied; her winter rooms being furnished with figured velvet, on gold grounds, and those for summer with fine Indian quilting, embroidered with gold. The houses of the great Turkish ladies are kept clean with as much nicety as those in Holland. This was situated in a high part of the town; and from the window of her summer apartment we had the prospect of the sea, the islands, and the Asian mountains.

My letter is insensibly grown so long, I am ashamed

of it. This is a very bad symptom. 'Tis well if I don't degenerate into a downright story-teller. It may be our proverb, that *knowledge is no burthen*, may be true as to one's self, but knowing too much is very apt to make us troublesome to other people.

I am, &c. &c.

TO THE LADY RICH.

Pera, March 16, O. S. 1717.

I am extremely pleased, my dear lady, that you have at length found a commission for me that I can answer without disappointing your expectations; though I must tell you that it is not so easy as perhaps you think it; and that if my curiosity had not been more diligent than any other stranger's has ever yet been, I must have answered you with an excuse, as I was forced to do when you desired me to buy you a Greek slave. I have got for you, as you desire, a Turkish love-letter, which I have put into a little box, and ordered the captain of the Smyrniote to deliver it to you with this letter. The translation of it is literally as follows: the first piece you should pull out of the purse is a little pearl, which is in Turkish called *ingi*, and must be understood in this manner:

Ingi,	Sensin guzelerin ingi
Pearl,	<i>Fairest of the young.</i>
Caremfil,	Caremfilsen cararen yók
Clove,	Conge gulsum timarin yók
	Benseny chok than severim
	Senin benden, haberin yók.
	<i>You are as slender as the clove!</i>
	<i>You are an unblown rose!</i>

I have long loved you, and you have not known it!

Pul,	Derdime derman bul
Jonquil,	<i>Have pity on my passion!</i>

Kihat, <i>Paper,</i>	Birlerum sahat sahat <i>I faint every hour!</i>
Ermus, <i>Pear,</i>	Ver bixe bir umut <i>Give me some hops.</i>
Jabun, <i>Soap,</i>	Derdinden oldum zabun <i>I am sick with love.</i>
Chemur, <i>Coal,</i>	Ben oliyim size umur <i>May I die, and all my years be yours!</i>
Gul, <i>A rose,</i>	Ben aglarum sen gul <i>May you be pleased, and your sorrows mine!</i>
Hasir, <i>A straw,</i>	Oliim sana yazir <i>Suffer me to be your slave.</i>
Jo ho, <i>Cloth,</i>	Ustune bulunmaz pahu <i>Your price is not to be found.</i>
Tartsin, <i>Cinnamon,</i>	Sen ghel ben chekeim senin hartsin <i>But my fortune is yours.</i>
Giro, <i>A match,</i>	Esking-ilen oldum ghira <i>I burn, I burn! my flame consumes me!</i>
Sirma, <i>Goldthread,</i>	Uzunu benden a yirma <i>Don't turn away your face from me.</i>
Satch, <i>Hair,</i>	Bazmazum tatch <i>Crown of my head!</i>
Uzum, <i>Grape,</i>	Benim iki guzum <i>My two eyes!</i>
Til, <i>Gold wire,</i>	Ulugorum tez ghel <i>I die—come quickly.</i>

And by way of postscript :

Beber, <i>Pepper.</i>	Bize bir dogm haber <i>Send me an answer.</i>
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You see this letter is all in verse, and I can assure you there is as much fancy shewn in the choice of them, as in the most studied expressions of our letters; there being, I believe, a million of verses designed for this use. There is no colour, no flower, no weed, no fruit, herb, pebble, or feather, that has not a verse belonging to it; and you may quarrel, reproach, or send letters of passion, friendship, or ci-

vility, or even of news, without ever inking your fingers.

I fancy you are now wondering at my profound learning; but, alas! dear madam, I am almost fallen into the misfortune so common to the ambitious; while they are employed on distant insignificant conquests abroad, a rebellion starts up at home;—I am in great danger of losing my English. I find 'tis not half so easy to me to write in it as it was a twelve-month ago. I am forced to study for expressions, and must leave off all other languages, and try to learn my mother tongue. Human understanding is as much limited as human power or human strength. The memory can retain but a certain number of images; and 'tis as impossible for one human creature to be perfect master of ten different languages, as to have in perfect subjection ten different kingdoms, or to fight against ten men at a time: I am afraid I shall at last know none as I should do. I live in a place that very well represents the tower of Babel: in Pera they speak Turkish, Greek, Hebrew, Armenian, Arabic, Persian, Russian, Slavonian, Walachian, German, Dutch, French, English, Italian, Hungarian; and, what is worse, there are ten of these languages spoken in my own family. My grooms are Arabs; my footmen, French, English, and Germans; my nurse an Armenian; my housemaids Russians; half a dozen other servants Greeks; my steward an Italian; my janisaries Turks: so that I live in the perpetual hearing of this medley of sounds, which produces a very extraordinary effect upon the people that are born here; for they learn all these languages at the same time, and without knowing any of them well enough to write or read in it. There are very few men, women, or even children, here, that have not the same compass of words in five or six of them. I know myself several infants of three or four years old that speak Italian, French, Greek, Turkish, and Russian, which last

they learn of their nurses, who are generally of that country. This seems almost incredible to you, and is, in my mind, one of the most curious things in this country, and takes off very much from the merit of our ladies who set up for such extraordinary geniuses, upon the credit of some superficial knowledge of French and Italian.

As I prefer English to all the rest, I am extremely mortified at the daily decay of it in my head, where, I'll assure you (with grief of heart), it is reduced to such a small number of words, I cannot recollect any tolerable phrase to conclude my letter with, and am forced to tell your ladyship very bluntly, that I am,

Yours, &c. &c.

—◆—

TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.

At length I have heard from my dear Lady Bristol for the first time. I am persuaded you have had the goodness to write before, but I have had the ill fortune to lose your letters. Since my last I have staid quietly at Constantinople, a city that I ought in conscience to give your ladyship a right notion of, since I know you can have none but what is partial and mistaken from the writings of travellers. 'Tis certain there are many people that pass years here in Pera, without having ever seen it, and yet they all pretend to describe it.

Pera, Tophana, and Galata, wholly inhabited by Franti* Christians (and which together make the appearance of a very fine town), are divided from it by the sea, which is not above half so broad as the broadest part of the Thames; but the christian men are loth to hazard the adventures they sometimes meet

* A term indiscriminately applied to all European settlers in the Turkish dominions.

with amongst the *levents*, or seamen (worse monsters than our watermen), and the women must cover their faces to go there, which they have a perfect aversion to do. 'Tis true they wear veils in Pera, but they are such as only serve to shew their beauty to more advantage, and would not be permitted in Constantinople. These reasons deter almost every creature from seeing it; and the French embassadress will return to France (I believe) without ever having been there.

You'll wonder, madam, to hear me add, that I have been there very often. The *asmack*, or Turkish veil, is become not only very easy but agreeable to me; and, if it was not, I would be content to endure some inconveniency to gratify a passion that is become so powerful with me, as curiosity. And, indeed, the pleasure of going in a barge to Chelsea is not comparable to that of rowing upon the canal of the sea here, where, for twenty miles together down the Bosphorus, the most beautiful variety of prospects present themselves. The Asian side is covered with fruit-trees, villages, and the most delightful landscapes in nature; on the European stands Constantinople, situated on seven hills. The unequal heights make it seem as large again as it is (though one of the largest cities in the world), shewing an agreeable mixture of gardens, pine and cypress-trees, palaces, mosques, and public buildings, raised one above another, with as much beauty and appearance of symmetry as your ladyship ever saw in a cabinet, adorned by the most skilful hands, where jars shew themselves above jars, mixed with canisters, babies, and candlesticks. This is a very odd comparison; but it gives me an exact idea of the thing.

I have taken care to see as much of the seraglio as is to be seen.* It is on a point of land running

* It is evident that Lady M. W. M. did not mean to assert that she had seen the interior of the seraglio at Constantinople. She had certainly seen that at Adrianople—in which circumstance the error has originated.

into the sea ; a palace of prodigious extent, but very irregular. The gardens take in a large compass of ground, full of high cypress-trees, which is all I know of them. The buildings are all of white stone, leaded on the top, with gilded turrets and spires, which look very magnificent ; and, indeed, I believe there is no christian king's palace half so large. There are six large courts in it, all built round, and set with trees, having galleries of stone ; one of these for the guard, another for the slaves, another for the officers of the kitchen, another for the stables, the fifth for the divan, and the sixth for the apartment destined for audiences. On the ladies' side there are at least as many more, with distinct courts belonging to their eunuchs and attendants, their kitchens, &c.

The next remarkable structure is that of St. Sophia, which is very difficult to see. I was forced to send three times to the *caimaikam* (the governor of the town), and he assembled the chief *effendis*, or heads of the law, and enquired of the *mufti* whether it was lawful to permit it. They passed some days in this important debate ; but I insisting on my request, permission was granted. I can't be informed why the Turks are more delicate on the subject of this mosque than on any of the others, where what christian pleases may enter without scruple. I fancy they imagine that, having been once consecrated, people, on pretence of curiosity, might profane it with prayers, particularly to those saints who are still very visible in Mosaic work, and no other way defaced but by the decays of time ; for it is absolutely false, though so universally asserted, that the Turks defaced all the images that they found in the city. The dome of St. Sophia is said to be one hundred and thirteen feet diameter, built upon arches, sustained by vast pillars of marble, the pavement and staircase marble. There are two rows of galleries, supported with pillars of party-coloured marble, and the whole roof Mosaic work, part of which decays very fast, and drops

down. They presented me a handful of it; its composition seems to me a sort of glass, or that paste with which they make counterfeit jewels. They shew here the tomb of the emperor Constantine, for which they have a great veneration.

This is a dull imperfect description of this celebrated building; but I understand architecture so little, that I am afraid of talking nonsense in endeavouring to speak of it particularly. Perhaps I am in the wrong, but some Turkish mosques please me better. That of Sultan Solyman is an exact square, with four fine towers in the angles; in the midst is a noble cupola, supported with beautiful marble pillars; two lesser at the ends, supported in the same manner; the pavement and gallery round the mosque of marble; under the great cupola is a fountain, adorned with such fine coloured pillars, that I can hardly think them natural marble; on one side is the pulpit, of white marble; and on the other the little gallery for the grand signior. A fine staircase leads to it, and it is built up with gilded lattices. At the upper end is a sort of altar, where the name of God is written; and before it stand two candlesticks as high as a man, with wax candles as thick as three flambeaux. The pavement is spread with fine carpets, and the mosque illuminated with a vast number of lamps. The court leading to it is very spacious, with galleries of marble, of green columns, covered with twenty-eight leaded cupolas on two sides, and a fine fountain of basins in the midst of it.

This description may serve for all the mosques in Constantinople. The model is exactly the same, and they only differ in largeness and richness of materials. That of the Validé-Sultàn is the largest of all, built entirely of marble, the most prodigious, and, I think, the most beautiful structure I ever saw, be it spoken to the honour of our sex, for it was founded by the mother of Mahomet IV. Between friends, St. Paul's church would make a pitiful figure near it, as any of

our squares would do near the *atlerdan*,* or place of horses (*at* signifying a horse in Turkish). This was the *hippodrome* in the reign of the Greek emperors. In the midst of it is a brazen column, of three serpents twisted together, with their mouths gaping. 'Tis impossible to learn why so odd a pillar was erected; the Greeks can tell nothing but fabulous legends when they are asked the meaning of it, and there is no sign of its having ever had any inscription. At the upper end is an obelisk of porphyry, probably brought from Egypt, the hieroglyphics all very entire, which I look upon as mere ancient puns. It is placed on four little brazen pillars, upon a pedestal of square free-stone, full of figures in bas-relief on two sides; one square representing a battle, another an assembly. The others have inscriptions in Greek and Latin; the last I took in my pocket-book, and it is as follows:

DIFFICILIS QUONDAM, DOMINIS PARERE SERENIS
JUSSUS, ET EXTINGTIS PALMAM PORTARE TYRANNIS
OMNIA THEOBOSIO CEDUNT, SOBOLIQUE PERENNI.†

Your lord will interpret these lines. Don't fancy they are a love-letter to him.

All the figures have their heads on; and I cannot forbear reflecting again on the impudence of authors, who all say they have not; but I dare swear the greatest part of them never saw them, but took the report from the Greeks, who resist, with incredible fortitude, the conviction of their own eyes, whenever they have invented lies to the dishonour of their enemies. Were you to believe them, there is nothing

* More commonly called "Atméydan."

† Two more lines were probably concealed at that time. This inscription concludes

" TERDENIS SIC VICTUS EGO DOMITUSQUE DIEBUS

" JUDICE SUB PROCLO SUPERAS ELATUS AD AURAS,"

which is a translation from another in Greek, on the opposite square of the base.

worth seeing in Constantinople but Sancta Sophia, though there are several large, and, in my opinion, more beautiful mosques in that city. That of Sultan Achmet has this particularity, that its gates are of brass. In all these mosques there are little chapels, where are the tombs of the founders and their families, with wax candles burning before them.

The Exchanges are all noble buildings, full of fine alleys, the greatest part supported with pillars, and kept wonderfully neat. Every trade has its distinct alley, where the merchandise is disposed in the same order as in the New Exchange at London. The *besistén*, or jewellers' quarter, shews so much riches, such a vast quantity of diamonds, and all kinds of precious stones, that they dazzle the sight. The embroiderers' is also very glittering, and people walk here as much for diversion as business. The markets are most of them handsome squares, and admirably well provided, perhaps better than in any other part of the world.

I know you'll expect I should say something particular of the slaves; and you will imagine me half a Turk when I don't speak of it with the same horror other christians have done before me. But I cannot forbear applauding the humanity of the Turks to these creatures; they are never ill used, and their slavery is, in my opinion, no worse than servitude all over the world. 'Tis true they have no wages; but they give them yearly clothes to a higher value than our salaries to our ordinary servants. But you'll object, that men buy women *with an eye to evil*. In my opinion they are bought and sold as publicly and as infamously in all our christian great cities.

I must add to the description of Constantinople, that the *historical pillar* is no more.* It dropped

* The Arcadian column, built in 404, after the model of those of Trajan and Antoninus at Rome. The shaft of it was entirely taken down in 1695, having become ruinous by earthquakes and fire.

down about two years before I came to this part of the world. I have seen no other footsteps of antiquity except the aqueducts, which are so vast, that I am apt to believe they are yet more ancient than the Greek empire. The Turks, indeed, have clapped in some stones with Turkish inscriptions, to give their natives the honour of so great a work; but the deceit is easily discovered.

The other public buildings are the hánnns and monasteries; the first are very large and numerous; the second few in number, and not at all magnificent. I had the curiosity to visit one of them, and to observe the devotions of the dervises, which are as whimsical as any at Rome. These fellows have permission to marry, but are confined to an odd habit, which is only a piece of coarse white cloth wrapped about them, with their legs and arms naked. Their order has few other rules, except that of performing their fantastic rites every Tuesday and Friday, which is done in this manner: they meet together in a large hall, where they all stand with their eyes fixed on the ground, and their arms across, while the *imaum*, or preacher, reads part of the Alcoran from a pulpit placed in the midst; and when he has done, eight or ten of them make a melancholy concert with their pipes, which are no unmusical instruments. Then he reads again, and makes a short exposition on what he has read; after which they sing and play 'till their superior (the only one of them dressed in green) rises, and begins a sort of solemn dance. They all stand about him in a regular figure; and while some play, the others tie their robe (which is very wide) fast round their waist, and begin to turn round with an amazing swiftness, and yet with great regard to the music, moving slower or faster as the tune is played. This lasts above an hour, without any of them shewing the least appearance of giddiness, which is not to be wondered at, when it is considered they are all used to it from their infancy; most of them being devoted to this way of

life from their birth. There turned amongst them some little dervises, of six or seven years old, who seemed no more disordered by that exercise than the others. At the end of the ceremony they shout out, "There is no other god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet;" after which they kiss the superior's hand, and retire. The whole is performed with the most solemn gravity. Nothing can be more austere than the form of these people; they never raise their eyes, and seem devoted to contemplation. And as ridiculous as this is in description, there is something touching in the air of submission and mortification they assume.

This letter is of a horrible length; but you may burn it when you have read enough, &c. &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.

I am now preparing to leave Constantinople, and perhaps you will accuse me of hypocrisy when I tell you 'tis with regret; but as I am used to the air, and have learnt the language, I am easy here; and as much as I love travelling, I tremble at the inconveniences attending so great a journey with a numerous family, and a little infant hanging at the breast. However, I endeavour upon this occasion to do as I have hitherto done in all the odd turns of my life; turn them, if I can, to my diversion. In order to this, I ramble every day, wrapped up in my *serigée* and *asmáck*, about Constantinople, and amuse myself with seeing all that is curious in it.

I know you will expect that this declaration should be followed with some account of what I have seen. But I am in no humour to copy what has been written so often over. To what purpose should I tell you that Constantinople is the ancient Byzantium? that 'tis at present the conquest of a race of people, sup-

posed Scythians? that there are five or six thousand mosques in it? that Sancta Sophia was founded by Justinian? &c. I'll assure you 'tis not for want of learning that I forbear writing all these bright things. I could also, with very little trouble, turn over Knolles and Sir Paul Rycaut, to give you a list of Turkish emperors; but I will not tell you what you may find in every author that has writ of this country. I am more inclined, out of a true female spirit of contradiction, to tell you the falsehood of a great part of what you find in authors; as, for instance, in the admirable Mr. Hill,* who so gravely asserts, that he saw in Sancta Sophia a sweating pillar, very balsamic for disordered heads. There is not the least tradition of any such matter; and I suppose it was revealed to him in vision during his wonderful stay in the Egyptian catacombs; for I am sure he never heard of any such miracle here.

'Tis also very pleasant to observe how tenderly he and all his brethren voyage-writers lament the miserable confinement of the Turkish ladies, who are perhaps more free than any ladies in the universe, and are the only women in the world that lead a life of uninterrupted pleasure exempt from cares; their whole time being spent in visiting, bathing, or the agreeable amusement of spending money, and inventing new fashions. A husband would be thought mad that exacted any degree of economy from his wife, whose expences are no way limited but by her own fancy. 'Tis his business to get money, and hers to spend it: and this noble prerogative extends itself to the very meanest of the sex. Here is a fellow that

* Aaron Hill travelled to Constantinople at the age of fifteen, and was received with kindness by his relative Lord Paget, at that time our ambassador to the Porte. He returned to England in 1703 in the suite, and soon after published his "Account of Turkey," in folio, a very crude and juvenile performance. He lived, however, to write *Zara* and *Merope*, tragedies; which still keep their place on the English stage.

carries embroidered handkerchiefs upon his back to sell. And, as miserable a figure as you may suppose such a mean dealer, yet I'll assure you his wife scorns to wear any thing less than cloth of gold; has her ermine furs, and a very handsome set of jewels for her head. 'Tis true they have no places but the bagnios, and these can only be seen by their own sex; however, that is a diversion they take great pleasure in.

I was three days ago at one of the finest in the town, and had the opportunity of seeing a Turkish bride received there, and all the ceremony used on that occasion, which made me recollect the epithalamium of Helen, by Theocritus; and it seems to me that the same customs have continued ever since. All the she-friends, relations, and acquaintance of the two families, newly allied, meet at the bagnio; several others go out of curiosity, and I believe there were that day two hundred women. Those that were or had been married placed themselves round the rooms on the marble sofas: but the virgins very hastily threw off their clothes, and appeared without other ornament or covering than their own long hair braided with pearl or ribbon. Two of them met the bride at the door, conducted by her mother and another grave relation. She was a beautiful maid of about seventeen, very richly dressed, and shining with jewels, but was presently reduced to the state of nature. Two others filled silver gilt pots with perfume, and began the procession, the rest following in pairs, to the number of thirty. The leaders sung an epithalamium, answered by the others in chorus, and the two last led the fair bride, her eyes fixed on the ground, with a charming affectation of modesty. In this order they marched round the three largest rooms of the bagnio. 'Tis not easy to represent to you the beauty of this sight, most of them being well-proportioned and white skinned; all of them perfectly smooth and polished by the frequent use of bathing. After

having made their tour, the bride was again led to every matron round the rooms, who saluted her with a compliment and a present, some of jewels, others of pieces of stuff, handkerchiefs, or little gallantries of that nature, which she thanked them for, by kissing their hands.

I was very well pleased with having seen this ceremony; and, you may believe me, the Turkish ladies have at least as much wit and civility, nay liberty, as among us. 'Tis true the same customs that give them so many opportunities of gratifying their evil inclinations (if they have any), also put it very fully in the power of their husbands to revenge themselves if they are discovered; and I do not doubt but they suffer sometimes for their indiscretions in a very severe manner. About two months ago there was found, at day break, not very far from my house, the bleeding body of a young woman, naked, only wrapped in a coarse sheet, with two wounds of a knife, one in her side, and another in her breast. She was not quite cold, and was so surprisingly beautiful, that there were very few men in Pera that did not go to look upon her; but it was not possible for any body to know her, no woman's face being known. She was supposed to have been brought in the dead of the night from the Constantinople side, and laid there. Very little enquiry was made about the murderer, and the corpse was privately buried without noise. Murder is never pursued by the king's officers as with us. 'Tis the business of the next relations to revenge the dead person; and if they like better to compound the matter for money (as they generally do), there is no more said of it. One would imagine this defect in their government should make such tragedies very frequent, yet they are extremely rare, which is enough to prove the people are not naturally cruel. Neither do I think in many other particulars they deserve the barbarous character we give them. I am well acquainted with a christian woman of quality who made

it her choice to live with a Turkish husband, and is a very agreeable sensible lady. Her story is so extraordinary I cannot forbear relating it; but I promise you it shall be in as few words as I can possibly express it.

She is a Spaniard, and was at Naples with her family when that kingdom was part of the Spanish dominion. Coming from thence in a felucca, accompanied by her brother, they were attacked by the Turkish admiral, boarded, and taken.—And now, how shall I modestly tell you the rest of her adventure? The same accident happened to her that happened to the fair Lucretia so many years before her. But she was too good a christian to kill herself, as that heathenish Roman did. The admiral was so much charmed with the beauty and long-suffering of the fair captive, that, as his first compliment, he gave immediate liberty to her brother and attendants, who made haste to Spain, and in a few months sent the sum of four thousand pounds sterling as a ransom for his sister. The Turk took the money, which he presented to her, and told her she was at liberty. But the lady very discreetly weighed the different treatment she was likely to find in her native country. Her relations (as the kindest thing they could do for her in her present circumstances) would certainly confine her to a nunnery for the rest of her days. Her infidel lover was very handsome, very tender, very fond of her, and lavished at her feet all the Turkish magnificence. She answered him very resolutely, that her liberty was not so precious to her as her honour; that he could no way restore that but by marrying her; and she therefore desired him to accept the ransom as her portion, and give her the satisfaction of knowing that no man could boast of her favours without being her husband. The admiral was transported at this kind offer, and sent back the money to her relations, saying, he was too happy in her possession. He married her, and never took any

other wife, and (as she says herself) she never had reason to repent the choice she made. He left her some years after one of the richest widows in Constantinople. But there is no remaining honourably a single woman, and that consideration has obliged her to marry the present captain pashá (*i. e.* admiral), his successor.—I am afraid that you will think my friend fell in love with her ravisher; but I am willing to take her word for it, that she acted wholly on principles of honour, though I think she might be reasonably touched at his generosity, which is often found among the Turks of rank.

'Tis a degree of generosity to tell the truth, and 'tis very rare that any Turk will assert a solemn falsehood. I don't speak of the lowest sort; for as there is a great deal of ignorance, there is very little virtue amongst them; and false witnesses are much cheaper than in Christendom, those wretches not being punished (even when they are publicly detected) with the rigour they ought to be.

Now I am speaking of their law, I don't know whether I have ever mentioned to you one custom peculiar to their country, I mean *adoption*, very common amongst the Turks, and yet more amongst the Greeks and Armenians. Not having it in their power to give their estates to a friend or distant relation, to avoid its falling into the grand signior's treasury, when they are not likely to have any children of their own, they choose some pretty child of either sex among the meanest people, and carry the child and its parents before the *cadi*, and there declare they receive it for their heir. The parents at the same time renounce all future claim to it; a writing is drawn and witnessed, and a child thus adopted cannot be disinherited. Yet I have seen some common beggars that have refused to part with their children in this manner to some of the richest among the Greeks (so powerful is the instinctive affection that is natural to parents), though the adopting fathers

are generally very tender to these *children of their souls*, as they call them. I own this custom pleases me much better than our absurd one of following our name. Methinks 'tis much more reasonable to make happy and rich an infant whom I educate after my own manner, *brought up* (in the Turkish phrase) *upon my knees*, and who has learned to look upon me with a filial respect, than to give an estate to a creature, without other merit or relation to me than that of a few letters. Yet this is an absurdity we see frequently practised.

Now I have mentioned the Armenians, perhaps it will be agreeable to tell you something of that nation, with which I am sure you are utterly unacquainted. I will not trouble you with the geographical account of the situation of their country, which you may see in the maps, or a relation of their ancient greatness, which you may read in the Roman history. They are now subject to the Turks; and, being very industrious in trade, and increasing and multiplying, are dispersed in great numbers through all the Turkish dominions. They were, as they say, converted to the christian religion by St. Gregory, and are perhaps the devoutest christians in the whole world. The chief precepts of their priests enjoin the strict keeping of their lents, which are at least seven months in every year, and are not to be dispensed with on the most emergent necessity; no occasion whatever can excuse them, if they touch any thing more than mere herbs or roots (without oil) and plain dry bread. That is their constant diet. Mr. Wortley has one of his interpreters of this nation; and the poor fellow was brought so low by the severity of his fasts, that his life was despaired of. Yet neither his master's commands, nor the doctor's entreaties (who declared nothing else could save his life), were powerful enough to prevail with him to take two or three spoonfuls of broth. Excepting this, which

may rather be called a custom than an article of faith, I see very little in their religion different from ours. 'Tis true they seem to incline very much to Mr. Whiston's doctrine; neither do I think the Greek church very distant from it, since 'tis certain the Holy Spirit's proceeding *only* from the Father, is making a plain subordination in the Son. But the Armenians have no notion of transubstantiation, whatever account Sir Paul Rycaut gives of them (which account I am apt to believe was designed to compliment our court in 1679); and they have a great horror for those amongst them that change to the Roman religion.

What is most extraordinary in their customs is their matrimony; a ceremony I believe unparallel'd all over the world. They are always promised very young, but the espoused never see one another till three days after their marriage. The bride is carried to church with a cap on her head, in the fashion of a large trencher, and over it a red silken veil which covers her all over to her feet. The priest asks the bridegroom, Whether he is contented to marry that woman, *be she deaf, be she blind?* These are the literal words: to which having answered *yes*, she is led home to his house, accompanied with all the friends and relations on both sides, singing and dancing, and is placed on a cushion in the corner of the sofa; but her veil is never lifted up, not even by her husband. There is something so odd and monstrous in these ways, that I could not believe them till I had enquired of several Armenians myself, who all assured me of the truth of them, particularly one young fellow, who wept when he spoke of it, being promised by his mother to a girl that he must marry in this manner, though he protested to me he had rather die than submit to this slavery, having already figured his bride to himself with all the deformities of nature.

I fancy I see you bless yourself at this terrible relation. I cannot conclude my letter with a more surprising story; yet 'tis as seriously true, as that I am,
Dear sister, yours, &c. &c.

TO THE ABBE ———.

Constantinople, May 19, O. S. 1718.

I am extremely pleased with hearing from you, and my vanity (the darling frailty of mankind) not a little flattered by the uncommon questions you ask me, though I am utterly incapable of answering them. And, indeed, were I as good a mathematician as Euclid himself, it requires an age's stay to make just observations on the air and vapours. I have not been yet a full year here, and am on the point of removing. Such is my rambling destiny. This will surprise you, and can surprise nobody so much as myself.

Perhaps you will accuse me of laziness, or dullness, or both together, that can leave this place without giving you some account of the Turkish court. I can only tell you, that if you please to read sir Paul Rycaut, you will there find a full and true account of the viziers, the *begler-beys*, the civil and spiritual government, the officers of the seraglio, &c., things that 'tis very easy to procure lists of, and therefore may be depended on; though other stories, God knows——I say no more——every body is at liberty to write their own remarks; the manners of people may change, or some of them escape the observation of travellers, but 'tis not the same of the government; and, for that reason, since I can tell you nothing new, I will tell you nothing of it.

In the same silence shall be passed over the arsenal and seven towers; and for mosques, I have already described one of the noblest to you very particularly. But I cannot forbear taking notice to you of a mis-

take of Gemelli (though I honour him in a much higher degree than any other voyage writer), he says that there are no remains of Calcedon; this is certainly a mistake; I was there yesterday, and went cross the canal in my galley, the sea being very narrow between that city and Constantinople. 'Tis still a large town, and has several mosques in it. The christians still call it Calcedonia, and the Turks give it a name I forgot, but which is only a corruption of the same word.* I suppose this is an error of his guide, which his short stay hindered him from rectifying; for I have, in other matters, a very just esteem for his veracity. Nothing can be pleasanter than the canal; and the Turks are so well acquainted with its beauties, that all their pleasure-seats are built on its banks, where they have, at the same time, the most beautiful prospects in Europe and Asia; there are near one another some hundreds of magnificent palaces.

Human grandeur being here yet more unstable than any-where else, 'tis common for the heirs of a great three-tailed pasha not to be rich enough to keep in repair the house he built; thus, in a few years, they all fall to ruin. I was yesterday to see that of the late grand vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin. It was built to receive his royal bride, daughter of the present sultan, but he did not live to see her there. I have a great mind to describe it to you; but I check that inclination, knowing very well that I cannot give you, with my best description, such an idea of it as I ought. It is situated on one of the most delightful parts of the canal, with a fine wood on the side of a hill behind it. The extent of it is prodigious; the guardian assured me, there are eight hundred rooms in it; I will not, however, answer for that number, since I did not count them; but 'tis certain the number is very large, and the whole adorned

* Cadykuy, the town of judges, from the great Christian council held there.

with a profusion of marble, gilding, and the most exquisite painting of fruit and flowers. The windows are all sashed with the finest crystalline glass brought from England; and here is all the expensive magnificence that you can suppose in a palace founded by a vain luxurious young man, with the wealth of a vast empire at his command. But no part of it pleased me better than the apartments designed for the bagnios. There are two built exactly in the same manner, answering to one another; the baths, fountains, and pavements, all of white marble, the roofs gilt, and the walls covered with Japan china. Adjoining to them are two rooms, the uppermost of which is divided into a sofa, and in the four corners are falls of water from the very roof, from shell to shell, of white marble, to the lower end of the room, where it falls into a large basin, surrounded with pipes, that throw up the water as high as the roof. The walls are in the nature of lattices; and on the outside of them, there are vines and woodbines planted, that form a sort of green tapestry, and give an agreeable obscurity to those delightful chambers.

I should go on and let you into some of the other apartments (all worthy your curiosity): but 'tis yet harder to describe a Turkish palace than any other, being built entirely irregular. There is nothing that can be properly called front or wings; and, though such a confusion is, I think, pleasing to the sight, yet it would be very unintelligible in a letter. I shall only add, that the chamber destined for the sultan, when he visits his daughter, is wainscoted with mother-of-pearl fastened with emeralds like nails. There are others of mother-of-pearl and olive wood inlaid, and several of Japan china. The galleries, which are numerous and very large, are adorned with jars of flowers, and porcelian dishes of fruit of all sorts, so well done in plaister, and coloured in so lively a manner, that it has an enchanting effect. The garden is suit-

able to the house, where arbours, fountains, and walks, are thrown together in an agreeable confusion. There is no ornament wanting, except that of statues. Thus you see, sir, these people are not so unpolished as we represent them. 'Tis true their magnificence is of a very different taste from ours, and perhaps of a better. I am almost of opinion they have a right notion of life. They consume it in music, gardens, wine, and delicate eating, while we are tormenting our brains with some scheme of politics, or studying some science to which we can never attain, or, if we do, cannot persuade other people to set that value upon it we do ourselves. 'Tis certain what we feel and see is properly (if any thing is properly) our own; but the good of fame, the folly of praise, are hardly purchased, and, when obtained, a poor recompence for loss of time and health. We die or grow old before we can reap the fruits of our labours. Considering what short-lived weak animals men are, is there any study so beneficial as the study of present pleasure? I dare not pursue this theme; perhaps I have already said too much, but I depend upon the true knowledge you have of my heart. I don't expect from you the insipid railleries I should suffer from another in answer to this letter. You know how to divide the idea of pleasure from that of vice, and they are only mingled in the heads of fools———But I allow you to laugh at me for the sensual declaration in saying, that I had rather be a rich *effendi*, with all his ignorance, than Sir Isaac Newton with all his knowledge.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

TO THE ABBE ———.

Tunis, July 31, O. S. 1718.

I left Constantinople the sixth of the last month, and this is the first post from whence I could send a letter, though I have often wished for the opportunity, that I might impart some of the pleasure I found in this voyage through the most agreeable part of the world, where every scene presents me some poetical idea.

Warm'd with poetic transport I survey
Th' immortal islands, and the well-known sea.
For here so oft the muse her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung.

I beg your pardon for this sally, and will, if I can, continue the rest of my account in plain prose. The second day after we set sail, we passed Gallipolis, a fair city, situated in the bay of Chersonesus, and much respected by the Turks, being the first town they took in Europe. At five the next morning we anchored in the Hellespont, between the castles of Sestos and Abydos, now called the Dardanelli. These are now two little ancient castles, but of no strength, being commanded by a rising ground behind them, which I confess I should never have taken notice of, if I had not heard it observed by our captain and officers, my imagination being wholly employed by the tragic story that you are well acquainted with:

The swimming lover, and the nightly bride,
How Hero lov'd and how Leander died.

Verse again!—I am certainly infected by the poetical air I have passed through. That of Abydos is undoubtedly very amorous, since that soft passion betrayed the castle into the hands of the Turks, who besieged it in the reign of Orchanes. The governor's

daughter imagining to have seen her future husband in a dream (though I don't find she had either slept upon bride-cake, or kept St. Agnes's fast), fancied she saw the dear figure in the form of one of her besiegers; and, being willing to obey her destiny, tossed a note to him over the wall, with the offer of her person, and the delivery of the castle. He shewed it to his general, who consented to try the sincerity of her intentions, and withdrew his army, ordering the young man to return with a select body of men at midnight. She admitted him at the appointed hour; he destroyed the garrison, took the father prisoner, and made her his wife. This town is in Asia, first founded by the Milesians. Sestos is in Europe, and was once the principal city of Chersonesus. Since I have seen this strait, I find nothing improbable in the adventure of Leander, or very wonderful in the bridge of boats of Xerxes. 'Tis so narrow, 'tis not surprizing a young lover should attempt to swim, or an ambitious king try to pass his army over it. But then 'tis so subject to storms, 'tis no wonder the lover perished, and the bridge was broken. From hence we had a full view of Mount Ida;

Where Juno once caress'd her am'rous Jove,
And the world's master lay subdu'd by love.

Not many leagues sail from hence, I saw the point of land where poor old Hecuba was buried; and about a league from that place is Cape Janizary, the famous promontory of Sigeum, where we anchored. My curiosity supplied me with strength to climb to the top of it to see the place where Achilles was buried, and where Alexander ran naked round his tomb in honour of him, which no doubt was a great comfort to his ghost. I saw there the ruins of a very large city, and found a stone, on which Mr. Wortley plainly distinguished the words of ΣΙΓΑΙΑΝ ΠΟΛΙΝ. We ordered this on board the ship; but were shewed others much more curious by a Greek

priest, though a very ignorant fellow, that could give no tolerable account of any thing. On each side the door of this little church lie two large stones, about ten feet long each, five in breadth, and three in thickness. That on the right, is a very fine white marble, the side of it beautifully carved in bas-relief; it represents a woman, who seems to be designed for some deity, sitting on a chair with a footstool, and before her another woman weeping, and presenting to her a young child that she has in her arms, followed by a procession of women with children in the same manner. This is certainly part of a very ancient tomb; but I dare not pretend to give the true explanation of it. On the stone on the left side, is a very fair inscription; but the Greek is too antient for Mr. Wortley's interpretation. I am very sorry not to have the original in my possession, which might have been purchased of the poor inhabitants for a small sum of money. But our captain assured us, that without having machines made on purpose, 'twas impossible to bear it to the sea-side; and, when it was there, his long-boat would not be large enough to hold it.*

The ruins of this great city are now inhabited by poor Greek peasants, who wear the Sciote habit, the women being in short petticoats, fastened by straps round their shoulders, and large smock sleeves of white linen, with neat shoes and stockings, and on their heads a large piece of muslin, which falls in large folds on their shoulders. One of my countrymen,

* The first mentioned of these marbles is engraved in the *Ionian Antiquities*, published by the Dilettanti Society, and described by Dr. Chandler in his tour in Asia Minor. The second bears the celebrated inscription so often referred to, in proof of the *Βεσποφνδορ*, one of the most ancient forms of writing among the Greeks. For accurate accounts and engravings of these curiosities, see Chishul, Shuckford, and Chandler, *Inscript. Antiq. Knight on the Greek alphabet*, &c.

The editor saw and examined them at Yenicheyr, or Sigeum, in 1794.

Mr. Sandys* (whose book I doubt not you have read, as one of the best of its kind), speaking of these ruins, supposes them to have been the foundation of a city begun by Constantine, before his building Byzantium; but I see no good reason for that imagination, and am apt to believe them much more ancient.

We saw very plainly from this promontory the river Simios rolling from Mount Ida, and running through a very spacious valley. It is now a considerable river, and is called Simores: it is joined in the vale by the Scamander, which appeared a small stream half choaked with mud, but is perhaps large in the winter. This was Xanthus among the gods, as Homer tells us; and 'tis by that heavenly name the nymph Oenone invokes it in her epistle to Paris. The Trojan virgins† used to offer their first favours to it, by the name of Scamander, till the adventure which Monsieur de la Fontaine has told so agreeably abolished that heathenish ceremony. When the stream is mingled with the Simois, they run together to the sea.

All that is now left of Troy is the ground on which it stood; for I am firmly persuaded, whatever pieces of antiquity may be found round it are much more modern, and I think Strabo says the same thing. However, there is some pleasure in seeing the valley where I imagined the famous duel of Menelaus and Paris had been fought, and where the greatest city in the world was situated. 'Tis certainly the noblest situation that can be found for the head of a great empire, much to be preferred to that of Constantinople,

* George Sandys, one of the most valuable travellers into the Levant, whose work had reached four editions in the reign of Charles the First.

† For this curious story, Monsieur Bayle may be consulted in his Dictionary, article "Scamander." It appears in the Letters of Oschines, vol. i. p. 125, 126, edit. Genev. 1607; also in Philostrates and Vigenerus.

the harbour here being always convenient for ships from all parts of the world, and that of Constantino-ple inaccessible almost six months in the year, while the north wind reigns.

North of the promontory of Sigeum we saw that of Rhætum, famed for the sepulchre of Ajax. While I viewed these celebrated fields and rivers, I admired the exact geography of Homer, whom I had in my hand. Almost every epithet he gives to a mountain or plain is still just for it; and I spent several hours here in as agreeable cogitations as ever Don Quixote had on Mount Montesinos. We sailed next night to the shore, where 'tis vulgarly reported Troy stood: and I took the pains of rising at two in the morning to view coolly those ruins which are commonly shewed to strangers, and which the Turks call *Eski Siam-boul*,* i. e. Old Constantinople. For that reason, as well as some others, I conjecture them to be the remains of that city, begun by Constantine. I hired an ass (the only voiture to be had there), that I might go some miles into the country, and take a tour round the ancient walls, which are of a vast extent. We found the remains of a castle on a hill, and of another in a valley, several broken pillars, and two pedestals, from which I took these Latin inscriptions:

1.

DIVI. AUG. COL.
ET COL. IUL. PHILIPPENSIS
EORUNDEM PRINCIPUM
COL. IUL. PARIANAÆ. TRIBUN.
MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTAR.

* Alexandria Troas, which the early travellers have erroneously considered as the true site of ancient Troy. See Belon, ch. vi. 4to. 1588, Viaggi di Pietro Della Valle, 4to. 1650. Gibbon (Rom. Hist. vol. iii. p. 10.) remarks, that Wood, in his observations on the Troad, p. 140, 141, had confounded Illium with Alexandria Troas, although sixteen miles distant from each other. In the Ionian antiquities are some fine views of these ruins.

TRAVELS OF
 TRIB. MILIT. LEG. XIII. GEM.
 PRÆFECTO EQUIT. ALAE. I.
 SCUBULORUM
 VIC. VIII.

2.

DIV. IULI. FLAMINI
 C. ANTONIO. M. F.
 VOLT. RUFO. FLAMIN.
 DIV. AUG. COL. CL. APRENS.
 ET. COL. IUL. PHILIPPENSIS
 EORUNDEM ET PRINCIP. ITEM
 COL. IUL. PARIANAÆ TRIB.
 MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTARIOR.
 TRIB. MILIT. XII.
 GEM. PRAEF. EQUIT. ALAE. I.
 SCUBULORUM
 VIC. VII.

I do not doubt but the remains of a temple near this place are the ruins of one dedicated to Augustus; and I know not why Mr. Sandys calls it a Christian temple, since the Romans certainly built hereabouts. Here are many tombs of fine marble, and vast pieces of granite, which are daily lessened by the prodigious balls that the Turks make from them for their cannon. We passed that evening the isle of Tendos, once under the patronage of Apollo, as he gave it in himself in the particulars of his estate when he courted Daphne. It is but ten miles in circuit, but in those days very rich and well peopled, still famous for its excellent wine. I say nothing of Tennes, from whom it was called; but naming Mitylene, where we passed next, I cannot forbear mentioning Lesbos, where Sappho sung, and Pittacus reigned, famous for the birth of Alcæus, Theophrastus, and Arion, those masters in poetry, philosophy, and music. This was one of the last islands that remained in the Christian dominion, after the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks. But need I talk to you of Cautacuseni, &c. princes that you are as well acquainted with as I

am? 'Twas with regret I saw us sail from this island into the Egean sea, now the Archipelago, leaving Scio (the antient Chios) on the left, which is the richest and most populous of these islands, fruitful in cotton, corn, and silk, planted with groves of orange and lemon trees; and the Arvisian mountain, still celebrated for the nectar Virgil mentions. Here is the best manufacture of silks in all Turkey. The town is well built, the women famous for their beauty, and shew their faces as in Christendom. There are many rich families, though they confine their magnificence to the inside of their houses, to avoid the jealousy of the Turks, who have a pasha here: however, they enjoy a reasonable liberty, and indulge the genius of their country;

And eat, and sing, and dance away their time,
Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.

Their chains hang lightly on them, though 'tis not long since they were imposed, not being under the Turk till 1566. But perhaps 'tis as easy to obey the grand-signior as the state of Genoa, to whom they were sold by the Greek emperor. But I forget myself in these historical touches, which are very impertinent when I write to you. Passing the strait between the islands of Andros and Achaia, now Libadia, we saw the promontory of Sunium, now called Cape Colonna, where are yet standing the vast pillars of a temple of Minerva. This venerable sight made me think, with double regret, on a beautiful temple of Theseus, which, I am assured, was almost entire at Athens till the last campaign in the Morea, that the Turks filled it with powder, and it was accidentally blown up. You may believe I had a great mind to land on the fam'd Peloponnesus, though it were only to look on the rivers of Æsopus, Peneus, Inachus, and Eurotas, the fields of Arcadia, and other scenes of ancient mythology. But instead of demi-gods and heroes, I was credibly informed 'tis now over-run by

robbers, and that I should run a great risk of falling into their hands by undertaking such a journey through a desert country, for which, however, I have so much respect, that I have much ado to hinder myself from troubling you with its whole history, from the foundation of Nycana and Corinth, to the last campaign there; but I check the inclination, as I did that of landing. We sailed quietly by Cape Angelo, once Malea, where I saw no remains of the famous temple of Apollo. We came that evening in sight of Candia: it is very mountainous; we easily distinguished that of Ida.—We have Virgil's authority, that here were a hundred cities—

—Centum urbes habitant magnas—

The chief of them—the scene of monstrous passions.—Metellus first conquered this birth-place of his Jupiter; it fell afterwards into the hands of—I am running on to the very siege of Candia; and I am so angry with myself, that I will pass by all the other islands with this general reflection, that 'tis impossible to imagine any thing more agreeable than this journey would have been two or three thousand years since, when, after drinking a dish of tea with Sappho, I might have gone the same evening to visit the temple of Homer in Chios, and passed this voyage in taking plans of magnificent temples, delineating the miracles of statuarics, and conversing with the most polite and most gay of mankind. Alas! art is extinct here; the wonders of nature alone remain; and it was with vast pleasure I observed those of Mount Etna, whose flame appears very bright in the night many leagues off at sea, and fills the head with a thousand conjectures. However, I honour philosophy too much, to imagine it could turn that of Empedocles: and Lucian shall never make me believe such a scandal of a man, of whom Lucretius says,

—Vix humana videtur stirpe creatus —

We passed Trinacria without hearing any of the Syrens that Homer describes; and being thrown on neither Scylla nor Charybdis, came safe to Malta, first called Melita, from the abundance of honey. It is a whole rock covered with very little earth. The grand master lives here in the state of a sovereign prince; but his strength at sea now is very small. The fortifications are reckoned the best in the world, all cut in the solid rock with infinite expence and labour.— Off this island we were tossed by a severe storm, and were very glad, after eight days, to be able to put in to Porta Farine on the African shore, where our ship now rides. At Tunis we were met by the English consul who resides there. I readily accepted of the offer of his house for some days, being very curious to see this part of the world, and particularly the ruins of Carthage. I set out in his chaise at nine at night, the moon being at full. I saw the prospect of the country almost as well as I could have done by daylight; and the heat of the sun is now so intolerable, 'tis impossible to travel at any other time. The soil is for the most part sandy, but every where fruitful of date, olive, and fig-trees, which grow without art, yet afford the most delicious fruit in the world. Their vineyards and melon-fields are enclosed by hedges of that plant we call Indian-fig, which is an admirable fence, no wild beast being able to pass it. It grows a great height, very thick, and the spikes or thorns are as long and sharp as bodkins: it bears a fruit much eaten by the peasants, and which has no ill taste.

It being now the season of the Turkish ramazan, or Lent, and all here professing, at least, the Mahometan religion, they fast till the going down of the sun, and spend the night in feasting. We saw under the trees companies of the country people, eating, singing, and dancing to their wild music. They are not quite black, but all mulattoes, and the most frightful creatures that can appear in a human figure. They are

almost naked, only wearing a piece of coarse serge wrapped about them.—But the women have their arms, to their very shoulders, and their necks and faces, adorned with flowers, stars, and various sorts of figures impressed by gun-powder; a considerable addition to their natural deformity; which is, however, esteemed very ornamental among them; and I believe they suffer a good deal of pain by it.

About six miles from Tunis we saw the remains of that noble aqueduct, which carried the water to Carthage over several high mountains, the length of forty miles. There are still many arches entire. We spent two hours viewing it with great attention, and Mr. Wortley assured me that of Rome is very much inferior to it. The stones are of a prodigious size, and yet all polished, and so exactly fitted to each other, very little cement has been made use of to join them. Yet they may probably stand a thousand years longer if art is not made use of to pull them down. Soon after day-break I arrived at Tunis, a town fairly built of very white stone, but quite without gardens, which, they say, were all destroyed when the Turks first took it, none having been planted since. The dry sand gives a very disagreeable prospect to the eye; and the want of shade contributing to the natural heat of the climate, renders it so excessive, that I have much ado to support it. 'Tis true here is every noon the refreshment of the sea-breeze, without which it would be impossible to live: but no fresh water but what is preserved in the cisterns of the rains that fall in the month of September. The women of the town go veiled from head to foot under a black crape; and, being mixed with a breed of renegadoes, are said to be many of them fair and handsome. This city was besieged in 1270, by Lewis king of France, who died under the walls of it of a pestilential fever. After his death, Philip, his son, and our prince Edward, son of Henry III. raised the siege on honourable terms. It remained under its

natural African kings, till betrayed into the hands of Barbarossa, admiral of Solyman the magnificent. The emperor Charles V. expelled Barbarossa, but it was recovered by the Turk, under the conduct of Sinan Pasha, in the reign of Selim II. From that time till now it has remained tributary to the grand-signior, governed by a bey, who suffers the name of subject to the Turk, but has renounced the subjection, being absolute, and very seldom paying any tribute. The great city of Bagdat is at this time in the same circumstances; and the grand-signior connives at the loss of these dominions, for fear of losing even the titles of them.

I went very early yesterday morning (after one night's repose) to see the ruins of Carthage.——I was, however, half broiled in the sun, and overjoyed to be led into one of the subterranean apartments, which they called *The stables of the elephants*, but which I cannot believe were ever designed for that use. I found in them many broken pieces of columns of fine marble, and some of porphyry. I cannot think any body would take the insignificant pains of carrying them thither, and I cannot imagine such fine pillars were designed for the use of stables. I am apt to believe they were summer apartments under their palaces, which the heat of the climate rendered necessary. They are now used as granaries by the country people. While I sat here, from the town of Tents, not far off, many of the women flocked in to see me, and we were equally entertained with viewing one another. Their posture in sitting, the colour of their skin, their lank black hair falling on each side their faces, their features, and the shape of their limbs, differ so little from their country people, the baboons, 'tis hard to fancy them a distinct race; I could not help thinking there had been some ancient alliances between them.

When I was a little refreshed by rest, and some milk and exquisite fruit they brought me, I went up the little hill where once stood the castle of Byrsa,

and from thence I had a distinct view of the situation of the famous city of Carthage, which stood on an isthmus, the sea coming in on each side of it. 'Tis now a marshy ground on one side, where there are salt ponds. Strabo calls Carthage forty miles in circumference. There are now no remains of it, but what I have described; and the history of it is too well known to want my abridgement of it. You see sir, that I think you esteem obedience better than compliments. I have answered your letter, by giving you the accounts you desired, and have reserved my thanks to the conclusion. I intend to leave this place to-morrow, and continue my journey through Italy and France. In one of those places I hope to tell you, by word of mouth, that I am,

Your humble servant, &c. &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Genoa, Aug. 28, O. S. 1718.

I beg your pardon, my dear sister, that I did not write to you from Tunis, the only opportunity I have had since I left Constantinople. But the heat there was so excessive, and the light so bad for the sight, I was half blind by writing one letter to the abbe ———, and durst not go to write many others I had designed, nor, indeed could I have entertained you very well out of that barbarous country. I am now surrounded with subjects of pleasure, and so much charmed with the beauties of Italy, that I should think it a kind of ingratitude not to offer a little praise in return for the diversion I have had here. I am in the house of Mrs. d'Avenant, at St. Pierre d' Arena, and should be very unjust not to allow her a share of that praise I speak of, since her good humour and good company have very much contributed to render this place agreeable to me.

Genoa is situated in a very fine bay; and being

built on a rising hill, intermixed with gardens, and beautified with the most excellent architecture, gives a very fine prospect off at sea; though it lost much of its beauty in my eyes, having been accustomed to that of Constantinople. The Genoese were once masters of several islands in the Archipelago, and all that part of Constantinople which is now called Galata. Their betraying the christian cause, by facilitating the taking of Constantinople by the Turk, deserved what has since happened to them, even the loss of all their conquests on that side of those infidels. They are at present far from rich, and are despised by the French, since their doge was forced by the late king to go in person to Paris, to ask pardon for such a trifle as the arms of France over the house of the envoy being spattered with dung in the night. This, I suppose, was done by some of the Spanish faction, which still makes up the majority here, though they dare not openly declare it. The ladies affect the French habit, and are more genteel than those they imitate. I do not doubt but the custom of cicisbeos has very much improved their airs. I know not whether you ever heard of those animals. Upon my word, nothing but my own eyes could have convinced me there were any such upon earth. The fashion began here, and is now received all over Italy, where the husbands are not such terrible creatures as we represent them. There are none among them such brutes as to pretend to find fault with a custom so well established, and so politically founded, since I am assured that it was an expedient first found out by the senate, to put an end to those family hatreds which tore their state to pieces, and to find employment for those young men who were forced to cut one another's throats *pour passer le temps*; and it has succeeded so well, that, since the institution of cicisbei, there has been nothing but peace and good humour among them. These are gentlemen who devote themselves to the service of a particular lady (I mean

a married one, for the virgins are all invisible, and confined to convents): they are obliged to wait on her to all public places, such as the plays, operas, and assemblies (which are here called *conversations*), where they wait behind her chair, take care of her fan and gloves if she plays, have the privilege of whispers, &c. When she goes out, they serve her instead of lacquies, gravely trotting by her chair. 'Tis their business to prepare for her a present against any day of public appearance, not forgetting that of her own name:* in short, they are to spend all their time and money in her service, who rewards them accordingly (for opportunity they want none); but the husband is not to have the impudence to suppose this any other than pure Platonic friendship. 'Tis true they endeavour to give her a cicisbeo of their own choosing; but when the lady happens not to be of the same taste, as that often happens, she never fails to bring it about to have one of her own fancy. In former times one beauty used to have eight or ten of these humble admirers; but those days of plenty and humility are no more: men grow more scarce and saucy; and every lady is forced to content herself with one at a time.

You may see in this place the *glorious liberty* of a republic, or, more properly, an aristocracy, the common people being here as errant slaves as the French; but the old nobles pay little respect to the doge, who is but two years in his office, and whose wife, at that very time, assumes no rank above another noble lady. 'Tis true the family of Andrea Doria (that great man, who restored them that liberty they enjoy) have some particular privileges: when the senate found it necessary to put a stop to the luxury of dress, forbidding the wearing of jewels and brocades, they left them at liberty to make what expences they pleased. I look with great pleasure on the statue of that hero, which is in the court belonging to the house

* That is, the day of the saint after whom she is called.

of Duke Doria. This puts me in mind of their palaces, which I can never describe as I ought. Is it not enough that I say they are, most of them, the design of Palladio? The street called Strada Nova is perhaps the most beautiful line of building in the world. I must particularly mention the vast palaces of Durazzo; those of the two Balbi, joined together by a magnificent colonnade; that of the Imperiale at this village of St. Pierre d'Arena; and another of the Doria. The perfection of architecture, and the utmost profusion of rich furniture, are to be seen here, disposed with the most elegant taste and lavish magnificence. But I am charmed with nothing so much as the collection of pictures by the pencils of Raphael, Paulo Veronese, Titian, Caracci, Michael Angelo, Guido, and Corregio, which two I mention last as my particular favourites. I own I can find no pleasure in objects of horror; and, in my opinion, the more naturally a crucifix is represented the more disagreeable it is. These, my beloved painters, shew nature, and shew it in the most charming light. I was particularly pleased with a Lucretia in the house of Balbi: the expressive beauty of that face and bosom gives all the passion of pity and admiration that could be raised in the soul by the finest poem on that subject. A Cleopatra of the same hand deserves to be mentioned; and I should say more of her, if Lucretia had not first engaged my eyes. Here are also some inestimable ancient bustos. The church of St. Lawrence is built of black and white marble, where is kept that famous plate of a single emerald, which is not now permitted to be handled, since a plot, which they say was discovered, to throw it on the pavement and break it—a childish piece of malice, which they ascribe to the king of Sicily, to be revenged for their refusing to sell it to him. The church of the Annunciation is finely lined with marble; the pillars are of red and white marble: that of St. Ambrose has been very much adorned by the Jesuits; but

I confess all the churches appeared so mean to me, after that of Sancta Sophia, I can hardly do them the honour of writing down their names.—But I hope you will own I have made good use of my time, in seeing so much, since 'tis not many days that we have been out of the quarantine, from which nobody is exempted coming from the Levant. Ours, indeed, was very much shortened, and very agreeably passed in M. d'Avenant's company, in the village of St. Pierre d'Arena, about a mile from Genoa, in a house built by Palladio, so well designed, and so nobly proportioned, 'twas a pleasure to walk in it. We were visited here only by a few English, in the company of a noble Genoese, commissioned to see we did not touch one another. I shall stay here some days longer, and could almost wish it were for all my life; but mine, I fear, is not destined to so much tranquillity.

I am, &c. &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.

Turin, Sept. 12, O. S. 1718.

I came in two days from Genoa, through fine roads, to this place. I have already seen what is shewed to strangers in the town, which, indeed, is not worth a very particular description; and I have not respect enough for the holy handkerchief to speak long of it. The churches are handsome, and so is the king's palace; but I have lately seen such perfection of architecture, I did not give much of my attention to these pieces. The town itself is fairly built, situated in a fine plain on the banks of the Po. At a little distance from it we saw the palaces of La Valentin, both very agreeable retreats. We were lodged in the Piazza Royale, which is one of the noblest squares I ever saw, with a fine portico of white stone quite round it. We were immediately visited by the

Chevalier —, whom you knew in England; who, with great civility, begged to introduce us at court, which is now kept at Rivoli, about a league from Turin. I went thither yesterday, and had the honour of waiting on the queen, being presented to her by her first lady of honour. I found her majesty in a magnificent apartment, with a train of handsome ladies, all dressed in gowns, among whom it was easy to distinguish the fair princess of Carignan. The queen entertained me with a world of sweetness and affability, and seemed mistress of a great share of good sense. She did not forget to put me in mind of her English blood, and added, that she always felt in herself a particular inclination to love the English. I returned her civility by giving her the title of majesty as often as I could, which, perhaps, she will not have the comfort of hearing many months longer. The king has a great deal of vivacity in his eyes; and the young Prince of Piedmont is a very handsome young man; but the great devotion which this court is at present fallen into, does not permit any of those entertainments proper for his age. Processions and masses are all the magnificence in fashion here; and gallantry is so criminal, that the poor count of —, who was our acquaintance at London, is very seriously disgraced, for some small overtures he presumed to make to a maid of honour. I intend to set out tomorrow, and to pass those dreadful Alps, so much talked of. If I come to the bottom you shall hear of me.

I am, &c. &c.

TO MRS. THISTLETHWAYTE.

Lyons, Sept. 25, O. S. 1718.

I received, at my arrival here, both your obliging letters, and also letters from many of my other

friends, designed to Constantinople, and sent me from Marseilles hither; our merchant there knowing we were upon our return. I am surprised to hear my sister Mar has left England. I suppose what I wrote to her from Turin will be lost, and where to direct I know not, having no account of her affairs from her own hand. For my own part I am confined to my chamber, having kept my bed, till yesterday, ever since the 17th, that I came to this town; where I have had so terrible a fever, I believed for some time that all my journeys were ended here; and I do not at all wonder that such fatigues as I have passed should have such an effect. The first day's journey, from Turin to Novalesse, is through a very fine country, beautifully planted, and enriched by art and nature. The next day we began to ascend Mount Cenis, being carried in little seats of twisted osiers, fixed upon poles upon men's shoulders; our chaises taken to pieces, and laid upon mules.

The prodigious prospect of mountains covered with eternal snow—of clouds hanging far below our feet—and of vast cascades tumbling down the rocks with a confused roaring, would have been entertaining to me, if I had suffered less from the extreme cold that reigns here: but the misty rains, which fall perpetually, penetrated even the thick fur I was wrapped in; and I was half dead with cold before we got to the foot of the mountain, which was not till two hours after dark. This hill has a spacious plain on the top of it, and a fine lake there; but the descent is so steep and slippery, 'tis surprising to see these chairmen go so steadily as they do. Yet I was not half so much afraid of breaking my neck as I was of falling sick; and the event has shewn that I placed my fears right.

The other mountains are now all passable for a chaise, and very fruitful in vines and pastures; among them is a breed of the finest goats in the world. Acquebellet is the last; and soon after we entered

Pont Beauvoisin, the frontier town of France, whose bridge parts this kingdom and the dominions of Savoy. The same night we arrived late at this town, where I have had nothing to do but to take care of my health. I think myself already out of any danger, and am determined that the sore throat, which still remains, shall not confine me long. I am impatient to see the curiosities of this famous city, and more impatient to continue my journey to Paris, from whence I hope to write you a more diverting letter than 'tis possible for me to do now, with a mind weakened by sickness, a head muddled with spleen, from a sorry inn, and a chamber crambed with mortifying objects of apothecaries' vials and bottles.

I am, &c. &c.

TO MR. POPE.

Lyons, Sept. 28, O. S. 1718,

I received yours here, and should thank you for the pleasure you seem to enjoy from my return; but I can hardly forbear being angry at you for rejoicing at what displeases me so much. You will think this but an odd compliment on my side. I'll assure you 'tis not from insensibility of the joy of seeing my friends; but when I consider that I must receive and pay visits, make courtesies, and assist at tea-tables, where I shall be half killed with questions; and, on the other part, that I am a creature that cannot serve any body but with insignificant good wishes; and that my presence is not a necessary good to any one member of my native country, I think I might much better have staid where ease and quiet made up the happiness of my indolent life. I should certainly be melancholy if I pursued this theme one line further. I will rather fill the remainder of this paper with the

inscriptions on the tables of brass that are placed on each side of the town-house.

I. TABLE.

MÆRORUM. NOSTR : : : : : SII : : : : : EQUI-
DEM. PRIMAM. OMNIUM. ILLAM. COGITATIO-
NEM. HOMINUM. QUAM. MAXIME. PRIMAM. OC-
CURSURAM. MIHI. PROVIDEO. DEPRECOR. NE.
QUASI. NOVAM. ISTAM. REM. INTRODUCI. EX-
HORRESCATIS SED. ILLA. POTIUS. COGITETIS.
QUAM. MULTA. IN. HAC. CIVITATE. NOVATA.
SINT. ET. QUIDEM. STATIM. AB. ORIGINE. UR-
BIS. NOSTRÆ. IN. QUOD. FORMAS. STATUSQUE.
RES. P. NOSTRA. DIDUCTA. SIT.

QUONDAM. REGES. HANC. TENUERE. URBEM.
NE. TAMEN. DOMESTICIS. SUCCESSORIBUS. EAM.
TRADERE. CONTIGIT. SUPERVENERE. ALIENI.
ET. QUIDAM. EXTERNI. UT. NUMA. ROMULO.
SUCCESSERIT. EX. SABINIS. VENIENS. VICINUS,
QUIDEM. SED. TUNC. EXTERNUS. UT. ANCO.
MARCIO. PRISCUS. TARQUINIUS. PROPTER. TE-
MERATUM. SANGUINEM. QUOD. PATRE. DE. MA-
RATO. CORINTHIO. NATUS. ERAT. ET. TARQUI-
NIENSI. MATRE. GENEROSA, SED. INOPI. UT.
QUÆ TALI. MARITO. NECESSE. HABUERIT. SUC-
CUMBERE. CUM. DOMI. REPE. LERETUR. A. GE-
RENDIS. HONORIBUS. POSTQUAM. ROMAM. MI-
GRAVIT. REGNUM. ADEPTUS. EST. HUIC. QUO-
QUE. ET. FILIO. NEPOTIVE. EJUS. NAM. ET.
HOC. INTER. AUCTORES. DISCREPAT. INCRETUS.
SERVIUS TULLIUS. SI. NOSTROS. SEQUIMUR. CAP-
TIVA. NATUS. OCREZIA. SI. TUSCOS. COELI. QUAN-
DAM. VIVENNÆ. SODALIS. FIDELISSIMUS. OMNIS-
QUE. EJUS. CASUS. COMES. POSTQUAM. VARIA.
FORTUNA. EXACTUS. CUM. OMNIBUS. RELIQUIS.
COELIANI. EXERCITUS. ETRURIA. EXCESSIT.

MONTEM. COELIUM. OCCUPAVIT. ET. A. DUCE. SUO. COELIO. ITA. APPELLITATUS. MUTATOQUE. NOMINE. NAM. TUSCE. MASTARNA. EI. NOMEN. ERAT. ITA. APPELLATUS. EST. UT. DIXI. ET. REGNUM. SUMMA. CUM. REIP. UTILITATE. OBTINUIT. DIENDE. POSTQUAM. TARQUINI. SUPERBI. MORES. INVISI. CIVITATI. NOSTRÆ. ESSE. COEPPERUNT. QUAE. IPSIUS. FILIORUM. EJUS. NEMPE. PERTÆSUM. EST. MENTES. REGNI. ET. AD. CONSULES. ANNUOS. MAGISTRATUS. ADMINISTRATIO. REIP. TRANSLATA. EST.

QUID. NUNC. COMMEMOREM. DICTATURÆ. HOC. IPSO. CONSULARI. IMPERIUM. VALENTIUS. REPERTEM. APUD. MAJORES. NOSTROS. QUO. IN. ASPERIORIBUS. BELLIS. AUT. IN. CIVILI. MOTU. DIFFICILIORI. UTERENTUR. AUT. IN. AUXILIUM. PLEBIS. CREATOS. TRIBUNOS. PLEBEI. QUID. A. CONSULIBUS. AD. DECEMVIROS. TRANSLATUM. IMPERIUM. SOLUTOQUE. POSTEA. DECEMVIRALI. REGNO. AD. CONSULES. RURSUS. REDITUM. QUID. IM. : : : V. RIS. DISTRIBUTUM. CONSULARE. IMPERIUM. TRIBUNOSQUE. MILITUM. CONSULARI. IMPERIO. APPELLATUS. QUI. SENI. ET. OCTONI. CREARENTUR. QUID. COMMUNICATOS. POSTREMO. CUM. PLEBE. HONORES. NON. IMPERI. SOLUM. SED. SACERDOTORUM. QUOQUE. JAMSI. NARREM. BELLA. A. QUIBUS. COEPPERINT. MAJORES. NOSTRI. ET. QUO. PROCESSERIMUS. VEREOR. NE. NIMIO. INSOLENTIOR. ESSE. VIDEAR. ET. QUÆSISSE. JACTATIONEM. GLORIÆ. PROLATI. IMPERI. ULTRA. OCEANUM. SED. ILLO. C. PORIUS. REVERTAR. CIVITATEM.

II. TABLE.

: : : : : : : : SANE : : : : : : : : : : : : : :
 NOVO : : : DIVUS : AUG : : : NO : LUS. ET. PA-
 TRUUS. TI. CÆSAR. OMNEM. FLOREM. UBIQUE.
 COLONIARUM. AC. MUNICIPIORUM. BONORUM.
 SCILICET. VIRORUM. ET. LOCUPLETIUM. IN. HAC.
 CURIA. ESSE. VOLUIT. QUID. ERGO. NON. ITALI-
 CUS. SENATOR. PROVINCIALI. POTIOR. EST. JAM.
 VOBIS. CUM. HANC. PARTEM. CENSURÆ. MEÆ.
 APPROBARE. COEPERO. QUID. DE. EA. RE. SEN-
 TIAM. REBUS. OSTENDAM. SED. NE. PROVINCIA-
 LES. QUIDEM. SI. MODO. ORNARE. CURIAM. PO-
 TERINT. REJICIENDOS. PUTO.

ORNATISSIMA. ECCE. COLONIA. VALENTISSI-
 MAQUE. RIENNENSIIUM. QUAM. LONGO. JAM.
 TEMPORE. SENATORES. HUIC. CURIÆ. CON-
 FERT. EX. QUA. COLONIA. INTER. PAUCOS.
 EQUESTRIS. ORDINIS. ORNAMENTUM. L. RESTI-
 NUM. FAMILIARISSE. DILIGO. ET. HODIE-
 QUE. IN. REBUS. MEIS. DETINEO. CUJUS. LIBE-
 RI. FRUANTUR. QUÆSO. PRIMO. SACERDOTIO-
 RUM. GRADU. POST. MODO. CUM. ANNIS. PRO-
 MOTURI. DIGNITATIS. SUÆ. INCREMENTA. UT.
 DIRUM. NOMEN. LATRONIS. TACEAM. ET. ODI.
 ILLUD. PALESTRICUM. PRODIGIUM. QUOD. AN-
 TE. IN. DOMUM. CONSULATUM. INTULIT. QUAM.
 COLONIA. SUA. SOLIDUM. CIVITATIS. ROMANÆ.
 BENEFICIUM. CONSECUA. EST. IDEM. DE. FRA-
 TRE. EJUS. POSSUM. DICERE. MISERABILI. QUI-
 DEM. INDIGNISSIMOQUE. HOC. CASU. UT. VOBIS.
 UTILIS. SENATOR. ESSE. NON. POSSIT.

TEMPUS. EST. JAM. TI. CÆSAR. GERMANICE.
 DETEGERE. TE. PATRIBUS. CONSCRIPTIS. QUO.
 TENDAT. ORATIO. TUA. JAM. ENIM. AD. EXTRE-
 MOS. FINES. GALLIÆ. NARBONENSIS. VENISTI.

TOT. ECCE. INSIGNES. JUVENES. QUOT. INTUEOR. NON. MAGIS. SUNT. POENITENDI. SENATORIB. QUAM. POENITET. PERSICUM. NOBILISSIMUM. VIRUM. AMICUM. MEUM. INTER. IMAGINES. MAJORUM. SUORUM. ALLOGIGI. NOMEN. LEGERE. QUOD. SI. HÆC. ITA. ESSE. CONSENTI. IS. QUID. ULTRA. DESIDERATIS. QUAM. UT. VOBIS. DIGITO. DEMONSTREM. SOLUM. IPSUM. ULTRA. FINES. PROVINCIÆ. NARBONENSIS. JAM. VOBIS. SENATORES. MITTERE. QUANDO. EX. LUGDUNO. HABERE. NOS. NOSTRI. ORDINIS. VIROS. NON. POENITET. TIMIDE. QUIDEM. P. C. EGRESSUS. ADSUETOS. FAMILIARESQUE. VOBIS. PROVINCIARUM. TERMINOS. SUM. SED. DESTRICTE. JAM. COMATÆ. GALLIÆ. CAUSA. AGENDA. EST. IN. QUA. SI. QUIS. HOC. INTUETUR. QUOD. BELLO. PER. DECEM. ANNOS. EXERCUERUNT. DIVOM. JULIUM. IDEM. OPPONAT. CENTUM. ANNORUM. IMMOBILEM. FIDEM. OBSEQUIUMQUE. MULTIS. TRIPIDIS. REBUS. NOSTRIS. PLUSQUAM. EXPERTUM. ILLI. PATRI. MEO. DRUSO. GERMANIUM. SUBIGENTI. TUTAM. QUIETE. SUA. SECURAMQUE. A. TERGO. PACEM. PRÆSTITERUNT. ET. QUIDEM. CUM. AD. CENSUS. NOVO. TUM. OPERE. ET. IN. ADSUETO. GALLIIS. AD. BELLUM. AVOCATUS. ESSET. QUOD. OPUS. QUAM. ARDUUM. SIT. NOBIS. NUNC. CUM. MAXIME. QUAMVIS. NIHIL. ULTRA. QUAM. UT. PUBLICÆ. NOTÆ. SINT. FACULTATES. NOSTRÆ. EXQUIRATUR. NIMIS. MAGNO. EXPERIMENTO. COGNOSCIMUS.

I was also shewed, without the gate of St. Justinus, some remains of a Roman aqueduct; and behind the monastery of St. Mary there are the ruins of the imperial palace where the emperor Claudius was born,

and where Severus lived. The great cathedral of St. John is a good Gothic building, and its clock much admired by the Germans. In one of the most conspicuous parts of the town is the late king's statue set up, trampling upon mankind. I cannot forbear saying one word here of French statues (for I never intend to mention any more of them) with their gilded full-bottomed wigs. If their king had intended to express, in one image, *ignorance, ill-taste, and vanity*, his sculptors could have made no other figure so proper for that purpose as this statue, which represents the odd mixture of an old beau, who had a mind to be a hero, with a bushel of curled hair on his head, and a gilt truncheon in his hand. The French have been so voluminous on the history of this town, I need say nothing of it. The houses are tolerably well built, and the Belle Cour well planted, from whence is seen the celebrated joining of the Saone and Rhone.

“ Ubi Rhodanus ingens amne prærapido fluit
Ararque dubitans quo suos fluctus agat.”

I have had time to see every thing with great leisure, having been confined several days to this town by a swelling in my throat, the remains of a fever, occasioned by a cold I got in the damps of the Alps. The doctors here threaten me with all sorts of distempers, if I dare to leave them; but I, that know the obstinacy of it, think it just as possible to continue my way to Paris with it, as to go about the streets of Lyons; and am determined to pursue my journey tomorrow, in spite of doctors, apothecaries, and sore throats.

When you see Lady Rich, tell her I have received her letter, and will answer it from Paris, believing that the place that she would most willingly hear of-

I am, &c. &c.

TO THE LADY RICH.

Paris, Oct. 10, O. S. 1718.

I cannot give my dear Lady Rich a better proof of the pleasure I have in writing to her, than choosing to do it in this seat of various amusements, where I am *accabtéed* with visits, and those so full of vivacity and compliments, that 'tis full employment enough to hearken, whether one answers or not. The French embassadress at Constantinople has a very considerable and numerous family here, who all come to see me, and are never weary of making enquiries. The air of Paris has already had a good effect upon me, for I was never in better health, though I have been extremely ill all the road from Lyons to this place. You may judge how agreeable the journey has been to me, which did not want that addition to make me dislike it. I think nothing so terrible as objects of misery, except one had the Godlike attribute of being capable to redress them; and all the country villages of France shew nothing else. While the post-horses are changed the whole town comes out to beg, with such miserable starved faces, and thin tattered clothes, they need no other eloquence to persuade one of the wretchedness of their condition. This is all the French magnificence till you come to Fontainebleau, when you are shewn one thousand five hundred rooms in the king's hunting palace. The apartments of the royal family are very large, and richly gilt; but I saw nothing in the architecture or painting worth remembering. The long gallery, built by Henry IV., has prospects of all the king's houses. Its walls are designed after the taste of those times, but appear now very mean. The park is, indeed, finely wooded and watered, the trees well grown and planted, and in the fish-ponds are kept tame carp, said to be, some of them, eighty years of age. The late

king passed some months every year at this seat; and all the rocks round it, by the pious sentences inscribed on them, shew the devotion in fashion at his court, which I believe died with him; at least I see no exterior marks of it at Paris, where all people's thoughts seem to be on present diversion.

The fair of St. Lawrence is now in season. You may be sure I have been carried thither, and think it much better disposed than ours of Bartholomew. The shops being all set in rows so regularly and well lighted, they made up a very agreeable spectacle. But I was not at all satisfied with the *grossièreté* of their harlequin, no more than with their music at the opera, which was abominably grating, after being used to that of Italy. Their house is a booth, compared to that of the Haymarket, and the playhouse not so neat as that of Lincoln's-inn-fields; but then it must be owned, to their praise, their tragedians are much beyond any of ours. I should hardly allow Mrs. O—a better place than to be confidante to La ———. I have seen the tragedy of Bajazet so well represented, that I think our best actors can be only said to speak, but these to feel; and 'tis certainly infinitely more moving to see a man appear unhappy, than to hear him say that he is so, with a jolly face, and a stupid smirk in his countenance.—*A propos* of countenances, I must tell you something of the French ladies; I have seen all the beauties, and such——(I can't help making use of the coarse word) nauseous creatures! so fantastically absurd in their dress! so monstrously unnatural in their paints! their hair cut short, and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder that it makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe that they took the first hint of their dress from a fair sheep newly ruddled. 'Tis with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty

country-women; and if I was writing to any body else, I should say that these grotesque daubers give me still a higher esteem of the natural charms of dear Lady Rich's auburn hair, and the lively colours of her unsullied complexion.

I am, &c. &c.

P. S. I have met the Abbé here, who desires me to make his compliments to you.

TO MR. T——.

Paris, Oct. 16, O. S. 1718.

You see I am just to my word, in writing to you from Paris, where I was very much surprised to meet my sister;* I need not add, very much pleased. She as little expected to see me as I her (not having received my late letters); and this meeting would shine under the hand of De Scuderie; but I shall not imitate his style as far as to tell you how often we embraced; how she enquired by what odd chance I returned from Constantinople? And I answered her by asking what adventure brought her to Paris? To shorten the story, all questions and answers, and exclamations, and compliments, being over, we agreed upon running about together, and have seen Versailles, Trianon, Marli, and St. Cloud. We had an order for the water to play for our diversion, and I was followed thither by all the English at Paris. I own Versailles appeared to me rather vast than beautiful; and after having seen the exact proportions of the Italian buildings, I thought the irregularity of it shocking.

The king's cabinet of antiques and medals is, indeed, very richly furnished. Among that collection none pleased so well as the apothecosis of Germani-

* The countess of Mar.

cus, on a large agate, which is one of the most delicate pieces of the kind that I remember to have seen. I observed some ancient statues of great value. But the nauseous flattery, and tawdry pencil of Le Brun, are equally disgusting in the gallery. I will not pretend to describe to you the great apartment, the vast variety of fountains, the theatre, the grove of Esop's fables, &c. all which you may read very amply particularised in some of the French authors that have been paid for these descriptions. Trianon, in its littleness, pleased me better than Versailles; Marli better than either of them; and St. Cloud best of all, having the advantage of the Seine running at the bottom of the gardens, the great cascade, &c. You may find information in the aforesaid books, if you have any curiosity to know the exact number of the statues, and how many feet they cast up the water.

We saw the king's pictures in the magnificent house of the Duke d'Antin, who has the care of preserving them till his majesty is of age. There are not many, but of the best hands. I looked with great pleasure on the archangel of Raphael, where the sentiments of superior beings are as well expressed as in Milton. You won't forgive me if I say nothing of the Thuilleries, much finer than our Mall; and the Cour, more agreeable than our Hyde-park, the high trees giving shade in the hottest season. At the Louvre I had the opportunity of seeing the king, accompanied by the duke-regent. He is tall and well shaped, but has not the air of holding the crown so many years as his grandfather. And now I am speaking of the court, I must say I saw nothing in France that delighted me so much as to see an Englishman (at least a Briton) absolute at Paris; I mean Mr. Law,* who treats their dukes and peers extremely *de haut en bas*, and is treated by

* Mr. Law was the projector of the Mississippi scheme, and colonisation of Louisiana, similar in its plan and event to our South Sea.

them with the utmost submission and respect.—Poor souls!—This reflection on their abject slavery puts me in mind of the *place des victoires*; but I will not take up your time and my own with such descriptions, which are too numerous.

In general I think Paris has the advantage of London, in the neat pavement of the streets, and the regular lighting of them at nights, and in the proportion of the streets, the houses being all built of stone, and most of those belonging to people of quality, being beautified by gardens. But we certainly may boast of a town very near twice as large; and when I have said that, I know nothing else we surpass it in. I shall not continue here long; if you have any thing to command me during my short stay, write soon, and I shall take pleasure in obeying you.

I am, &c. &c.

TO THE ABBE ———.

Dover, Oct. 31, O. S. 1718.

I am willing to take your word for it, that I shall really oblige you, by letting you know as soon as possible my safe passage over the water. I arrived this morning at Dover, after being tossed a whole night in the packet-boat, in so violent a manner, that the master, considering the weakness of his vessel, thought it proper to remove the mail, and give us notice of the danger. We called a little fishing-boat, which could hardly make up to us, while all the people on board us were crying to Heaven. It is hard to imagine one's self in a scene of greater horror than on such an occasion; and yet, shall I own it to you? though I was not at all willing to be drowned, I could not forbear being entertained at the double distress of a fellow-passenger. She was an English lady that I had met at Calais, who desired me to let her go over with me in my cabin. She had bought a fine point-head,

which she was contriving to conceal from the custom-house officers. When the wind grew high, and our little vessel cracked, she fell very heartily to her prayers, and thought wholly of her soul. When it seemed to abate, she returned to the worldly care of her head-dress, and addressed herself to me——“ Dear madam, will you take care of this point? If it should be lost!——Ah, Lord, we shall all be lost!——Lord have mercy on my soul!—— Pray, madam, take care of this head-dress.” This easy transition from her soul to her head-dress, and the alternate agonies that both gave her, made it hard to determine which she thought of greatest value. But, however, the scene was not so diverting but I was glad to get rid of it, and be thrown into the little boat, though with some hazard of breaking my neck. It brought me safe hither; and I cannot help looking with partial eyes on my native land. That partiality was certainly given us by nature, to prevent ramb-ling, the effect of an ambitious thirst after knowledge, which we are not formed to enjoy. All we get by it is a fruitless desire of mixing the different pleasures and conveniences which are given to the different parts of the world, and cannot meet in any one of them. After having read all that is to be found in the languages I am mistress of, and having decayed my sight by midnight studies, I envy the easy peace of mind of a ruddy milk-maid, who, undisturbed by doubts, hears the sermon, with humility, every Sunday, not having confounded the sentiments of natural duty in her head by the vain enquiries of the schools, who may be more learned, yet, after all, must remain as ignorant. And after having seen part of Asia and Africa, and almost made the tour of Europe, I think the honest English squire more happy, who verily believes the Greek vines less delicious than March beer; that the African fruits have not so fine a flavour as golden-pippins; that the beca figuas of Italy are not so well tasted as a rump of beef; and that,

in short, there is no perfect enjoyment of this life out of Old England. I pray God I may think so for the rest of my life; and, since I must be contented with our scanty allowance of day-light, that I may forget the enlivening sun of Constantinople.

I am, &c. &c.

TO MR. POPE.

Dover, Nov. 1, O. S. 1718.

I have this minute received a letter of yours sent me from Paris. I believe and hope I shall very soon see both you and Mr. Congreve; but as I am here in an inn, where we stay to regulate our march to London, bag and baggage, I shall employ some of my leisure time in answering that part of yours that seems to require an answer.

I must applaud your good nature, in supposing that your pastoral lovers (vulgarly called hay-makers) would have lived in everlasting joy and harmony, if the lightning had not interrupted their scheme of happiness. I see no reason to imagine that John Hughes and Sarah Drew were either wiser or more virtuous than their neighbours. That a well-set man of twenty-five should have a fancy to marry a brown woman of eighteen, is nothing marvellous; and I cannot help thinking, that had they married, their lives would have passed in the common track with their fellow-parishioners. His endeavouring to shield her from a storm was a natural action, and what he would have certainly done for his horse, if he had been in the same situation. Neither am I of opinion that their sudden death was the reward of their mutual virtue. You know the Jews were reproved for thinking a village destroyed by fire more wicked than those that had escaped the thunder. Time and chance happen to all men. Since you desire me to try my

skill in an epitaph, I think the following lines perhaps more just, though not so poetical as yours.

Here lie John Hughes and Sarah Drew ;
 Perhaps you'll say what's that to you ?
 Believe me, friend, much may be said
 On this poor couple that are dead.
 On Sunday next they should have married ;
 But see how oddly things are carried !
 On Thursday last it rain'd and lighten'd ;
 These tender lovers, sadly frighten'd,
 Shelter'd beneath the cocking hay,
 In hopes to pass the time away ;
 But the bold thunder found them out,
 (Commission'd for that end, no doubt)
 And seizing on their trembling breath,
 Consign'd them to the shades of death.
 Who knows if 'twas not kindly done ?
 For had they seen the next year's sun,
 A beaten wife and cuckold swain
 Had jointly curs'd the marriage chain :
 Now they are happy in their doom,
 For Pope has wrote upon their tomb.

I confess these sentiments are not altogether so heroic as yours ; but I hope you will forgive them in favour of the two last lines. You see how much I esteem the honour you have done them ; though I am not very impatient to have the same, and rather continue to be your stupid *living* humble servant, than be *celebrated* by all the pens in Europe.

I would write to Congreve, but suppose you will read this to him, if he enquires after me.

END OF THE FOURTEENTH VOLUME.

